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CONSCIENCE and the UNDERGRADUATE

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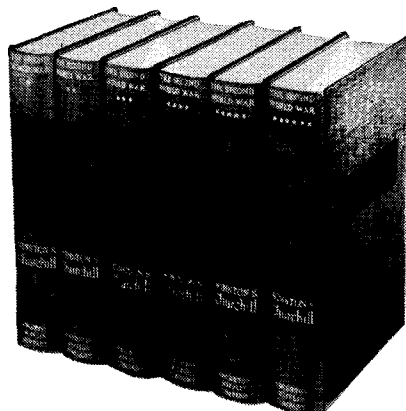
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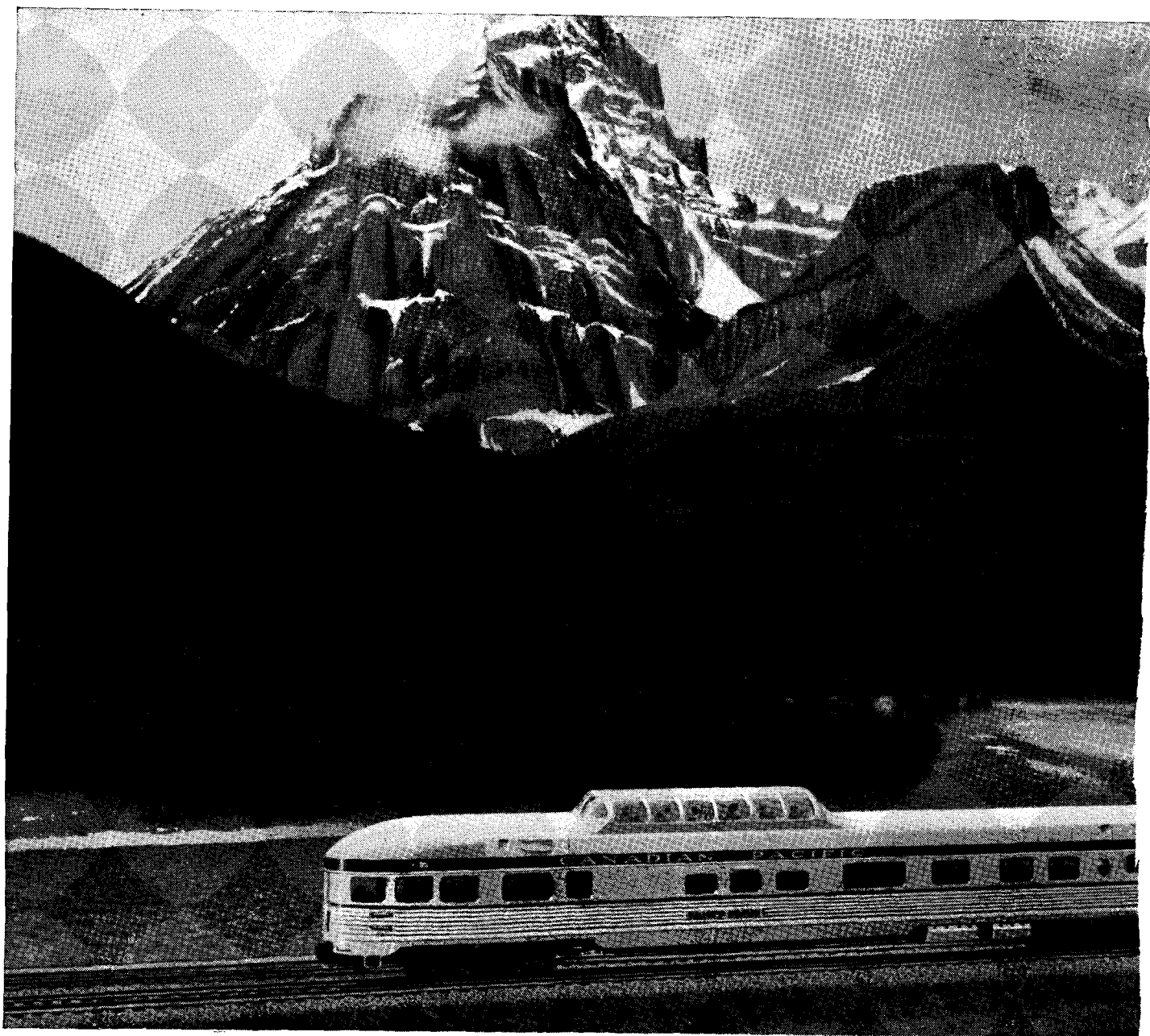
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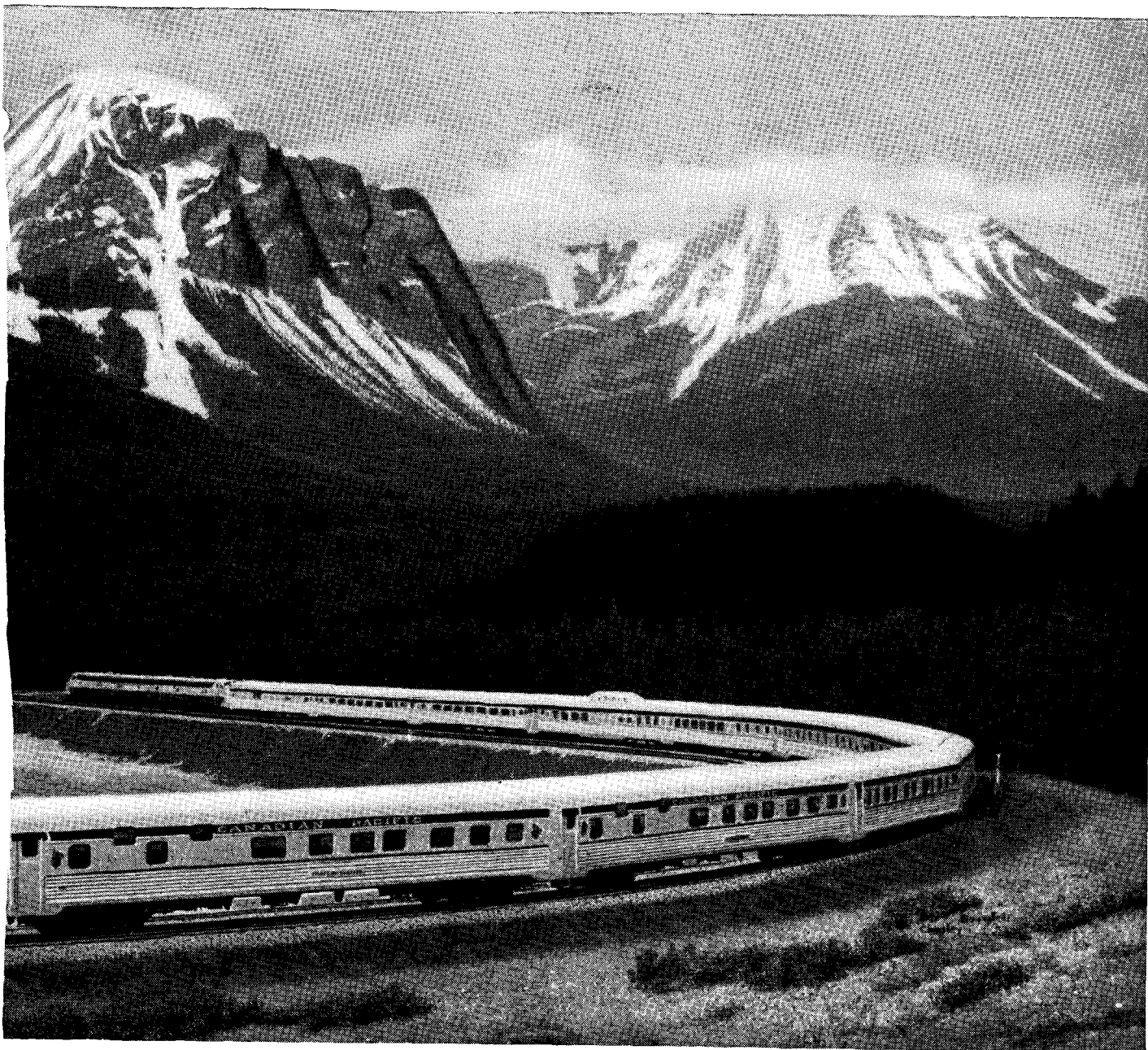
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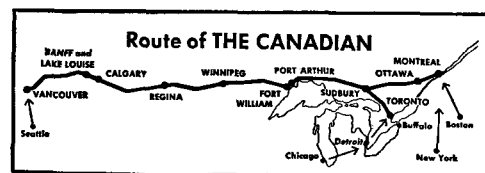


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



ADMIRAL ARTHUR W. RADFORD, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is known in Washington and in capitals throughout the world as a man who wants to get tough with Communist China. The label influences foreign judgments of American attitudes, and in the United States has caused considerable uneasiness. It might be useful to set down briefly what he does think.

Radford firmly believes that if the Chinese Communists are allowed to develop economically and militarily, the time will come when nothing we can do will prevent the Communization of Asia. There are good reasons, diplomatic and otherwise, he acknowledges, for differing with him. But he is deeply fearful that by the time the dissenters find they are wrong, it will be too late. The possible combination of Chinese Communist manpower and a balanced military force is, to Radford, one of the greatest threats the free alliance faces. He can even foresee a time when such a combination, having subjugated Asia, would move on to success in Africa.

The significance of the Chinese problem, to him, lies in China's size, its position, and its manpower. He finds it different from other satellites, in that it has a better-organized hard core, controlling greater — vastly greater — resources.

In his judgment, Communist China today is just about at the stage the Soviet Union had reached by 1920. Given time, he expects it to approach Russia in power and influence in the international Communist hierarchy. But he believes it would take China a number of years to develop the industrial base which could provide balanced military power, and that its industrial build-up will be very difficult if the West does not provide assistance.

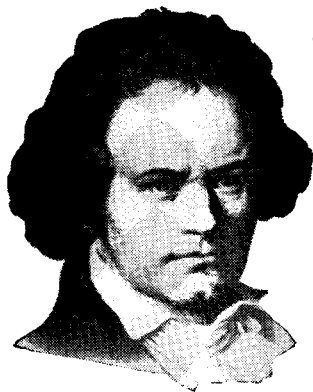
To Radford, blockading China is only one of several things that might be done if we decided to increase pressure on the Peiping regime. Radford does not now believe that blockade would have much bearing on Red China's strategic power, because few goods feeding it are now getting in. He believes that by cutting down on consumer goods, blockade might increase the internal difficulties of the Chinese Communists. He does not think that Communist China can be detached from Moscow.

Radford would prefer to apply strategic bombing, including nuclear weapons, to military targets only, not to populations. Bombing nonmilitary areas, he believes, only makes peace harder to get — and harder to deal with — and tends to plant causes of new war. But his wish to intervene at Dienbienphu, and to retaliate last fall for Red attacks on Quemoy were counsels in extreme which the President would not sanction, and the country was with the President.

Shake-up in the White House

Just about the time the Malenkov shake-up occurred in the Kremlin, a considerable shake-up occurred in the White House. It didn't rate the headlines won by the Moscow story, but it merited more attention than it got.

Thomas E. Stephens, who was appointment secretary to the President, and had a close personal relationship with him, resigned late in January. Bernard M. Shanley, who had been counsel to the President, took Stephens's place. Gerald A. Morgan, who had been an administrative assistant, became counsel. Fred A. Seaton, who had been an Assistant Secretary of Defense, moved to the White House as administrative assistant.



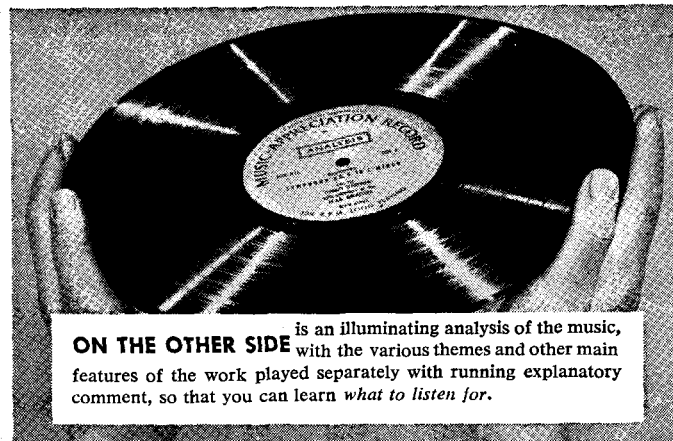
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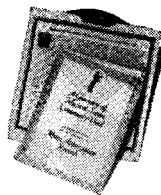
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MAR 8



The Atlantic Report on Washington



To understand the meaning of the shifts, it is necessary to go back to the 1952 campaign. On the Eisenhower campaign train there was a close advisory group of six men. The senior members were Sherman Adams, now the Assistant to the President; Shanley, a man of great wealth from New Jersey, who entered politics as a Stassen supporter; and Seaton, a Nebraska publisher, also originally a Stassen man. The others were Senator Knowland, Senator Carlson, and the about-to-be-defeated Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

After the election, the seniors went into the executive branch, and the others went their separate ways. What has happened now is that all the seniors have been brought under the White House roof and have moved in closer to the President. The purpose is to put them in a position to make sure that nobody takes the nomination from their man in 1956.

The President's credo

After two years of learning, doing, and thinking, there has evolved within the Eisenhower Administration a fairly coherent political philosophy. It is called "dynamic conservatism," and its principles have been applied in designing the program the President has proposed in a steady flow of messages to Congress during the first quarter of the third year of his administration. It represents an elaboration, refinement, and articulation, by minds more sophisticated than the President's, of the rather simple basic ideas which guide him.

It now has the stature of a credo. It could be called the manifesto of the counterrevolution against the extremes of the New Deal and the Fair Deal, but it is quiet in tone, as befits a counterrevolution distinguished by restraint.

Because the President has adopted it, the credo is of importance in American political history. It establishes a line of thought along which the Administration now consciously chooses to fight its political engagements. This is the line across which the Republican Party under Eisenhower would confront the Democrats in 1956. It is the line behind which Eisenhower Republicanism accepts rear-guard action with the right-wing Republicans.

The practical application of the credo is evident in the highway program, the school construction proposal, the health program, power policy, the social welfare program, taxation, budgeting, fiscal and monetary management, resource development, housing, and agriculture. Almost the only fields

where it is not governing are military policy and the conduct of diplomacy, but it does guide foreign economic policy.

"What do we want to preserve?"

In creating the doctrine of "dynamic conservatism," the collective intellect of the Administration asked itself this question: What do we want to preserve? In getting the answer, choices had to be made between social justice and economic development. The kind of economic development which is sought unquestionably means hurting some of the people some of the time, and the most effective criticism of the doctrine is that in some aspects it is cold-blooded to the point of being ruthless.

One of the first things the modern conservative finds he wishes to preserve is his belief in the merit of the market system, the price system, as a means of rationing goods and satisfying consumer demands. That precept being established, a guide is in hand for deciding what to do about controls, and the decision is against controls. Admittedly, the workings of the price system mean hardship for some consumers in some periods.

The modern conservative is also concerned to preserve the factors of incentive and reward in the workings of the economy. His concern has an obvious bearing on tax policy, for example.

Believing that it is not necessary to have inflation to obtain economic opportunity at acceptable levels, the modern conservative dedicates himself, in principle at least, to preserving the integrity of the dollar. He regards this as the best way to stimulate the economy, because it gives the dollar a constant meaning to savers, business planners, and all others who want to or have to look ahead.

The role of private investors

As has been made abundantly plain in Administration tax policy, the modern conservative believes very strongly in preserving the role of private investment in the American economy—a belief which puts him under a political handicap. He has been thinking about this for nearly twenty-five years. Back in the thirties he was pessimistic about the ability of such investment to do the job, and Keynes provided a rationalization for the pessimism. It was assumed that the economy could not expand without massive intervention by the government.

Now, in the maturity of the fifties, the conservative believes there was a fallacy in the view that investment responded only to existing current de-

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mand. He has concluded that a vital element was missing, which is anticipation. He believes that consumption capacity is there if investment has looked ahead and has its products ready to meet it, and that this provides a chance for expanding economic activity unrelated to the visible level of current consumption.

In order to encourage private investment, the modern conservative has to do a lot of things that are unpopular. He directs his tax adjustments at investment first and the consumer second. He grants dividend-tax relief, allows accelerated depreciation, extends the tax loss carry-back, and resists increases in personal exemptions. He is then indicted for "doing things for business," when in his own view he is only trying to keep the heart of investment pulsating for the long-range good of the people. He feels that without anticipatory investment a free enterprise economy soon gets sick, and that when it does it gets very sick.

The modern conservative believes in indirect controls on the economy, exercised through monetary and fiscal

policy, rather than direct wage, price, and credit controls.

He believes in preserving individual, local, voluntary effort, and knows he puts himself at a political disadvantage thereby. A federal program with a single appropriation and a central office can be carried out with more speed, efficiency, and precision than a clumsier decentralized arrangement can achieve. Real decentralization has to compete with the concept of decentralization of federal programs, and honest differences of opinion can arise as to which is better. Yet, even if genuine decentralization is slower and less efficient, the modern conservative chooses it, doggedly. He knows he is politically vulnerable in this because the benefits are intangible and in the future.

Finally, the modern conservative would preserve the international system in economics, trying for free markets not only at home but across national boundaries. This is contrary to the ancient tenets of the Republican Party. The reciprocal trade bill offered by President Eisenhower would suit the modern conservative goal of

lifting this issue out of partisanship to the level of national policy.

There are some flaws in the execution of the doctrine. The wool subsidy is at odds with the faith in free markets, although the defense is made that it was the alternative to a tariff hike hitting wool-using industries and damaging to international relations. Again in the area of free markets, questions can be raised whether anti-trust activity is being pressed with sufficient vigor, whether the merger trend is being resisted strongly enough. The Administration has been criticized on the ground that it has not proceeded rapidly enough with tax incentives for individuals.

The Democrats' dilemma

At Democratic headquarters, intensive efforts go on to formulate a party program to compete with the President's. There is a very clear difference, for example, between the Eisenhower program for school construction, with its emphasis on federal assistance for local borrowing, and Democratic proposals for substantial grants-in-aid. This is regarded as one of the best issues the Democrats have.

Health and housing are other fields in which party differences can develop. With assurances from Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey that the situation in Asia requires no changes in the budget, some Democrats decided to have a go at the Eisenhower tax policy to provide politically appealing relief for individuals.

Yet realists among the Democrats acknowledge that the party must accept much of the Eisenhower program, because it deals with the same issues that the Democrats tried to deal with. Partisan difference must be limited mostly to matters of degree, to refinements of administration.

Objective Democrats recognize two other handicaps. They believe that we are in a period of political apathy, and that there is little room for the kind of swashbuckling reform-and-progress legislation on which the party lived so well so long. Furthermore, the conservative Southern leadership of Congress seems content to get along with a President of opposite party. These leaders have the power they want. In a sense, they are better off than they would be with a Democrat in the White House. The Republican presi-

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dency relieves a Democratic committee chairman of problems of party loyalty. He is freed of the dilemma of preserving his principles in the face of proposals from a Democratic President catering to Northern tastes.

Democrats against free trade

The political base of the Democratic Party is changing, too, as industrialization proceeds in the South. This was clearly demonstrated as Congress dealt with the reciprocal trade agreements bill. For the first time, Democratic leaders had trouble keeping their members in line to support this legislation, a Democratic invention. The main reason was the growth of the textile industry in the South and the intensification of its difficulties in the North. Pressure of the industry against the bill was more powerful than that of any other bloc. Southerners, historically free traders, found themselves yielding to the pressure.

The same thing happened with Representatives from Northern industrial constituencies. The change was neatly summed up in the person of Representative A. J. Forand, Rhode Island Democrat. During eight previous terms in Congress he had always supported reciprocal trade bills. This year he cast the only opposing Democratic vote in the House Ways and Means Committee.

The Republican diehards

Proof that the dynamic conservatism of President Eisenhower is something new is given by the opposition it excites on the Republican right. Meeting in Chicago in February, these diehards attacked the President on the ground that he is the captive of "people of questionable Republicanism." His highway and school programs, his unbalanced budget, his advocacy of liberalized foreign trade, and his opposition to the Bricker amendment were top targets. McCarthy, Dirksen, Jenner, Malone, and Velde were their heroes.

But the outcries rallied no popular support visible from Washington, and certainly not enough to divert the President and his "captors" from the course they have set. One of the meanings of the presidential program, in fact, is that the modern conservative in the White House is prepared to cut the right wing loose to drift if it doesn't want to go along with him.



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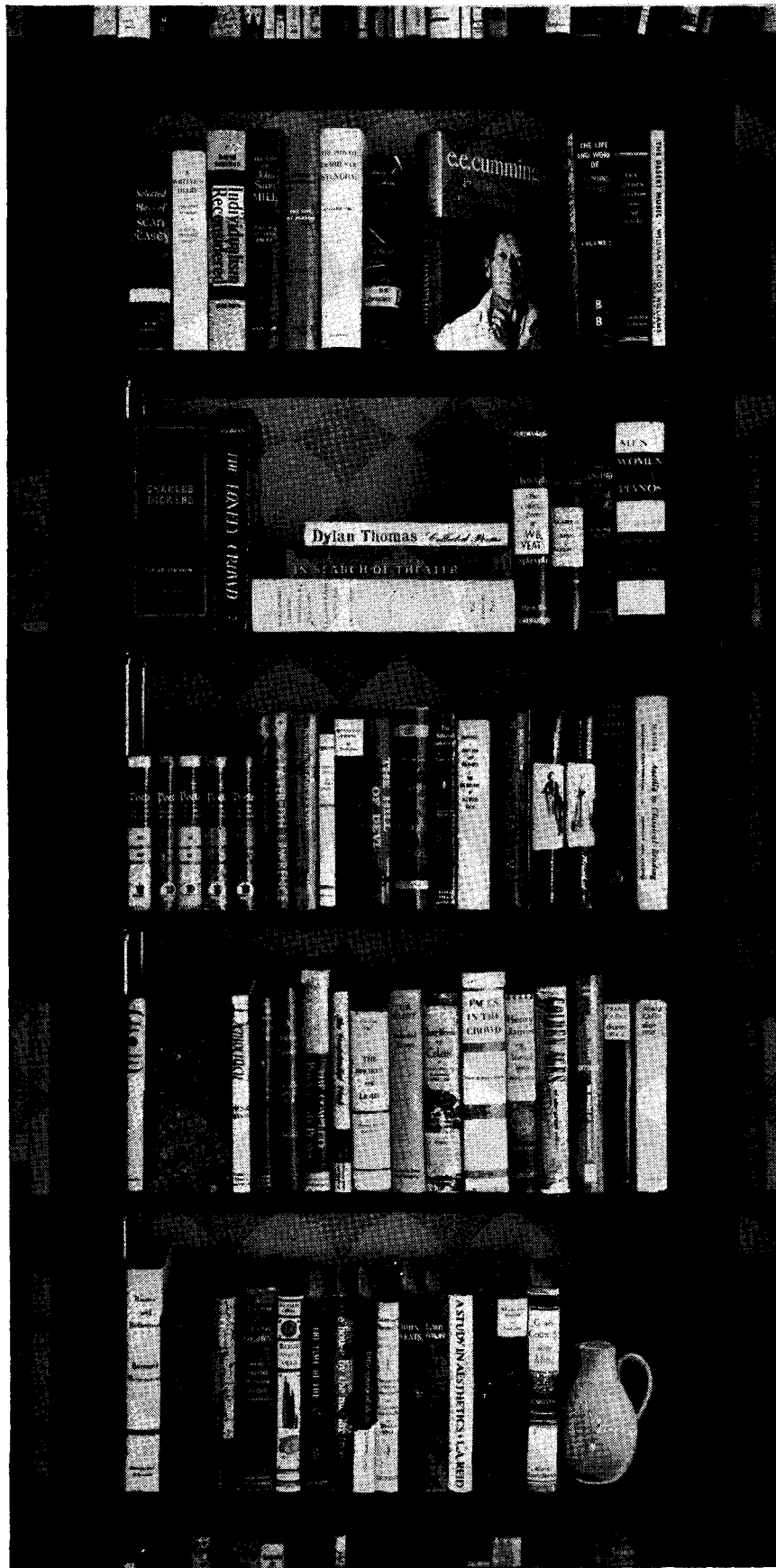
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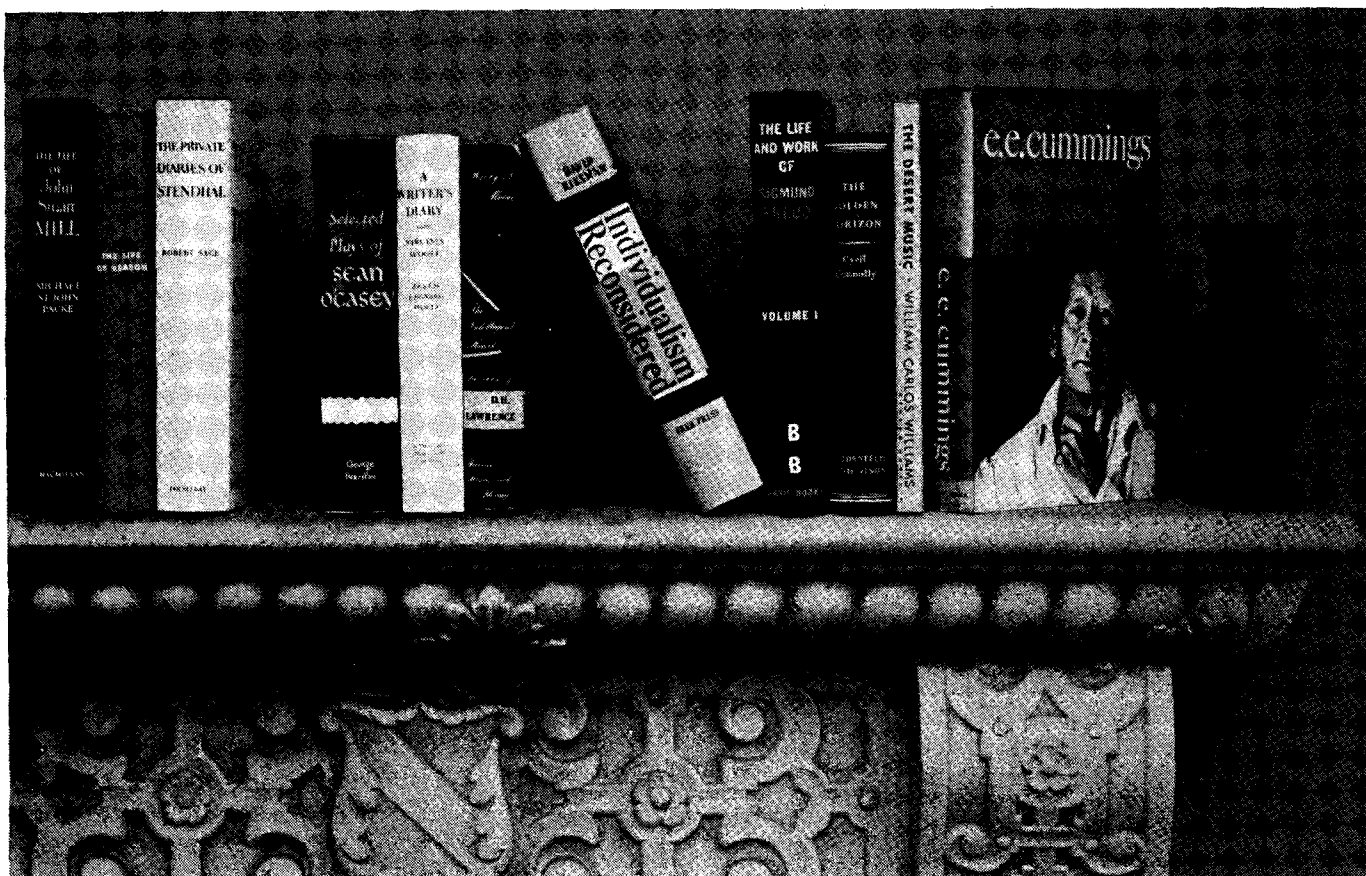
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Iran

THE return of the Shah of Iran and his Empress from their successful unofficial visits to the United States and Britain marks a new stage in his relationship with the people of Iran and in Iran's relations with the West. Muhammad Reza Pahlevi has come a very long way indeed since the day fourteen years ago when he was called hastily to replace his father, the exiled Reza Shah. The government of Iran during this period of wartime occupation by British and Russian commands was, at best, reduced to a very passive role.

It was not until 1945 that the young ruler emerged as an articulate and positive force in his country. At this time he appeared as a new phenomenon among Middle Eastern rulers because of his active promotion of the ambitious and essentially revolutionary reconstruction program known as the Seven-Year Plan.

In promoting this far-reaching plan, the young Shah began to display for the first time the characteristics of moderation and good sense which have come to distinguish him. He made it clear that he hoped to transform Iran into a modern and healthy state by democratic means rather than by force. He attempted to influence the Iranian parliament, the Majlis, to legislate in favor of progressive taxation, land reform, and extension of social services.

He recognized the danger to the country of large tribal elements alienated from the central government by years of neglect and oppression, and he attempted to win their support by visiting tribal areas and encouraging decentralization of provincial affairs. He not only talked reforms. He acted. He began by breaking up the royal estates acquired by his father and selling them on easy terms to their peasant cultivators.

The large landowners resist

In all of these efforts it was inevitable that the Shah should find himself blocked by the large landholders and traders who control the country's internal economy. The proposed new roads into the provinces, and extension of education, suggested unwelcome developments to the owners of 40,000

of the country's 41,000 villages. Any move to establish decentralized local government councils looked equally threatening. The breaking up of the crown lands, intended to encourage similar distribution of state lands, has been accepted as a challenge to resist rather than an example to follow.

A striking instance of the strength of this resistance occurred a year ago. With American TCA help, the government had completed a dam and reopened an ancient tunnel to double the flow of the Zaindeh River. The additional water was intended to benefit small cotton growers in the dry plain south of Isfahan, and in turn to boost the region's textile industry.

As the stream began to enlarge, however, the landowners upstream began to irrigate their own gardens and rice fields, claiming rights based on a water code dating back to 1611. Insisting that the new water was inseparable from the old, they preferred to take care of their own fields rather than to see the development of new cotton acreage in the plains below.

In spite of the typical landlord's resistance to change, his traditional functions in a country like Iran cannot be discounted. Under the prevailing tenure system the landlord has supplied the land, water, seed, equipment, and marketing. This has entitled him to four fifths of the crop, leaving one fifth to the cultivator. It has meant that the Iranian peasant has lived in perpetual debt and on an income of less than \$100 a year.

The redistribution of land has involved the assumption of these functions of the landlord by government or other agencies. The solution of this problem as it has evolved in Iran provides an excellent case study for the entire Middle East.

As land distribution began, it immediately became apparent that transferring the deed to a small acreage would be meaningless unless the new owner had help in learning to operate it. At this point the Iranians turned to the Near East Foundation, then operating demonstration farms and modest

agricultural schools in twenty-five villages. This American foundation's work was financed jointly by the Iranian government and its own funds. The suitability of its work for Iranian needs was so apparent that substantial contributions from the Imperial Welfare Fund were added to provide training of land distribution supervisors. Teacher-training centers were expanded to give basic instruction in sanitation, use of tools, and pest control.

The tasks of the newly trained supervisors included help to the farmers in establishing coöperative marketing and credit facilities. Further support for this system has come during the last two years from the Ford Foundation and from TCA, which combined its efforts in this field with Iran's established program.

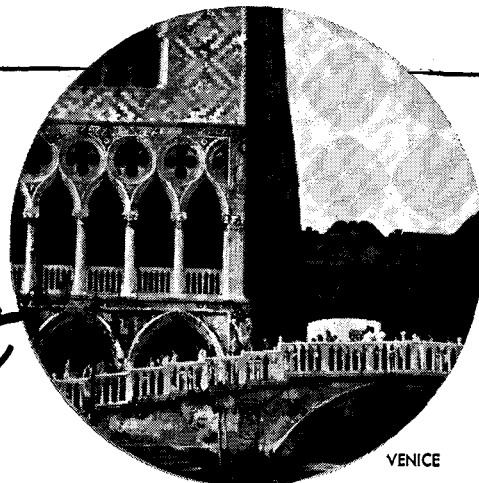
It is only because this elementary technical education and help has accompanied the distribution of land that the new owners are now ready for the "50,000 tractors" asked for by the Shah on his visit to the United States in December. The pride with which he spoke of the progress made in land reform seems justified. For his country has set an example of how government and private agencies, working coöperatively, can make the distribution of land practical and keep it productive.

The Shah has now sold off 175,000 acres to 7000 peasants, whose long-term payments go into a revolving fund for coöperative services. One of the final tests of the success of this system will come when American technicians begin to leave Iran, transferring many projects to full Iranian management. The departure of William Warne, head of TCA in Iran, indicates that the U.S. government's work in this phase of Iran's reconstruction is nearly over.

Military domination

Given a continuation of the improved political climate in Iran, it can be expected that there will be real economic progress on a wide front. General Zahedi's government has been criticized for ruthlessness in dealing with the opposition and for failing to follow constitutional methods. It is based on army support rather than on a popular mandate. It has locked up or exiled many troublemakers of the left and executed some after

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sketchy trials. Dr. Mossadegh is held in solitary confinement, thanks only to the Shah's unwillingness to let him be martyred.

There are protests, of course, and it must be assumed that there is a good deal of ferment behind the orderly façade. But it is also clear that the state of *near anarchy* reached during the last months of the Mossadegh regime frightened the more responsible elements, and the memory of this makes them willing now to tolerate military domination. This gives the present government time to concentrate on economic revival.

Iran's skillful negotiators

In its first eighteen months the Zahedi government has moved with unaccustomed speed. The Premier's most important task, after establishing security, was to get funds for the empty treasury. This meant facing the facts of economic life at Abadan. Mossadegh had begun to make tentative approaches to facing the reality of his country's situation: that the world in 1953 no longer needed Iranian oil. But he had become the prisoner of his own nationalist doctrine to such

an extent that he had lost all freedom to maneuver in dealing with the Western powers in control of the world's oil markets.

The ministers of the Zahedi government, in taking up this problem, were not free either. They had first to deal within the specific nationalist framework now riveted into Iran's constitution. They could never forget that Mossadegh remained a popular hero for accomplishing this historic shift of power over Iranian resources.

The skill of the Iranians, and particularly of Foreign Minister Amini, in dealing with world marketing realities in the light of this overriding political reality at home, is now freely admitted by the Western representatives who negotiated the final oil settlement.

The agreement is one which fully upholds Iranian rights and dignity. Its practical results are already apparent. The agreement was ratified after long debate on October 28. On the 31st, the first full tankers moved out into the Persian Gulf. Iran's income from oil this year will

be \$87 million. In the next three years it will total \$420 million.

The extent of American aid

Meanwhile the grants and loans from the United States, which have been keeping Iran barely alive financially, can be reduced. The scope of American aid to Iran during the last eighteen months and the reasons for it illustrate the extent of American responsibilities in the Middle East today. Technical aid at the annual rate of some \$23 million has been given Iran for the past four years. These funds have been matched whenever possible by Iranian contributions.

In later stages of the Mossadegh regime, when Iran's funds ran out, TCA underwrote some of the government's most vital health and irrigation projects on an emergency basis. The successful anti-malaria program is a case in point. The immediately beneficial results of this campaign, carried on among the provincial villagers, can be justified on many grounds, including political ones. But the emphasis in all cases has been on stimulating Iranians to carry on for themselves. It is too soon to assess the TCA program — but one evidence of the prevailing attitude toward it is the naming of a street in downtown Teheran Point Four Street.

Since Zahedi came to power, aside from technical aid, the United States has given Iran about \$5 million a month as outright grants on an emergency basis. Much of this has gone to finance 40,000 idle oil workers in Khuzistan and to pay the wages of the army and civil service. The rest went largely for essential imports.

Once it was assured that oil revenue was again in prospect, the U.S. government shifted to a more business-like plan of aid. FOA has announced that some \$127 million is available for Iran for this year. Of this, \$85 million will be loans, of which \$53 million will come from the Export-Import Bank; \$42 million will be grants, including \$21 million for TCA.

Finally, military aid continues through several U.S. missions. One of these has been helping in training the gendarmerie since 1942. A second has been providing training for the army. For the last two years a Military Assistance Advisory Group under General Robert McClure has



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been helping Iran bring its defenses and weapons up to date.

The shadow of the Kremlin

The reasons for U.S. assistance on this scale are apparent from a glance at the map. Iran is the most unprotected of the countries on the periphery of the U.S.S.R. Yet it is probably the key to the security of the Middle East and Southwest Asia. With the removal of British forces from the Suez Canal Zone this year, the focus of defense strategy is shifting toward the Persian Gulf.

In the emerging concept of Northern Tier defense, underscored by the new pact between Turkey, Pakistan, and Iraq, it is not yet clear what role Iran can or will play. Its 1200 miles of border with the U.S.S.R. and its proximity to Soviet oil fields (Baku is 125 miles from the Iranian border) subject its every defense move to heavy Soviet pressures.

Strategic estimates of Iran's capabilities vary. At the least, it is agreed that whether the whole of the country could be defended or not, a line of defense should be maintained at the Zagros Mountains on the border between Iraq and Iran. Effective blocking of the passes here would prevent troops from the north reaching the oil fields of either country.

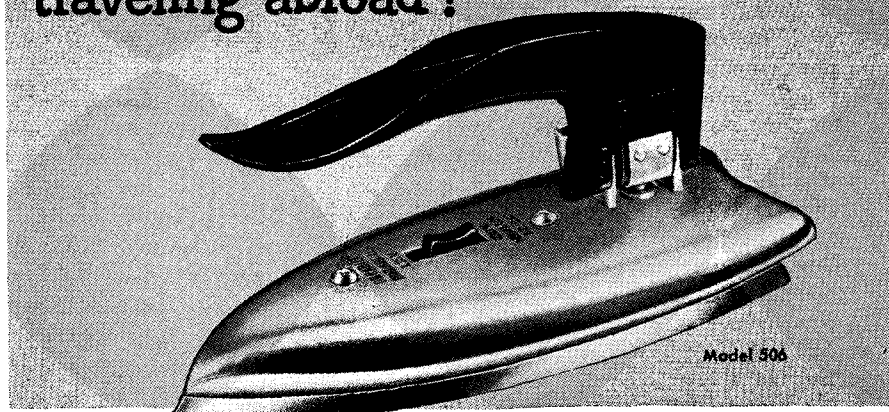
This trend in defense planning is not lost on Moscow. Two typical stratagems are discernible in its present dealings with Iran. One is an attempt to win friends in Teheran. To this end some long-standing border disputes were recently settled, and Russia agreed at the same time to return \$20.4 million in gold and goods due Iran since the wartime occupation period. Iranian acceptance of these long-overdue exchanges has been calm and matter-of-fact. They do not appear to have altered innate Iranian suspicion of Russian intentions.

These suspicions continue to be fed, moreover, by continued Communist political activity directed from across the border to the northern provinces of Iran — particularly efforts to fan the chronic grievances of the Kurdish tribes in the Zagros Mountain region.

Wooling the rural minorities

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"Speculation . . . is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well-known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices, and providing for periods of want. It is true that the success of the strong induces imitation by the weak, and that incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin by undertaking to speculate in their turn. But legislatures and courts generally have recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand . . ."

Mr. Justice Holmes
United States Supreme Court
May 8, 1905

Justice Holmes was right

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provincial and tribal leaders. They have been called to Teheran, praised for their role in Iranian history, and promised real improvements in their territories.

Four major irrigation schemes are now under way in these tribal territories. A new rail link connects Mianeh and Tabriz in Azerbaijan. A beginning has been made on a migratory school system for tribal children. There are now nearly a hundred mobile schools moving with the tribes and teaching hygiene, home economics, and agricultural subjects along with the three R's.

The whole question of the relationship of the tribes and rural minorities to the Teheran government remains, however, to be solved. The Shah is attempting to win their support on more than the present sentimental basis of personal loyalty to him. In contrast to his father, he is using methods of persuasion and trying to give them a stake in the country's welfare.

His marriage to the daughter of an important Bakhtiar leader provides a helpful link with this group of tribes. He has appointed a powerful Bakhtiar chieftain to the cabinet. The chief of police of Azerbaijan is now an adjutant on his staff. These efforts have helped to strengthen support in some areas. But there are still important tribes in active opposition to the present government.

In Teheran the emphasis now is on the future and on reconstruction. There is a new and hopeful spirit in the air. The Seven-Year Plan Organization is again being directed by its originator, Abol Hassan Ebtehaj. The new water system for Teheran is nearing completion. Railways are under repair. Khuzistan province is to be developed agriculturally to balance its dependence on oil. The value of the rial is up, and the price of bread is down.

It is still a race in Iran. What Walter Lippmann calls the "dismantling of the feudal order" has only just begun. But the chances seem equal again that the country will achieve internal stability, and that Muhammad Reza Shah, as he takes up the reins of power more firmly, will achieve many of his earnest ambitions for his country.



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Spain

IN THE fifteen years since Spain's civil war, many of the scars left when the fighting stopped in 1939 have been effaced and there are several outward signs of improvement. Roads are better, though still far below the standard of Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. Except in the larger cities and their immediate neighborhoods, few cars of Spanish registration are seen.

The diminutive donkey is still the major means of locomotion on the roads, in the towns, and in the fields. Loaded with double wicker baskets or burlap bags often equal to or greater than the weight of the donkey itself, with a passenger perched uncomfortably over its forequarters, this little animal is in every sense a beast of burden. Very few horses are seen in the country, although in the sunnier and warmer cities of the south, old-fashioned open landaus carry curious sightseers from nine in the morning until almost midnight, except for the coffee and meal hours, when the bustling cities become suddenly quiet and deserted.

In Bilbao, the Pittsburgh of Spain, where the Asturian miners — excited by Moscow's militant agitators and deluded by dreams of the promised land for workers — fought the regular army with fanatic courage, destruction had been terrible. But today the city, a thriving center of metallurgy and heavy industry, boasts elegant broad avenues and neat parks lined with impressive blocks of apartment houses, banks, hotels, and marts of commerce, as fine as in any modern city in Texas.

While new factories and industrial plants are not frequently seen, tidy textile and paper mills border the streams in the north. The Barcelona area is of course an exception with its many ultra-modern and busy mills and factories. Chemical works and oil refineries are rare but are expanding to meet the demand of the growing population.

After riding for miles across wide stretches of open plateau land — bounded in the far distance by rugged blue mountains as in Arizona or New Mexico — it is surprising to approach a city and to read "Armstrong Cork" or "American Cyanamid" on the façade of an extensive plant, factory building,

or laboratory. There are no important hydroelectric plants, and except near Madrid no power lines stretch their steel arms toward the sky. As the supply of electricity is still inadequate, it is shut off two days a week during the daylight hours. Even in December, when the days are very short, it is off from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Too little water

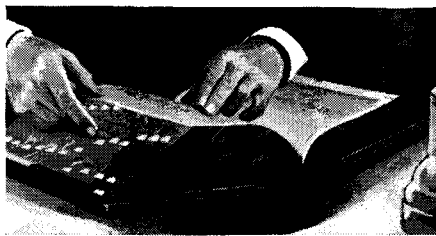
Deforestation is said to date from the sixteenth century, and can be attributed to the enormous requirements for shipbuilding during the days of glory, when the sun never set on the red and gold flag of Spain and "stately Spanish galleons" covered the seven seas. It remains one of the agonizing problems of twentieth-century Spain. The rainfall and the water from melting snows are not held in the parched ground, but dash recklessly down the wide and rocky rivers and are lost to the starving lands. In parts of Spain, water is more expensive than wine — which, though not as famous as the French and German wines, is of good quality and is a daily necessity for the Spanish family.

The lack of water is at the heart of Spain's problems, as without water the country can never produce enough food to nourish the population properly. A worker's midday meal often consists of no more than a raw onion, a chunk of rather tough bread, and a draught of wine — not many calories for the amount of energy expended by the workers. It is evident that this problem is clearly recognized by the Spanish government, as many extensive areas have been replanted with conifers and oak — and in the south and along the Biscay coast, with eucalyptus.

There are few cattle in the center or south, but in the northwest small herds are evident. At the same time, all over Spain flocks of goats and long-haired sheep graze on the meager fare to be found among the rocks, along the roads, or in the stubble of harvested fields.

The principal food crops are cereals, rice, and vegetables. Olives and fruits are available for the middle classes and for export. Cork is also an important export item. Wine production exceeds

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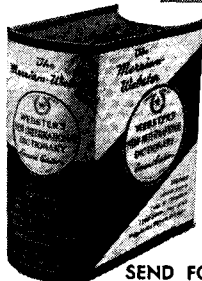
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Houses for a growing population

The population has increased 50 per cent in fifty years, an average of 1 per cent per year. The total in December, 1954, was 29.1 million. About 5 million people live in the fifteen principal cities; the other 24 million live in the smaller cities and towns which spring up out of the red-brown open plains in the most unexpected spots. And although there are many impressive indications that the Franco government is well aware of its demographic problem, as evidenced by the extensive housing projects completed or in process, there are still thousands of people who live in caves or in rooms hollowed out of the earth.

In a town called La Guardia, an entire hillside of bare red clay is cut with a series of horizontal paths carved out of the cliff, one above the other. Along these hanging streets, poor peasants, gypsies, and the dispossessed have excavated their rooms. Some have been faced with walls made of blocks of dried clay, with an opening usually screened by a curtain of burlap. A few have wooden doors, and fewer still have windows. Most of these cave dwellings have squat round chimneys of baked clay protruding through the hill above the entrance level, from which the white wood smoke curls against the clear blue sky.

There are masses of children everywhere, mostly ragged, often barefoot, almost always dirty, and all begging. A tourist, oblivious from his dress or his car, is immediately surrounded by a host of urchins, hands outstretched asking for a peseta; by bedraggled women carrying sickly babies; by older boys and men, usually poorly dressed, but always with carefully arranged and pomaded hair, who offer their services as guides to the cathedrals, churches, and palaces — a job for which they are trained by the civil or ecclesiastical authorities.

The Roman Catholic Church, the only church recognized and authorized by the government, has a firm hold on the people, and therefore no birth control is practiced. As public education is compulsory only in theory, hordes of children swarm over the countryside like little wild animals, busy with their childish activi-

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ties, learning how to live under very tough conditions, and occasionally bothering the wandering visitor by their insistence.

Both private capital and the provincial administrations have coöperated to provide better housing for the people. In the past ten years, the number of housing units built each year has doubled, but the total still falls far short of the need. Twenty thousand new housing units per year with eight persons per unit would take care of 160,000 people. But the population is now increasing by twice that number every year.

Miracle drugs

There is a boom in pharmaceuticals in Spain, and the newer drugs which have been found effective in the United States, Britain, France, and the other more advanced Western countries enjoy active sales. Sulfa drugs, antibiotics, and many of the "mycins" are produced under license by Spanish concerns. An entire building in Madrid is devoted to Pfizer products. The directors report that their business is rapidly expanding with the technical guidance of an American chemical engineer loaned by Pfizer to supervise plant construction and production controls, and to train the personnel in the high standards required by the food and drug laws in the United States.

A more active interest in health on the part of both the government and the people is a definite factor in population growth. As the public conscience and interest today demand better living conditions, resulting in longer lives for more people, the problems of housing and feeding are made more acute. In countries with sufficient arable land and an adequate rainfall, intense cultivation and the use of fertilizers can increase food supplies.

In Spain reforestation will ultimately improve the quality of the soil, increase crops, and provide lumber for housing. An adequate program combined with the building of reservoirs to contain the waters and produce electric power would require at least fifty years, as forest growth would be slow in the parched soil.

The cost of living

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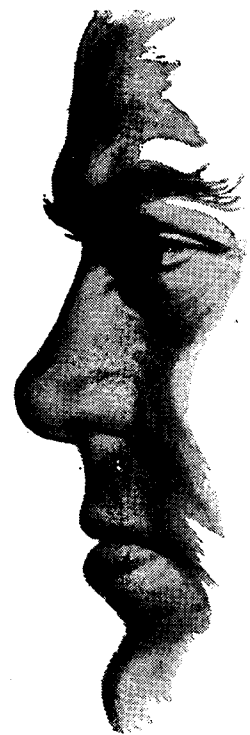
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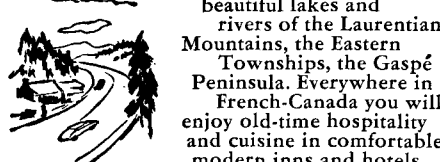
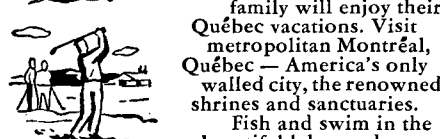
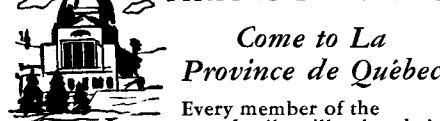
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Western countries is astounding. Since 1946, the increase in maximum wages averaged about 15 per cent, while the cost-of-living index has risen more than 60 per cent. The only encouraging feature is the comparative stability during the past four years; but until wages are greatly increased, the workers will remain far worse off than they were in 1946.

Compared with other European countries, prices in Spain are low. A four-course meal in a good restaurant costs from 35 to 55 pesetas (90 cents to \$1.40); a single room with bath in a modest hotel costs from 55 to 75 pesetas (\$1.40 to \$1.90). Tips are usually 15 per cent of the bill. Clothing and shoes are one third of the price in France, England, or Germany, and rents are low.

Courtesy and friendly smiles

Notwithstanding their meager existence, the Spaniards are not only kind, considerate, and helpful, but are an unusually cheerful people. They beg, but do not look or act displeased when they are turned down. The traveler is courteously thanked when he presses a coal-black rumpled piece of worn-out paper ostensibly worth a peseta (2½ cents) into an outstretched palm.

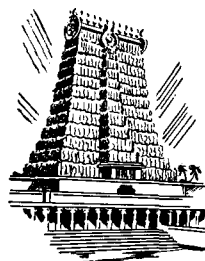
The public guard who watches your parked car in front of the hotel politely steps up to collect his fee as you prepare to leave. This may shock the uninitiated traveler, who often learns too late that these guards are sanctioned by the government in the interest of tourists. A grouchy grumble and a five-peseta note are usually rewarded with a pleasant smile as the guard takes off his hat and bows the departing stranger into an uncomfortable silence. A guarded parking space in the street for 12½ cents a night isn't really a subject for complaint!

The Spanish are one of the most unself-conscious people on earth. A poorly dressed guide at one of the many fabulous national monuments recounts history and discusses art in the rich palaces of Moorish rulers and in the glistening cathedral treasure rooms of the Catholic bishops, with simple pride and dignity and without bluster or boasting. His knowledge is complete enough and factual, as all official guides are obliged to pass examinations.



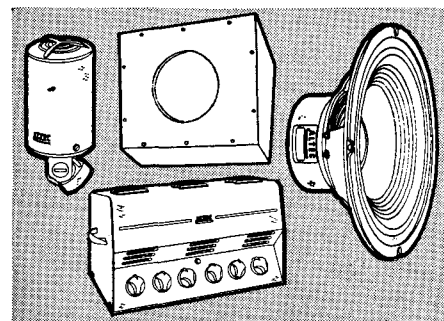
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From one to three o'clock each day is luncheon, coffee, or talking time for the men who gather in the cafés or stand in the streets and squares, all talking at once. In all the cities and larger towns from 7 to 9 P.M., even when the temperature is near the freezing point, the crowds stroll on the *paseo* (promenade) chattering, laughing, joking, and ogling.

A bareheaded child sings a rhythmic song on a public street or in an open square, with a battered tin can as a drum and a single castanet or handclaps to mark the beat, and is quite unembarrassed by the gaping strangers who stop to listen. A group of urchins break into a Spanish dance on the sidewalk, laughing with enjoyment at their own antics and having even more fun than the visitors. A people that can do so much with so little, and do it with gallantry and gaiety, has something the dour northerner must admire and might do well to imitate.

Faction against faction

There is no real democracy in Spain. There are no political parties as we know them in other countries. Four evenly matched factions jockey for temporary influence or power, but Dictator Franco skillfully plays them one against the other and holds the reins with a firm hand. The Army, the Church, the Falange, and the Monarchists all aspire to rule, but none of them has ever been in the driver's seat since Franco took over.

There is no universal suffrage. With 65 per cent of the population on or below the subsistence level, a popular election would probably throw out the upper 35 per cent in short order. Chaos would doubtless be the result until a far more ruthless and cruel dictatorship wiped out the elite and turned the country over to Communism or something worse. Those in power therefore intend to stay in power.

The civil wars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries were horrible ordeals, and not even the poor want to undergo again what they lived through in 1936-1939. Much is being done which will slowly improve conditions; and if the people can be patient and can somehow learn to restrain their procreative instincts, life may one day be better. That is the hope of the enlightened.

"Yes, I was Afraid of Father Drake!"

It was not physical fear, of course, that had kept Dave Smith from calling on the Catholic priest. Just timidity.

"I would have come sooner, Father," he said, "but I know so little about the Catholic Faith...and I hated to show my ignorance."

People like Dave Smith are beginning to call on Catholic priests more and more. Some of them know little or nothing about Catholicism. A few are quite well informed. Unfortunately, some others are possessed of a good deal of information concerning the Church...but it isn't correct.

Dave Smith, for example, thought the important things he had to learn had to do with prayer beads, medals, statues and what he called "fancy" ceremonies. He was surprised to hear that these are what the Church calls externals, and that they are significant only because of the profound truths behind them which are found in the Catholic Creed.

"All people," Father Drake told Dave, "need to understand the moral principles which Catholics are instructed to observe. These are the moral principles of the Ten Commandments which, when rightly applied, reach into everyone's conscience as standards of right or wrong in everyday life."

As Father Drake talked on, Dave began to understand Christ's seven Sacraments as an aid to Christian living and a preparation for eternal salvation. He began to realize that the Mass, in Catholic eyes, is not merely a religious ceremony but a true and holy sacrifice. If he had felt the need of Catholic instruction before he had entered the parish



house, Dave felt the need to be greater and more urgent now.

There are lots of people in the same predicament as Dave Smith was. They want to learn more about the Catholic Faith, but hesitate to visit a priest. And some live in areas that are not convenient to a Catholic Church. If you are one of these, just fill in the coupon below and mail it in today. We will send you... without charge, and in a plain wrapper... an interesting pamphlet explaining the essentials of the Catholic Faith. It covers such important things as the Creed, the Commandments, the Sacraments, the Mass, the history of the Church and its world-wide organization. Don't hesitate to write...nobody will call on you. Just fill in the coupon—now! Ask for Pamphlet B-50.

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ATLANTIC *Report*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Decline of Western Democracy

SIR:

Walter Lippmann says, in "The Decline of Western Democracy" (February *Atlantic*), that the democratic nations can no longer conduct their foreign affairs successfully, because the voters have hamstrung their governments by insisting on controlling them too directly.

The worst mistakes — the ultimate ones — were made by the countries least hampered by popular interference in the conduct of foreign affairs. Neither Hitler, nor Mussolini, nor the Kaiser, nor the Tsar, had to worry about elections the way Lloyd George and Franklin Roosevelt did. But the mistakes Roosevelt and Lloyd George made were merely tragic and costly; the mistakes the others made were fatal. All in all, the score favors the self-governing nations, not because they are good but because the others are so very bad.

It is an important issue. The threat we face now is like the threat our ancestors faced from Napoleon and from Philip of Spain. To lose heart — to decide that our institutions are bankrupt, when those institutions are the only ones ever invented that have shown any strength against such threats — would be tragedy indeed.

FREDERICK E. ROMBERG
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

Mr. Lippmann's conclusion that "prevailing public opinion has been destructively wrong at the critical junctures" has required on his part some careful selection of evidence and some unconvincing interpretations.

Decisions about the Bomb, for instance, have been mostly high-level *government* decisions: the decision to make A- and H-bombs in the first place; the decision to make the first test unilateral; the decision to drop two bombs on Japan; the decision to make no commitments about our intentions until a bomb race had been well started; the decision to continue the tests; the decision to commit our defense more and more to nuclear weapons.

At least some of these crucial decisions have been "destructively wrong" in the opinion of the masses — including many of the atomic scientists.

GERALD BARNES
Natick, Mass.

SIR:

Mr. Lippmann has put his finger on the major reason for a disturbingly consistent trend in the conduct of United States foreign policy. Here is a far-reaching explanation of many disquieting events, such as the resignation of John Carter Vincent from the Foreign Service, the dismissal of John Paton Davies from the Foreign Service, and the denouncing of J. Robert Oppenheimer. These men either left or were dismissed from government service largely for saying what they believed, and because they did not say what was desired. Other examples are the failure of our policymakers to make a realistic appraisal of our Asian policy, and the easy intimidation of our leaders by demagogic Senators who threaten public disfavor.

MARCIA MATTSON
New York City

SIR:

Mr. Lippmann chronicles the mistakes of democracy as if it were only democracy that makes mistakes, and also says, "There was no mistaking the decline of the West."

Actually, democracy is significantly enlarging its field. Germany, Italy, Japan, and Turkey are steadily traveling toward democratic government. India, Burma, and Ceylon are new accessions to the democratic pattern. None of the present totalitarian governments have ever had any real experience with democracy. The success of democratic government in Britain and the Scandinavian countries discloses that there is nothing wrong with it that sufficient experience in its operation cannot mend.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

"Washington and Rio"

SIR:

The Atlantic Report, "Washington and Rio," in the February issue of your magazine warrants a word of appreciation. By strengthening the economies of the Americas through mutual help and coöperation, the system of inter-American solidarity — built on the idea of collective security through the Rio Treaty of 1947 and on the united front formed last year at Caracas against the subversive tactics of international Communism — has become a greatly reinforced structure.

The success of the recent Rio Conference must be judged by the spirit in which the member states approached their common problems and by the direction given to the measures for strengthening the spirit and

substance of inter-American economic coöperation. Latin America is not asking for gifts or grants but is inviting coöperation in the form of capital, technical experience, and markets. In its role of the Good Partner, as defined by President Eisenhower, the United States could be a partner in one of history's great economic adventures.

CARLOS DÁVILA, *Secretary General
Organization of American States
Pan American Union
Washington, D.C.*

SIR:

I note that on page 14 of the Atlantic Report in the February issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* it is stated that Peru received a stabilization loan of \$30 million from the Chase Bank. The facts are that just about a year ago Peru negotiated exchange stabilization arrangements totaling \$30 million, of which agreements of \$12.5 million each were with the International Monetary Fund and the U.S. Treasury Department, and one of \$5 million was with the Chase Bank.

This error is of some modest importance, inasmuch as one of the themes which seem to me to be running through this section of the Atlantic Report is that the existing public or semi-public financial resources available to the Latin American countries from overseas are inadequate. The exchange stabilization facilities which the International Monetary Fund and, on occasion, the U.S. Treasury Department make available to Latin American countries are apparently unknown to the author of your report.

FRANK A. SOUTHARD, JR.
U.S. Executive Director
International Monetary Fund
Washington, D.C.

Our correspondent was indeed aware of the exchange stabilization facilities mentioned in Mr. Southard's letter, but he considers that the amount of funds provided to the Latin republics has been inadequate.

— THE EDITORS

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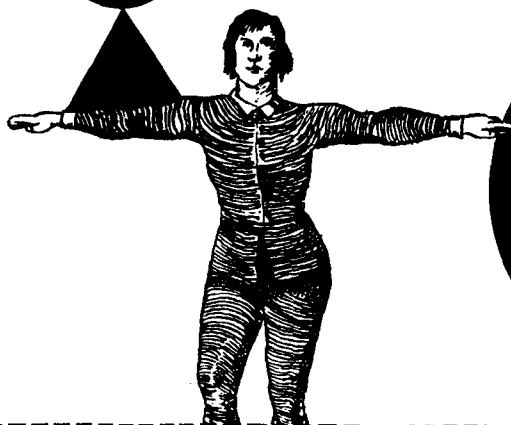
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A Child Reared in a Lonely Tower

WITHOUT CONTINUED READING, no man can be educated in 1955. He may be trained for a job, disciplined to passive citizenship, thoroughly lectured at, socially "adjusted," kind to animals, an honest man, and all sorts of desirable things. But he cannot be educated—let alone cultured or civilized—and he will miss his full self-realization. He will also miss a lot of fun.

If a child reared in a lonely tower had only the back files of *LIFE* to instruct him, he could meet the high points of human history from the first chipped flint to the atomic Nautilus; from the Altamira cave paintings (through da Vinci and Rembrandt) to Van Gogh and the latest exponent of welding-torch art; from the Lake Villagers to the United Nations.

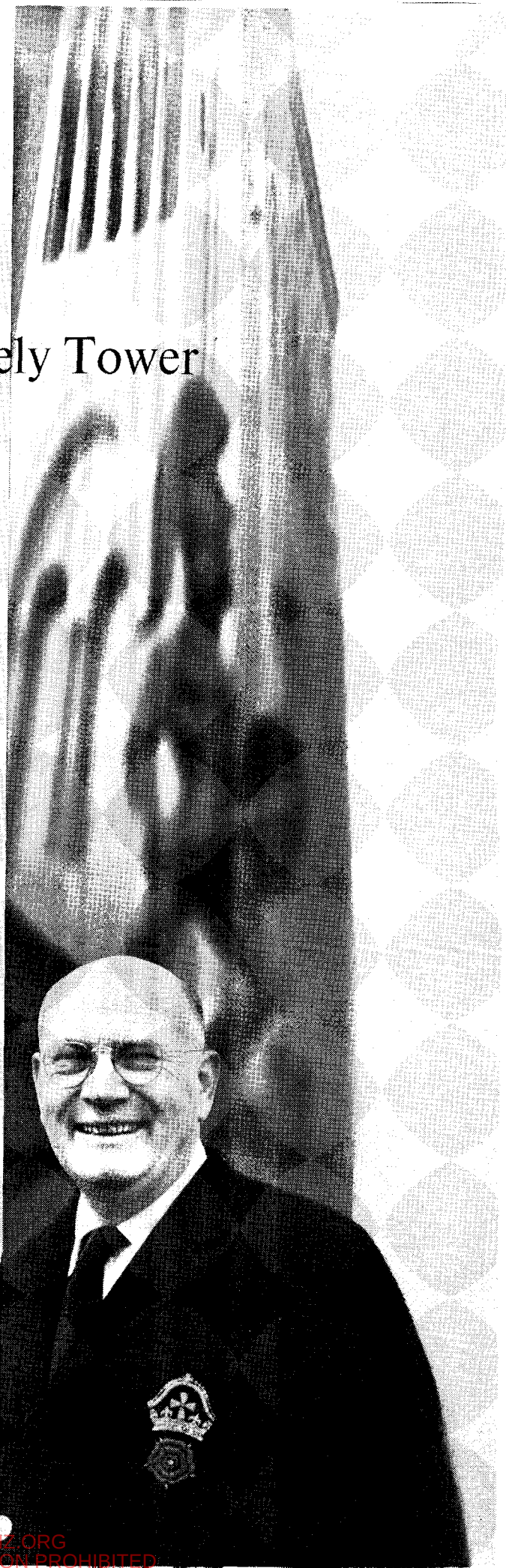
He would know (through text and picture) about Periclean Athens, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the Age of Reason—and the unfolding history of our own rich, vast, potential America. He would know much about the earth, the sea, the forests, the weather, and his own chemistry. He would, moreover, see his own time face to face and recognize the vital problems that confront him in the contemporary world.

As a teacher, I thank *LIFE* for reminding us again and again of our human heritage, of our place in time and space, and of man's eternal struggle to learn about himself and his world.

DR. FRANK C. BAXTER

Professor of English Literature, University of Southern California

LIFE, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York





"Do not judge the college student of today by the standards of yesterday," says JOHN S. DICKEY, President of Dartmouth since 1945. "Remember that he is different, faced with graver issues than we were a generation ago, more responsible in his decisions, and much more lonely." President Dickey graduated from Dartmouth with the class of 1929 and from the Harvard Law School three years later. He practiced law in Boston, served in the State Department over an eleven-year period, and taught foreign affairs before returning to his alma mater. His findings in this article will be stimulating and reassuring to many parents.

CONSCIENCE AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

by JOHN SLOAN DICKEY

THE American male at the peak of his physical powers and appetites, driving a hundred and sixty big white horses across the scenes of an increasingly open society, with weekend money in his pocket and with little prior exposure to trouble and tragedy, personifies an "accident going out to happen." He is not always a college undergraduate, and not all undergraduates are trouble-prone, but I am sure that any close observer of the campus will agree that there is no more vulnerable human combination than an undergraduate.

The college undergraduate is a lot of things — many of them as familiar, predictable, and responsive as the bounce of a basketball, and others as startling (and occasionally as disastrous) as the bad bounce of a football. But it is important to keep in mind that he is an undergraduate because he lives and works within a specific context — the purposes of his college. The focus of that total experience which we call "going to college" is the day-to-day relationship between the undergraduate as a person and the college as an institutional embodiment of other people's purposes. This relationship is not easily probed.

There are those who tell us that the basic trouble with the liberal arts college is that it really has no purpose. In this suspicious view, such institutions are guilty of engaging in a gigantic shell game

swindle where "there ain't any pea" under any of the shells.

Without attempting here the impossibility of conclusive proof, I suggest that the American liberal arts college (including the church colleges) can find a significant, even unique, mission in the duality of its historic purpose: to see men made whole in *both* competence and conscience. Is there any other institution at the highest level of organized educational activity that is committed explicitly by its history and by its program to these twin goals?

This is not to say that our great professional and technical institutions or the graduate schools of arts and sciences are something less than the liberal arts college, but rather that they have set themselves a different task — the mission of developing a special competence. Nor am I unaware that these institutions and the liberal arts colleges are borrowing more and more from each other and may be moving toward each other in approaching a closer integration of all higher education. But my point is that the historic liberal arts college has had a *unique* mission and that this mission has reality and validity today.

There is almost no form or field of learning that does not multiply a man's power economically, socially, politically, or physically. This is commonplace because the creation of competence at every

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level of education is commonplace. We could hardly stop it if we would. The appetite of self-interest will keep enough of us hungry for ever larger portions of competence. It is the job of the college to keep competence civilized.

There are many problems and shortcomings in the business of educating for competence. Mostly they are the problems of any dynamic enterprise: how to do it better, how to do more. These "how to do" problems trouble the liberal arts colleges as well as the professional and technical schools; and, up to a point, I am glad they do, although some fear that for a liberal arts college any concern of this kind is the shortest route to perdition. I have no interest in seeing the liberal arts college become too precious for the man who hungers for competence. He greatly needs the tempering of liberal education; and in turn such an undergraduate, whether he is heading for medicine, law, engineering, business, or some other field, by the very fact that he is headed somewhere brings a healthy reality and vigor to the work of the college. Too many men in a college who think they know just what they want can make liberal education too narrowly purposeful. But in order to have the abrasiveness that the "practical" fellows bring to the campus, I am prepared to take my chances on this danger and the exasperating troubles it breeds.

The risk seems to me worth taking because I am increasingly persuaded that the cause of liberal education will not be overrun by vocationalism if the college holds to its birthright and remains committed as a matter of purpose to serious concern with the issues of conscience. A concern for the choice of good and the rejection of evil in an institution of liberal learning quickens all humanistic studies and prevents our increasing reliance on the physical and social sciences from smothering those intuitive insights which both produce and spring from goodness in a man.

A moral purpose exists for its own sake or it is nothing. I have no thought of propping it up here with extraneous arguments. I merely offer the observation that there seems to be a significant natural affinity between the liberating arts and an educational enterprise committed to the dual pursuit of competence and conscience. You might call it reciprocal invigoration.

To create the power of competence without creating a corresponding sense of moral direction to guide the use of that power is bad education.

2

THIS is the point in the story where most college catalogue statements of high purpose end, leaving the blissful impression that the undergraduate and the moral purpose of his college once met will live happily together ever afterward. There are more

reasons why this is not so than I understand; but, in fairness to the undergraduate and to the task the liberal arts college has set itself, there are certain things which ought to be taken into account before he and the modern college are assumed to be hopelessly immoral and faithless.

Consider the raw material on which the college seeks to work a moral purpose. The undergraduate begins as a boy and leaves as a man. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two he crosses the last dramatic threshold of personal growth. As a freshman he is sure all things are known or knowable; as a senior he wonders. I have never known a freshman who sensed the humorous ambiguity in the advice given a city-bound daughter by her mountaineer father: "When in doubt, Nell, do right." On the other hand, the sophistication of the senior is wonderfully caught in the reply of one of them to my tirade on respect for facts: "Sir, the only trouble with facts is that there are so many of them."

In adult life there are new adjustments to be made, new troubles to be met, and wisdom to be learned, but instead of four there are fifty years or more for learning the ways of goodness and creating the works of love. And to put it very mildly, adult learning is not handicapped by the fact that it takes place on the ebb tide of a man's physical appetites and power.

The undergraduate on the other hand must make his peace with the moral purposes of an institution during four hectic years when his appetites and powers are at flood tide and before he has had much, if any, experience with what can happen. The lack of intimate personal acquaintance with trouble and tragedy is not, of course, a condition peculiar to modern youth, but it is the impression of many of us that most undergraduates today have seen far less of these things than had their grandfathers or even many of their fathers at the same age. Again there are many reasons — among them the rising standard of living, the lack of hard times or widespread business failures in the last ten years, and the growing urbanization, or sub-urbanization, of the population that heavily patronizes the liberal arts college.

The farm or small-town home where the whole family shared the troubles and uncertainties of life at all three meals, seven days a week, provided an earlier exposure to the rough edges of life than does a suburban childhood topped perhaps by years away at boarding school. The fact that life has narrow margins also comes earlier in the story for most rural boys. This is not a lament for the good old days and it is not an appraisal of our many contemporary advantages; but before we apply the standards of yesterday to the undergraduate of today, we ought to remember that some basic things in his pre-college experience are very different.

I shall forgo here any attempt to compare the pre-college church background of today's youth with yesterday's, but I do want to mention one more changing reality that seems to me to have a very sharp bearing on the undergraduate's readiness for the deep spiritual insights of humility, compassion, and faith. Today's freshman was only seven at the end of World War II and he was too young for Korea. He brings to college a very dim and impersonal notion of death.

It is increasingly probable that he comes to college without having known the immeasurable grief which falls on a boy with the death of a parent, a brother, a sister, or of a grandparent living in the same household. The terror of diphtheria epidemics is unknown to him; he is rarely wrenched from college by the death of a father. Modern medicine pushes death further and further up the years, both for those who go and those who stay. In a time when each young family goes off to its own home, when hospitalization of the sick increasingly takes illness and death out of the home, and when the practice of holding funerals in the home has almost passed, young people know little of shared suffering and are kept at arm's length from the crush of death. How many boys now coming to college have lived day in and day out with a grandparent dying on the parlor sofa?

You may well say, with me, "Thank God for this." But can we doubt that deep personal experience with the reality that every life ends and that, with all our knowing, there are earthly bounds beyond which there is no knowing — can we doubt that these are the ingredients out of which honest humility, compassion, and faith become personal to the human self? An undergraduate who has not yet known these things in his own life can sometimes borrow from the total store of human woe and joy, and by using the tools of the intellect he can begin to lay out a pattern of belief for himself, but it will be a sharper etching after the bite of life's acid is on it.

Moreover, one of the very tools he must use can cause an undergraduate to feel that the liberal arts college is at war with itself, and that there is an irreconcilable contradiction between its approach to competence and its approach to conscience. The name of that tool is doubt. The tool of doubt is simply indispensable to the fashioning of the kind of critical mind that does the daily intellectual work of the world. Any fact, any assumption, any theory, that has not been tested by the diamond-pointed drill of doubt is at best a doubtful thing. Almost every good teacher at some point takes the calculated risk of pressing this tool into the hands of his undergraduate students. Most of them learn to handle and respect it as a tool, but there are always some who, for a time at least, insist on treating doubt as an end in itself. Likewise, I think, many undergraduates go through a phase

of being genuinely perplexed because the use of doubt does not produce uniformly satisfying results in all situations.

3

TODAY'S undergraduate — and for that matter today's college teacher — is not much interested in the type of science versus religion wrestling match that drew so well on many campuses in the twenties. He is quite willing to leave that argument where it fell of its own futility. You can, of course, hear almost anything on any campus if you listen long enough, but generally the questions today seem more manageable: What is science? How far can it reach? Are different religions compatible? Is religion really livable? Is it "for me"? And, as always, there is the large, relatively silent sector of opinion which believes in letting your mind alone about such things. For these fellows the religious practice or indifference of their fathers is good enough.

I am often asked whether there is not greater interest in religion on the campus today than during the pre-war period. Such judgments are at best imprecise, but so far as I can judge, the answer is yes. On our campus we see such intensified interest in the classroom, the chapel, and the Christian Union. Student attendance and activity in the local churches have sharply increased. This manifestation of growing religious interest on the campus undoubtedly reflects in part what is happening throughout American society, but I am sure there is also in it a factor indigenous to the college.

Even though there is no great debate between science and religion as competing absolutes on the campus today, a goodly percentage of freshmen and sophomores can be counted on to keep their parents harried about religious matters. It has ever been thus, and I feel certain that so long as disciplined doubt is one of the mind's tools it will always be thus — at least until the last apprenticeship has been served in these workshops of the mind. This seems to me healthy as well as inevitable, and I commend those who need reassurance to President William Jewett Tucker, who, after a lifetime of preaching and teaching, wrote: "The doubting mind always seemed to me a part of the believing mind." The understanding of such paradox is the fruit of full maturity, rarely, if ever, within the reach of any undergraduate.

Whatever the reason, an undergraduate often hesitates to accept moral and spiritual commitments that seem to him to limit his free-wheeling maneuverability of either body or soul. I respect and value this instinct as a reaction to unexamined dogma. However, I think I also know something of its perverse possibilities as a subterfuge for an unwillingness to examine, and as a form of chronic immaturity. These are ancient foes of education;

they are hard to live with even when you are paid to do it, and they are harder to cure.

The undergraduate of the days before yesterday was not quite all that as an alumnus he now thinks he was, but as a general thing he probably was ready to commit himself earlier and more rigidly on moral and spiritual issues. He personally often felt the need of such commitment earlier, and such commitments fell right into the general pattern of his family and community life. Any commitment comes easier if everyone is doing it. Whatever the reasons, for some time now, not everybody is doing it, and as a consequence today's undergraduate feels very much more on his own in working his way through these things. Working out such commitments on your own builds self-reliance. It is, however, difficult, even dangerous, and it certainly takes more time. It is a lonely business and today's undergraduate is often more lonely than he admits or we realize.

But nothing could be more foolish and unjust than to assume that today's undergraduate does not respond positively and in distinctive ways to a moral challenge. Within the reality of his experience he is ready, willing, and able to come to grips with issues of conscience which in other days were largely left to his elders. During the past ten years I have watched our post-war undergraduates face up to problems of conscience in passing hard disciplinary judgments on fellow students, in taking their own measure on the issues of racial discrimination and the honor system, and in meeting the easy-to-duck challenges of such things as the campus community chest, the needs of DP students, and the unadvertised troubles of some hard-pressed North countryman in the outlying community. It is no false bravery to say that having watched both his doing of these things and his contagion for trouble, I am prepared to take my chances with the kind of world the undergraduate creates when he works at it.

And he does work at it. It is a common thing for our undergraduate committee handling the investigation and recommendations on disciplinary cases to sit into the early morning hours of the night. There is no duty on a modern campus more distasteful to an undergraduate than sitting in judgment on the shortcomings of his peers. He is keenly aware that "but for the grace of God, there go I" and he probably still retains a strong trace of the American schoolboy's loyalty to the group as against the authority of the school. And yet I have never known an outgoing undergraduate judiciary chairman whose capacity for both compassion and just judgment was not admired, indeed envied, by students and faculty alike.

Recently this committee sat until 2 A.M. considering whether to recommend the dismissal from college of a boy who had gotten himself into serious trouble. It was a hard case all around, and it was

only after an independent investigation, a hearing of the boy, and lengthy deliberation that the committee finally decided the interests of the college required dismissal of the student. Before he went to bed that night the undergraduate chairman on his own initiative called on the boy's parents at the Inn to report the decision and to give them the kind of explanation he would have wanted his parents to get if he were being dismissed. This is more than responsibility; this is conscience.

It is not the leaders alone who measure up. On things such as racial discrimination and compulsory military service every man must face himself as well as the nation and his Maker. Today's undergraduate has no choice about going or not going into the armed forces. He must go, but his attitude in going is important. At Dartmouth, we who have worked with all our seniors in the Great Issues Course know that today's senior goes into the service of his country understanding far more than did his father or grandfather why he does so. He knows why it is all so necessary and yet so unnecessary. He puts two or three years of his life into what he is told needs to be done without becoming embittered, without retreating either to "know-nothingism" or pacifism, and with a growing awareness of the role of conscience in all his doing.

An undergraduate generation capable of coming to terms with itself and its elders on the issues of man's brotherhood is surely capable in the course of a lifetime of coming to terms with the universe as children of God.

4

IS TODAY'S college as well prepared as it should be to meet these needs of conscience? When it comes to commitments, the independent college itself has a problem. It has a long history of fighting clear of doctrinal commitments and for good reasons. Yet a college cannot take its problems of purpose seriously without venturing into some form of institutional commitment. The early American colleges were generally very clear about their commitment to a moral and religious purpose. For several hundred years the primacy of this purpose was both attested and served by three constitutional elements in the life of these colleges: 1) the tradition of preacher presidents, 2) a curriculum heavy with religion and moral doctrine, and 3) compulsory church and chapel. I refer to these elements as "constitutional" because for a long period, above and beyond men, their influence permeated all that these institutions were and did. But, as with other mortal constitutional forms, they proved susceptible of amendment and not as permanent as they had seemed to earlier generations. Certainly it is a rare thing today to find any college, except those institutions which are integral parts of a church, where the moral purpose of higher education con-

tinues to be attested by this triad of constitutional witnesses.

The time has passed on most campuses for arguing the merits of these changes; they are done and in the main they were in response to serious weaknesses and real needs. There is little or no prospect that any of these elements could be re-established intact today. Many do believe that college chapel in some form still has a future. I hope so and I should personally be sorry to see it abandoned or weakened on those campuses where it still exists even though in greatly modified form from the rigors and requirements of yesterday.

The deeper significance of these traditions has become apparent only as we begin to be aware that with the passing of these constitutional elements from the campus, the college's concern for conscience was left without tangible, pervasive, and enduring witness. Nothing comparable was substituted for the outmoded agencies, and this gap in the context of purpose remains an uncorrected weakness on most undergraduate campuses today. This seems to me to be clear unless we are ready to say either 1) that the college's historic commitment to furthering the moral and spiritual growth of an undergraduate truly ceased with the passing of these particular witnesses, or 2) that in serving this purpose we can rely exclusively on the ebb and flow of its awareness in individual teachers and administrators rather than on the more traditional combination of men plus the prod of institutional form and purpose. Either of these seems to me bad education.

The challenge of this problem is to get beyond words. In an effort to be concretely responsive we have done three things at Dartmouth:—

First, the Board of Trustees has formally affirmed that the College's "moral and spiritual purpose springs from a belief in the existence of good and evil, from faith in the ability of men to choose between them and from a sense of duty to advance the good."

Secondly, the Trustees by the same resolution established an independent endowment within the College to be known as the William Jewett Tucker Foundation for the specific purpose of supporting and furthering in all ways and in all areas the moral and spiritual work of the College.

Thirdly, the Trustees have created a new position of pervasive scope, to be known as the Dean of the Tucker Foundation, the occupant of which will have the campus as well as the chapel for his province.

The Tucker Foundation takes its aim and scope from the outlook of Dr. Tucker, Dartmouth's last preacher president and one of the greatest, who at the turn of the century spoke thus in the College chapel:—

I make no closing plea for any formal religion, but I do plead now as always for the religious spirit. . . . Seek, I pray you, moral distinction. Be not content with the commonplace in character any more than with the commonplace in ambition or intellectual attainment. Do not expect that you will make any lasting or very strong impression on the world through intellectual power without the use of an equal amount of conscience and heart.

There are no panaceas in education and I claim no patentable novelty for the individual features of the Tucker Foundation. Taken together, however, I wonder if they do not add up to an approach that is genuinely responsive to the problem of keeping conscience to the fore as an indispensable ingredient of an education that can commit a man to a better life as he liberates himself from a lesser one.

Here on the side of conscience in the broadest and firmest terms is an explicit commitment of purpose. So long as our society places its bet on the power of free men to choose their destiny, such a commitment will be relevant. It is built low to the ground but it looks up, and I should think that it had a good chance to remain resilient and meaningful under well-nigh any future circumstance. Here also is a store of material resources which, joined with the avowal of purpose, will stand as a tangible reminder to the students, teachers, alumni, presidents, and trustees of tomorrow that they are committed to the work of righteousness and that it is their task to fashion tools appropriate to their day. Finally, here in the deanship of the Tucker Foundation is a position of both scope and prestige which, while rooted in the religious spirit, could open to its occupant the kind of intimate but wide-ranging relationship to the campus that our highly departmentalized colleges so badly need. Incidentally, such a representative-at-large might well accomplish some of the college-wide missions the preacher presidents were able to perform in their day which a present-day college president is kept from doing because of his amphibious existence, half on and half off the campus.

Up to now I have spoken of competence and conscience as if they were the twain that never get closer than the opposite sides of that ubiquitous thing called "and." This cleavage is not the reality either on or off the campus. It is the mixture that counts, and among our other blessings I rate very highly the fact that in the liberal arts college neither competence nor conscience is taken straight. Rather, it is the human interplay between these two poles of purpose that gives liberal education its orientation to the light and brings to the undergraduate grown a man those liberating and civilizing qualities men never quite define nor ever quite deny.

1955 Model

No industrial designer in America has had a more dynamic career than RAYMOND LOEWY: the partnership and companies bearing his name today provide designs for 127 corporations, including railroads, airplane manufacturers and operators, manufacturers of cosmetics and foods, a bus company, chain and department stores, and steamship lines. Mr. Loewy has been Studebaker's designer and stylist since 1938, and in the article which follows he expresses his irrepressible opinion of the American automobile today, and of what it may be fifty years hence. He had the courage to express these views at the Fiftieth Annual Meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

JUKEBOX ON WHEELS

by RAYMOND LOEWY

1

IN EVERY phase of the automotive industry certain factors have been more important than all others in relation to the way the automobile has looked. Phase One is really the Ford story. Function and production were the most important considerations. The automobile was an invention, and it looked like one.

Phase Two is marked by the introduction of the steel body in mass production, and appearance became a major factor for the first time. Walter Chrysler discovered that robin's-egg blue helped sales; so all other companies tried to top Chrysler in styling. It was an era of individuality and healthy competition.

By the time of World War II, the industry had reached a point where many factors had leveled out: body types, price differences, market potential, manufacturing methods, advertising, technical developments (at least, those released to the public). Independents believed that styling, with improved function, would not only sell well but create good will for the small company.

The style factors were: good visibility, compactness, lighter weights. Big companies jumped on the "style" bandwagon, but what so-called functional factor did they select? *Bulk* — a sorry choice! Bulk gets to be habit-forming, and bulk means weight. To this manufacturers added "flash." So they got into a spiral of increased weight and ornamentation. This led to the horsepower rat-race and the chrome gadget rat-race — a costly combination. As a result, standardization — a by-product of mass production — has established as today's dreamboat a vehicle that's too big for most people, too expensive, too costly to maintain, and too gaudy.

Some might say that this apparent wastefulness is indeed a blessing — that it brings about the use of more materials, more employment, prosperity. I believe the theory would be even more valid if

the industry's basic product were a model — cheaper, more economical, and therefore available to more people — within reach of the wide mass market that lies at the bottom layer of the consumers' pyramid. Instead, what have we got? The total loss of distinction among all automobiles plus the finest state of jitters in the history of the automotive industry.

Designers today are briefed to "give the public what it wants," and "what the public wants" is being translated into the flashy, the gadgety, the spectacular. I refuse to believe that today's automobiles represent, stylewise, "what the public wants" any more than they reflect what we in the automotive industry want. But the result of this mistaken opinion is vulgarity and blatancy. Instead of the automobile's expressing advancement, the story is now one of external bric-a-brac. This reflects a distorted notion of what is competitive.

I think that vulgarity is dangerous for many reasons. The American automobile has changed the habits of every member of modern society. In the past fifty years it has become the symbol, all over the world, of American industrial genius and enterprise. It has become so potent a force that it is very nearly the symbol of American thought and morals to people who don't know us. It is more than an object to be sold for money. The automobile is an American cultural symbol.

"Some culture," one might say as one watches the sad parade of the 1955 models. The world will soon forget that under these gaudy shells are concealed masterpieces of inspired technology. What we see today looks more like an orgiastic chrome-plated brawl.

There was another great American symbol, probably exported by the GI — the jukebox. Today's jukebox moves! The automobile. This year's production includes two-tone and three-tone jukeboxes. We are probably going to have a fluoresce-

ing six-passenger jukebox before long. Seriously, aren't manufacturers doing disservice to this country if they mass-present the automobile in such misleading vulgarity? Aren't they depressing the level of American taste by saturating the market with bad taste? Is it necessary?

This point has always interested me: Big companies make two conflicting statements — "We give the public what it wants" and, also, "Whatever design we choose becomes the accepted style standard through saturation." I do not agree with this last statement. But, if it is right, isn't it the company's cultural responsibility to choose a high standard instead of a low one? I realize that I am setting myself up as an arbiter of taste, but I have helped develop a profession in this country that sells taste.

This situation in the automobile industry is the more tragic because it is so unnecessary. Without doubt there are sufficient design taste and talent in the United States to correct the situation. But someone must demand better taste and not just better sales.

I am told that cab drivers have the highest rate of duodenal ulcers. I'll bet a chrome-plated carrot that automotive stylists have them beat. Every really creative and imaginative stylist and many engineers I know seem to be frustrated in their work today. The near-shattering pressure of their repressions is relieved in constant doodling — blue-sky dreaming. They rush home and make scale models in the attic. Or they long for the weekend to go road-racing in the old red Isotta-Fraschini or the souped-up pre-war Ford.

We know that the men at the top of the industry are well aware of their economic responsibilities, of their vital roles in the nation's economy. What about their cultural responsibilities? Is it responsible to camouflage one of America's most remarkable machines as a piece of gaudy merchandise? Is it possible that they don't know the merchandise is gaudy?

I don't think the automotive industry in general is showing faith in good taste today. With rare exceptions, it cannot be accused of backing design sophistication. One shocking condition is the servile copying of one company's product by the others. It seems that giants in industry are taking refuge in sameness. This is just the time when they ought to be pioneering while they have the money, the momentum, and the market. This "management by escapism" is usually a manifestation of a fearful and insecure society. Perhaps we should ask the teen-agers — the consumers of tomorrow. They love automobiles — especially ones that look like automobiles. Today these kids rib what used to be the family's proudest possession. Pop buys a chrome-plated "barge" just like the one he traded in. It's a wise kid who knows his own barge.

Fixing responsibility for the present state of

design and styling this year is a tricky business. It probably starts with someone's deciding that the American public really likes vulgarity. However, numbers of men in a company do decide to give the public what it is supposed to want, in spite of their own consciences in the matter. Hesitation and doubt then creep into the whole design-engineering-sales team. The result is just what you'd expect — safe, imitative, overdecorated chariots, with something for everyone laid over a basic formula design that is a copy of someone else's formula design. Form, which should be a clean-cut expression of mechanical excellence, has become sensuous and organic.

Progressive management may realize that it is losing contact with a segment of consumers and that, however spectacular the sales, the company is losing popularity. This unpopularity has not yet reduced sales. But I think resentment is growing. And resentment is never an asset.

The public may admire a corporation for its impressive size. Who in the United States doesn't? But when a business, however gigantic, gets smug enough to believe that it is sufficient only to match competition on trivial points instead of leading competition in valid matters, that business is becoming vulnerable to public disfavor.

If there should be any such thing as a cloud in the blue sky of bigness for bigness' sake, I believe it will be the loss of people's trust and not governmental interference or control.

I hear conversations like these: "Remove the chrome schmaltz and the name plates and you can't tell one from another." Or, "Leave a Ford and a Chevy in the same garage overnight and nine months later you get a Plymouth!" Or vice versa! These aren't funny and loving remarks: they're cynical. Compare them with the old Ford jokes that invariably oozed love and respect for a great man and a practical car.

Isn't it a bit complacent on the part of management to feel that the public is satisfied with this situation? There will be loud shouts: Who's complacent? Don't we all have new bodies this year? If the present "all-new" bodies are all that can be eked out in a year like this one, then I think wrong decisions have been made in a lot of places.

Experts estimate that fifty years from now there will be 120 million automobiles on the roads for approximately 298 million Americans. What company will be on top then? Would anyone care to guess? You can be reasonably sure that surprises are ahead. We've had enough in the past five years to count on it. And whoever wins will win by more than the length of a chrome-plated Dagmar.

2

Now, what are cars in the year 2005 going to look like? I'll use the same techniques we used to

predict an automobile design for *Time* magazine in 1942. A few days ago, we looked at the design again and were surprised to see how many developments we had guessed correctly, including wrap-around windshields, clear plastic tops, and twenty-nine other features that have since appeared in production cars.

I class the factors affecting styling as variables and constants. Among the variables are: the future state of the nation's economy; the nature and cost of the available fuel; the rate and radius of decentralization of population; the development of new metals, synthetic materials, and new techniques; the development of more compact power plants; the possibility of highway systems with resilient surfaces or some other quality of surface. The big variable, of course, is atomic conflict.

Let's now isolate the factors that are near-certitudes, and predict their probable effects:—

1. Highways will be able to carry more traffic at greater average speeds. (We shall need better streamlining, smooth undercarriage, higher speeds, better deceleration.)

2. There will be more automobiles everywhere. (Automobiles must be made easier to maneuver in all directions.)

3. Automobiles will increase productivity in all industries. There will be more leisure, more family travel for longer distances. (Increased luggage space is indicated for the family car.)

4. Semi-automatic driving will become the rule. Driving will be easier—therefore more relaxing; therefore more dangerous. (Interior design must take into account that the occupants must be protected more carefully if the driver lapses in attention and dozes. Devices may become standard equipment to prevent this from happening.)

5. The standard of living will be more uniform. More people will be able to consider the possibility of owning two or more cars. (There will be a wider variety of body types made available at the low-cost level—possibly a utility car, of which no example exists now; or a vacation car, combining advantages of the present station wagon with some of the more important facilities found in trailers: refrigerated compartments, cooking units, folding awning tents, and so forth.)

6. Finally—and by far the most effective factor—there must be greater emphasis laid on the safety factor in car design. At present, one out of every ten hospital beds is occupied by the victim of an automobile accident. In 1954, 36,000 or more people were killed. In fifty years, even if the rate of fatal accidents declines (as it does annually, based on the number of miles traveled), we may expect as many as 120,000 killed annually. Obviously, something will have to be done about this, by driver education—the biggest factor—and by the automotive industry itself. (This fact will affect appearance, because structural revisions may

shift glazed areas, simplify instrument panels. Automobiles, like planes today, will need to be studied as human engineering problems. Style will follow function.)

Now let's see if we can visualize an ensemble. Our 2005 model has a compact engine that does not require a high hood. This engine can be placed anywhere, and the cooling intake, if any, will be small. The body encloses large luggage spaces. The car is correctly streamlined; the undercarriage is smooth. The body is built strongly to be safe in case of collision. Therefore, window arrangement will be changed by the new type of structure. I believe the goldfish-bowl or greenhouse superstructure is on its way out, especially in the rear of the vehicle.

The doors—or rather, the accessibility panels—will be power-operated and will open so that one can get in and out without crouching. The car can move laterally for close parking.

Inside, the automobile will be quite changed. With emphasis on de-lethalization, air conditioning, and partial convertibility, all-new interiors are inevitable. Seats will probably incorporate a pneumatic network to control resiliency.

Various devices will have made driving a semi-automatic process. It is known that metabolic and neuro-electrical variations take place in the human body when one relaxes and goes to sleep. It is conceivable that in the next fifty years means will be found to detect these fluctuations in body condition so as to stop the car automatically whenever the danger point approaches. Perhaps the driver will wear wrist electrodes. Or the steering wheel may transmit the body impulses. That steering wheel must, by all means, be mounted on a telescoping column.

Visibility in a 360-degree arc is assured. Inside, windows closed, the car is quiet. The roof is a light-reflecting surface that will keep the car from getting too hot inside in the sun.

The electronics industry will probably have developed a low-priced radar unit for driving in the fog. Also, I see a possibility of a return to the flat windshield, which eliminates misleading light reflections at night. The tire started tubeless, and we are now back to the tubeless tire. As to the rear window, I wouldn't be surprised if it were the type that can be opened.

But now we come back to 1955 and our automotive jukeboxes. Are we proud of them? What do you think? Nothing about the appearance of the 1955 automobiles offsets the impression that Americans must be wasteful, swaggering, insensitive people. Automotive borax offers gratuitous evidence to people everywhere that much of what they suspect about us may be true. Our values are off beat, our ostentation acute, *if* the 1955 automobile is any reflection of ourselves and our taste.



New England born composer LEONARD BERNSTEIN is now on a spring visit to Italy, where he is conductor in residence at the Teatro alla Scala in Milan, and where he will conduct the May Festival in Florence. Shortly before his departure, he had completed the score for a musical version of Voltaire's *Candide* with a book by Lillian Hellman, which is scheduled for production in the fall.

A NICE GERSHWIN TUNE

by LEONARD BERNSTEIN

THROUGH the windows of the English Grill in Radio City we can see the ice skaters milling about on the rink, inexplicably avoiding collision with one another. One cannot look at them for more than a few seconds, so dazzling are they as they whirl and plummet in the white winter sunlight.

The shirred eggs are gone from our plates, and the second cup of coffee offers the momentary escape from the necessity of conversation. My lunch date with PM is one of those acid-forming events born of the New York compulsion to have lunch with one's business associates, at all costs, "sometime," as if the mere act of eating together for ninety minutes were guaranteed to cement any and all relations, however tenuous.

PM is what is known in the trade as a Professional Manager, that unlucky soul whose job it is to see that the music published by his firm actually gets played. This involves his knowing, more or less intimately, an army of musical performers, and some composers. He must once have been a large man, I think; powerful and energetic. He must have had young ideas and ideals. He must have gloried in his close association with the giants of the golden age of popular song-writing. But the long years have wearied him and have reduced his ideas to formulas, his ideals to memories, his persuasive powers to palliatives. Still, he knows and loves two generations' worth of American popular music, and this gives him his warmth, his zeal, his function in life. I like him.

But why has he asked me to lunch? We have ranged all the immediately available subjects, and I feel there must be something in particular he wants to bring up, and can't. Everyone in the Grill seems to be talking, earnestly or gaily; only we remain chained to an axis of interest terminating at one pole in the skating rink and at the other in a cup of coffee. Again the skaters: back to the coffee. Compulsively, I break the silence.

LB: How's business? (*This is inane, but he looks up gratefully. It must have helped somehow.*)

PM: Business? Well, you know. Sheet music doesn't sell the way it did in the old days. It's all records now. The publisher isn't so much a publisher any more. He's an agent. Printing is the least —

LB (*climbing on with excessive eagerness*): But that ought to make good business, oughtn't it? The main thing is owning the music, the rights —

PM: Sure; but owning the music doesn't guarantee that we sell it. Take the music from your new show, for instance.

LB (*to himself*): So this is why he's invited me to lunch. But pretend innocence. (*Aloud*): What about the show?

PM (*kindly*): How's it going?

LB (*as though this were just another subject*): Fine. I caught it two nights ago. Seemed as fresh as ever.

PM (*carefully*): Very, very strange about that show of yours. It's a big success, the public enjoys it, it's been running for five months, and there's not a hit in it. How do you explain it? (*The bomb has dropped. The pulse has quickened.*)

LB: How do I explain it? Isn't that your job to know? You're the man who sells the songs to the public. A hit depends on a good selling job. Don't ask me. I'm just the poor old composer.

PM: Now don't get excited. If you had been in this business as long as I have, you'd know that there are two sides to everything. There's no point in laying the blame here or there. A hit is the result of a combination of things: a good song, a good singer to launch it, thorough exploitation, and lucky timing. We can't always have all of them together. Now in your case we've made one of our biggest efforts. I can't remember when we've —

LB: All right, I get it. You just weren't handed good material. I don't need a map. I don't write commercial songs, that's all. Why don't you tear up my contract?

PM: Really, LB, you are in a state of gloom today. I didn't ask you to lunch to upset you. We all want to do our best for that score; it's to our mutual advantage. I just thought we might talk a bit about it, quietly and constructively, and maybe come up with something that might —

LB: I'm sorry. I'm somewhat sensitive about it. It's just that it would be nice to hear someone accidentally whistle something of mine, somewhere, just once.

PM: It's understandable.

LB: And I thought there were at least three natural hits in the show. You never hear the songs on the radio or on TV; there are a few forgotten recordings; one is on Muzak, I believe. It's a little depressing, you must admit.

PM: Now come on. Think of all the composers who don't have hits, and don't have hit shows either. You're a lucky boy, you know, and you shouldn't complain. Not everyone can write "Booby Hatch" and sell a million records in a month. Why, I remember George always used to say —

LB: George who?

PM: Gershwin, of course. What other George is there?

LB: Ah, but now you're talking about a man who really had the magic touch. Gershwin made hits, I don't know how. Some people do it all the time, like breathing. I don't know.

PM (*plunging in*): Well, now that you mention it, it might not be a bad idea for you to give a little thought now and then to these things. Learn a little from George. Your songs are simply too arty, that's all. You try too hard to make them what you would call "interesting." That's not for the public, you know. A special little dissonant effect in the bass may make *you* happy, and maybe some of your highbrow friends; but it doesn't help to make a hit. You're too wrapped up in unusual chords and odd skips in the tune and screwy forms. That's all only an amusing game you play with yourself. George didn't worry about all that. He wrote tunes, dozens of them, simple tunes that the world could sing and remember and want to sing again. He wrote for people, not for critics. You just have to learn how to be simple, my boy.

LB: You think it's so simple to be simple? Not at all. I've tried hard for years. After all, this isn't the first time I'm hearing this lecture. A few weeks ago a serious composer-friend and I were talking about all this, and we got boiling mad about it. Why shouldn't we be able to come up with a hit, we said, if the standard is as low as it seems to be? We decided that all we had to do was to put ourselves into the mental state of an idiot and write a ridiculous hillbilly tune. So we went to work, sure we could make thousands by simply being simple-minded. We worked for an hour and then gave up in despair. Impossible. We found

ourselves being "personal" and "expressing ourselves"; and try as we might, we couldn't seem to boil any music down to the feeble-minded level we had set ourselves. I remember that at one point we were trying like two children, one note at a time, to make a tune that didn't even require any harmony, it would be that obvious. Impossible. It was a revealing experiment, I must say, even though it left us with a slightly doomed feeling. As I say, why don't you tear up my contract? (*I drain the already empty coffee cup.*)

PM (*with a touch of the basketball coach*): Doom, nothing. I'll bet my next week's salary that you can write simple tunes if you really put your mind to it. And not with another composer, but all by yourself. After all, George was just like you, highbrow, one foot in Carnegie Hall and the other in Tin Pan Alley. He wrote concert music too, and was all wound up in fancy harmony and counterpoint and orchestration. He just knew when to be simple and when not to be.

LB: No, I think you're wrong. Gershwin was a whole other man. No connection at all.

PM: You're only being modest, or pretending to be. Didn't that critic after your last show call you a second Gershwin, or a budding Gershwin, or something?

LB (*secretly flattered*): That's all in the critic's mind. Nothing to do with facts. Actually Gershwin and I came from opposite sides of the tracks; and if we meet anywhere at all it's in my love for his music. But there it ends. Gershwin was a song writer who grew into a serious composer. I am a serious composer trying to be a song writer. His was by far the more normal way: starting with small forms and blossoming out from there. My way is more confused: I wrote a symphony before I ever wrote a popular song. How can you expect me to have that simple touch that he had?

PM (*paternally*): But George — did you know him, by the way?

LB: I wish I had. He died when I was just a kid in Boston.

PM (*a star in his eye*): If you had met him you would have known that George was every inch a serious composer. Why, look at the *Rhapsody in Blue*, the *American in* —

LB: Now PM, you know as well as I do that the *Rhapsody* is not a composition at all. It's a string of separate paragraphs stuck together — with a thin paste of flour and water. Composing is a very different thing from writing tunes, after all. I find that the themes, or tunes, or whatever you want to call them, in the *Rhapsody* are terrific — inspired, God-given. At least four of them, which is a lot for a twelve-minute piece. They are perfectly harmonized, ideally proportioned, songful, clear, rich, moving. The rhythms are always right. The "quality" is always there, just as it is in his best show-tunes. But you can't just put four tunes

together, God-given though they may be, and call them a composition. Composition means a putting together, yes; but a putting together of elements so that they add up to an organic whole. *Compono, componere* —

PM: Spare us the Latin. You can't mean that the *Rhapsody in Blue* is not an organic work! Why, in its every bar it breathes the same thing, throughout all its variety and all its change of mood and tempo. It breathes America: the people, the urban society that George knew deeply, the pace, the nostalgia, the nervousness, the majesty, the —

LB: — the Tchaikovsky sequences, the Debussy meanderings, the Lisztian piano-fireworks. It's as American as you please while the themes are going on; but the minute a little thing called development is called for, America goes out the window and Tchaikovsky and his friends march in the door. And the trouble is that a composition *lives* in its development.

PM: I think I need some more coffee. Waiter!

LB: Me too. I didn't mean to get started on all this, and he's my idol too, remember. I don't think there has been such an inspired melodist on this earth since Tchaikovsky, if you want to know what I really feel. I rank him right up there with Schubert and the great ones. But if you want to speak of a *composer*, that's another matter. Your *Rhapsody in Blue* is not a real composition in the sense that whatever happens in it must seem inevitable, or even pretty inevitable. You can cut out parts of it without affecting the whole in any way except to make it shorter. You can remove any of these stuck-together sections and the piece still goes on as bravely as before. You can even interchange these sections with one another and no harm done. You can make cuts within a section, or add new cadenzas, or play it with any combination of instruments or on the piano alone; it can be a five-minute piece or a six-minute piece or a twelve-minute piece. And in fact all these things are being done to it every day. It's still the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

PM: But look here, that sounds to me like the biggest argument yet in its favor. If a piece is so sturdy that whatever you do to it has no effect on its intrinsic nature, then it must be pretty healthy. There must be something there that resists pressure, something that is real and alive, wouldn't you say?

LB: Of course there is: those tunes. Those beautiful tunes. But they still don't add up to a piece.

PM: Perhaps you're right in a way about the *Rhapsody*. It was an early work, after all — his first attempt to write in an extended form. He was only twenty-six or so, don't forget; he couldn't even orchestrate the piece when he wrote it. But how about the later works? What about the *American in Paris*? Now that is surely a well-knit, organic —

LB: True, what you say. Each work got better

as he went on, because he was an intelligent man and a serious student, and he worked hard. But the *American in Paris* is again a study in tunes, all of them beautiful and all of them separate. He had by that time discovered certain tricks of composition, ways of linking themes up, of combining and developing motives, of making an orchestral fabric. But even here they still remain tricks, mechanisms borrowed from Strauss and Ravel and who knows where else. And when you add it all up together it is still a weak work because none of these tricks is his own; they don't arise from the nature of the material; they are borrowed and applied to the material. Or rather *appliquéd* to it, like beads on a dress. When you hear the piece, you rejoice in the first theme, then sit and wait through the "filler" until the next one comes along. In this way you sit out about two thirds of the composition. The remaining third is marvelous because it consists of the themes themselves; but where's the composition?

PM (*a bit craftily*): But you play it all the time, don't you?

LB: Yes.

PM: And you've recorded it, haven't you?

LB: Yes.

PM: Then you must like it a lot, mustn't you?

LB: I adore it. Ah, here's the coffee.

PM (*sighing*): I don't understand you. How can you adore something you riddle with holes? Can you adore a bad composition?

LB: Each man kills the thing he loves. Yes, I guess you can love a bad composition. For non-compositional reasons. Sentiment. Association. Inner meaning. Spirit. But I think I like it most of all because it is so sincere; it is trying so hard to be good; it has only good intentions.

PM: You mean you like it for its faults?

LB: No. What's good in it is so good that it's irresistible. If you have to go along with some chaff in order to have the wheat, it's worth it. And I love it because it shows, or begins to show, what Gershwin might have done if he had lived. Just look at the progress from the *Rhapsody* to the Piano Concerto, from the Concerto to —

PM (*glowing*): Ah, the Concerto; there is a masterpiece.

LB: That's your story. The Concerto is the work of a young genius who is learning fast. But *Porgy and Bess*: there the real destiny of Gershwin begins to be clear.

PM: Really, I don't get it. Doesn't *Porgy* have all the same faults? I'm always being told that it's perhaps the weakest composition of all he wrote, in spite of the glorious melodies in it. He intended it as a grand opera, after all, and it seems to have failed as a grand opera. Whenever a production of *Porgy* really succeeds, you find that it's been changed into a sort of operetta. They have taken out all the "in-between" singing and re-

placed it with spoken lines, leaving only the main numbers. That seems to me to speak for itself.

LB: Oh no; it speaks only for the producers. It's a funny thing about *Porgy*: I always miss the in-between singing when I hear it in its cut form. Perhaps it is more successful that way; it certainly is for the public. It may be because so much of that recitative seems alien to the character of the songs themselves, instead recalling *Tosca* and *Pelléas*. But there's a danger of throwing out the baby with the bath. Because there's a lot of that recitative that *is* in the character of the songs and fits the opera perfectly. Do you remember Bess's scene with Crown on the island? Bess is saying (*singing*):

"It's like dis, Crown,
I's the only woman Porgy ever had —"

PM (*joining in rapturously*):

"An' I's thinkin' now,
How it will be tonight
When all these other niggers go back
to Catfish Row."

LB and PM (*with growing excitement*):

"He'll be sittin' and watchin' the big front gate,
A-countin' 'em off waitin' for Bess.
An' when the last woman —"

(*The restaurant is all eyes and ears.*)

PM (*in a loud whisper*): I think we are making a scene.

LB (*in a violent whisper*): But that's just what I mean! Thrilling stuff, isn't it? Doesn't it point the way to a kind of Gershwin music that would have reached its own perfection eventually? I can never get over the horrid fact of his death for that reason. With *Porgy* you suddenly realize that Gershwin was a great, great theater composer. He always had been. Perhaps that's what was wrong with his concert music: it was really theater music thrust into a concert hall. What he would have done in the theater in another ten or twenty years! And then he would still have been a young man! What a loss! Will America ever realize the loss?

PM (*moved*): You haven't touched your coffee.

LB (*suddenly exhausted*): It's gotten cold. Anyway, I have to go home and write music. Thanks for lunch, PM.

PM: Oh, thank you for coming. I've enjoyed it. Let's do it again, shall we? We have so much to talk about.

LB (*with a glance at the skating rink*): Like what, for instance?

PM: Well, for one thing, that show of yours. Very strange. It's a big success, the public enjoys it, it's been running for five months, and there's not a hit in it. How do you explain it?



JULY MOUNTAIN

by WALLACE STEVENS

WE LIVE in a constellation
Of patches and of pitches,
Not in a single world,
In things said well in music,
On the piano, and in speech,
As in a page of poetry —
Thinkers without final thoughts
In an always incipient cosmos,
The way, when we climb a mountain,
Vermont throws itself together.



In his new book, The Public Philosophy, which has just been published, WALTER LIPPMANN has analyzed the reasons for the drastic impairment of the power to govern which has imperiled the western democracies during the past four decades. He shows that this deterioration began before 1914, that Lord Bryce saw the warning signs in 1920; and he shows how deep-seated the disorder has become since 1938. The great question to which he addresses himself is whether this decline can be checked and to what extent Democracy can renew its strength. This is the last of three excerpts we have drawn from Mr. Lippmann's book.

OUR NEED FOR A PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY

by WALTER LIPPMANN

1

UNDERLYING the present critical condition of western society is the fact that the democracies are ceasing to receive those traditions of civility in which the good society, or the liberal democratic way of life at its best, originated and developed. They are cut off from the public philosophy and the political arts which are needed to govern the liberal democratic society. They have not been initiated into its secrets, and they do not greatly care for as much of it as they are prepared to understand. In Toynbee's terrible phrase, they are proletarians who are "in" but are not "of" the society they dominate.

To speak of a public philosophy is, I am well aware, to raise dangerous questions, rather like opening Pandora's box. Within the western nations, as Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., has put it, there is "a plurality of incompatible faiths"; there is also a multitude of secularized and agnostic people. Since there is so little prospect of agreement, and such certainty of dissension, on the content of the public philosophy, it seems expedient not to raise the issues by talking about them. It is easier to follow the rule that a person's beliefs are private and only overt conduct is a public matter.

One might say that this prudent rule reflects and registers the terms of settlement of the religious wars and of the long struggle against the exclusive authority in the realm of the spirit of "thrones or dominations, or principalities or powers."

Freedom of religion and of thought and of speech was achieved by denying both to the state and to the established church a sovereign monopoly in the field of religion, philosophy, morals, science, learning, opinion, and conscience. The liberal constitutions with their bills of rights fixed the boundaries past which the sovereign — the king, the parliament, the congress, the voters — was forbidden to

go. Yet the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who established these great salutary rules would certainly have denied that a community could do without a general public philosophy. They were themselves the adherents of a public philosophy — of the doctrine of natural law, which held that there was a law "above the ruler and the sovereign people . . . above the whole community of mortals."

The traditions of civility spring from this principle, which was first worked out by the Stoics. As Ernest Barker says: "The rational faculty of man was conceived as producing a common conception of law and order which possessed a universal validity. . . . This common conception included, as its three great notes, the three values of Liberty, Equality and the brotherhood or Fraternity of all mankind. This common conception, and its three great notes, have formed a European set of ideas for over two thousand years. It was a set of ideas which lived and moved in the Middle Ages; and St. Thomas Aquinas cherished the idea of a sovereign law of nature imprinted in the heart and nature of man, to which kings and legislators must everywhere bow. It was a set of ideas which lived and acted with an even greater animation from the days of the Reformation to those of the French Revolution. . . . Spoken through the mouth of Locke, [they had justified] the English Revolution of 1688 and had recently served to inspire the American Revolution of 1776. . . . They were ideas of the proper conduct of states and governments in the area of internal affairs. They were ideas of the natural rights of man — of liberty, political and civic, with sovereignty residing essentially in the nation, and with free communication of thoughts and opinions; of equality before the law, and the equal repartition of public expenses among all the

members of the public; of a general fraternity which tended in practice to be sadly restricted within the nation but which could, on occasion, be extended by decree to protect all nations struggling for freedom."

These traditions were expounded in the treatises of philosophers, were developed in the tracts of the publicists, were absorbed by the lawyers and applied in the courts. At times of great stress some of the endangered traditions were committed to writing, as in the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Independence. For the guidance of judges and lawyers large portions were described as in Lord Coke's examination of the common law. The public philosophy was in part expounded in the Bill of Rights of 1689. It was re-enacted in the first ten amendments of the Constitution of the United States. The largest part of the public philosophy was never explicitly stated. Being the wisdom of a great society over the generations, it can never be stated in any single document. But the traditions of civility permeated the peoples of the West and provided a standard of public and private action which facilitated and protected the institutions of freedom and the growth of democracy.

The founders of our free institutions were themselves adherents of this public philosophy. When they insisted upon excluding the temporal power from the realm of the mind and the spirit, it was not that they had no public philosophy. It was because experience had taught them that as power corrupts, it corrupts the public philosophy. It was therefore a practical rule of politics that the government should not be given sovereignty and proprietorship over the public philosophy.

But as time went on, there fell out of fashion the public philosophy of the founders of western institutions. The rule that the temporal power should be excluded from the realm of the mind and of the spirit was then subtly transformed. It became the rule that ideas and principles are private — with only subjective relevance and significance. Only when there is "a clear and present danger" to public order are the acts of speaking and publishing in the public domain. All the first and last things were thus removed from the public domain. All that has to do with what man is and should be, or how he should hold himself in the scheme of things, what are his rightful ends and the legitimate means, became private and subjective and publicly unaccountable. And so, the liberal democracies of the West became the first great society to treat as a private concern the formative beliefs that shape the character of its citizens.

This has brought about a radical change in the meaning of freedom. Originally it was founded on the postulate that there was a universal order on which all reasonable men were agreed; within that public agreement on the fundamentals and on the ultimates, it was safe to permit, and it would be

desirable to encourage, dissent and dispute. But with the disappearance of the public philosophy — and of a consensus on the first and last things — there was opened up a great vacuum in the public mind, yawning to be filled.

As long as it worked, there was an obvious practical advantage in treating the struggle for the ultimate allegiance of men as not within the sphere of the public interest. It was a way of not having to open the Pandora's box of theological, moral, and ideological issues which divide the western society. But in this century, when the hard decisions have had to be made, this rule of prudence has ceased to work. The expedient worked only as long as the general mass of the people were not seriously dissatisfied with things as they are. It was an expedient that looked toward reforms and improvement. But it assumed a society which was secure, progressive, expanding, and unchallenged. That is why it was only in the fine Victorian weather, before the storm clouds of the great wars began to gather, that the liberal democratic policy of public agnosticism and practical neutrality in ultimate issues was possible.

2

IN THE simple and relatively homogeneous society of the eighteenth century, natural law provided the principles of a free state. But then the mode of such thinking went out of fashion. In the nineteenth century, little was done to remind the old ideas. They were regarded as obsolete and false, as hostile to the rise of democracy, and they were abandoned to the reactionaries. The great frame of reference to the rational order was missing. No body of specific principles and precepts was worked out in order to regulate international relations, and within national states to cope with the problems raised by the industrial revolution and the advance of science and technology.

Yet, in this pluralized and fragmenting society, a public philosophy with common and binding principles was more necessary than it had ever been. The proof of the need is in the impulse to escape from freedom, which Erich Fromm has described so well. It has been growing stronger as the emancipation of the masses of the people from authority has brought the dissolution of public, general, objective criteria of the true and the false, the right and the wrong. "I can assure you," wrote André Gide in 1928, "that the feeling of freedom can plunge the soul into a sort of anguish."

But until the historic disasters of our own time, the loneliness and anxiety of modern men had been private, without public and overt political effect. As long as the public order still provided external security, their inner insecurity was still a personal and private and inward affair. Since the breakdown of public order during the First World War, there

has been no security for multitudes and no ease of mind for anyone.

Observing the public disorder in which he himself had always lived, and knowing how the inner disorder provoked the impulse to escape from it, Hitler conceived his doctrine. He wrote in *Mein Kampf* that the masses are “like a woman . . . who will submit to the strong man rather than dominate the weakling; . . . the masses love the ruler rather than the suppliant, and inwardly they are far more satisfied by a doctrine which tolerates no rival than by the grant of liberal freedom; they often feel at a loss what to do with it, and even easily feel themselves deserted.”

The masses that Hitler was planning to dominate are the modern men who find in freedom from the constraints of the ancestral order an intolerable loss of guidance and of support. With Gide they are finding that the burden of freedom is too great an anxiety. The older structures of society are dissolving, and they must make their way through a time of troubles. They have been taught to expect a steady progress toward a higher standard of life, and they have not been prepared to withstand the frustrations of a prolonged crisis in the outer world and the loneliness of their self-centered isolation.

They are men who rise up against freedom, unable to cope with its insoluble difficulties and unable to endure the denial of communion in public and common truths. There is a profound disorientation in their experience, a radical disconnection between the notions of their minds and the needs of their souls. They have become the “lonely crowd” that Riesman has described. They are Durkheim’s anomic mass. They are Toynbee’s proletarians who are “of” but not “in” the community they live in; for they “have no ‘stake’ in their community beyond the fact of its physical existence.” Their “true hallmark . . . is neither poverty nor humble birth but is the consciousness — and the resentment that this consciousness inspires — of being disinherited.” They are, as Karl Jaspers says, men dissolved “into an anonymous mass” because they are “without an authentic world, without provenance or roots” — without, that is to say, belief and faith that they can live by.

The freedom which modern men are turned away from, sometimes with relief and often with enthusiasm, is the hollow shell of freedom. The current theory of freedom holds that what men believe may be important to them but that it has almost no public significance. The outer defenses of the free way of life stand upon the legal guarantees against the coercion of belief. But the citadel is vacant because the public philosophy is gone, and all that the defenders of freedom have to defend in common is a public neutrality and a public agnosticism.

Yet when we have demonstrated the need for the public philosophy, how do we prove that the need can be satisfied? Not, we may be sure, by exhorta-

tion, however eloquent, to rise to the enormity of the present danger; still less by lamentations about the glory and the grandeur that are past. The modern men to whom the argument is addressed have a low capacity to believe in the invisible, the intangible, and the imponderable. Public principles can, of course, be imposed by a despotic government. But the public philosophy of a free society cannot be restored by fiat and by force. To come to grips with the unbelief which underlies the condition of anomy, we must find a way to re-establish confidence in the validity of public standards. We must renew the convictions from which our public morality springs.

In the prevailing popular culture of the West all philosophies are the instruments of some man’s purpose, all truths are self-centered and self-regarding, and all principles are the rationalizations of some special interest. There is no public criterion of the true and the false, of the right and the wrong, beyond that which the preponderant mass of voters, consumers, readers, and listeners happen at the moment to be supposed to want.

There is no reason to think that this condition of mind can be changed until it can be proved to the modern skeptic that there are certain principles which, when they have been demonstrated, only the wilfully irrational can deny; that there are certain obligations binding on all men who are committed to a free society; and that only the wilfully subversive can reject them. The skeptic must find the proof compelling. His skepticism cannot be cured by forcing him to conform.

In order to repair the capacity to believe in the public philosophy, it will be necessary to demonstrate the practical relevance and the productivity of the public philosophy. It is almost impossible to deny its high and broad generalities. The difficulty is to see how they are to be applied in the practical affairs of a modern state. Given the practical need, which is acute, and the higher generalities, which are self-evident, can we develop a positive working doctrine of the good society under modern conditions? The answer which I am making to this question is that it can be done if the ideas of the public philosophy are recovered and are re-established in the minds of men of light and leading.

3

LET US, then, put the matter to the test by applying the public philosophy to some of the great topics of our public life.

I shall begin with the theory of private property — before and after the loss of the public philosophy and the rupture of the traditions. We can do this conveniently by examining what Blackstone, working in the middle of the eighteenth century, does with the theory of private property. Blackstone’s

mind was formed in the classical tradition. But Blackstone's world was in movement, and he was not equal to the creative effort of using the tradition to cope with the new circumstances. He had declared that security of the person was the first, that liberty of the individual was the second, and that property was the third "absolute right inherent in every Englishman." But, as a civilized man, he had to do more than to assert the absolute right. He had to "examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds" on which it could be justified rationally.

Between the lines of his elegant and stately prose one can see, I think, that Blackstone was puzzled. According to his tradition, the rational justification of property is as a system of corresponding and reciprocal rights and duties. In the public philosophy an absolute right to property, or to anything else that affects other men, cannot be entertained. To claim it is to be outside the law and the bounds of civility. This conception of property is most easily intelligible in a society where the principal forms of private property are in agricultural land. The land is visible and its products are known to all. This lends itself to a definition of the corresponding rights and duties: of the landlord with his tenants and hired workers below him in the hierarchy and with the sovereign power above him, claiming taxes and services.

When the main forms of property are intangible the difficulty of defining rights and duties is much greater. When Blackstone was writing, England was a rising commercial power and the comparatively simple problems of a society based on property and land were already overtaken by the problems of an economy in which property was owned as money, as commercial paper, as stocks and bonds. It was easy enough to assert rights to intangible property but difficult to define the duties of intangible property. Yet unless that was done, property would not be under general laws.

Blackstone is in a way a tragic figure in that, thanks to his education, he had the intimation that the right direction was to work toward bringing intangible property under public standards. Yet for one reason or another he did not take it. He was, however, troubled. As a man steeped in the civilized traditions of the West, he knew that there must be rational limits put upon the acquisitive and possessive instincts. As a man of the world — that is to say, of his world and of the world that was to come — he knew also how little the rising men of property wished to hear about obligations that would limit their absolute rights.

So, with a certain regret, and perhaps with an intuitive foreboding, he wrote that "pleased as we are with the possession, we seem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title . . . not caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking)

there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land: why the son should have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate spot of ground because his father had done so before him: or why the occupier of a particular field or a jewel, when lying on his death bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world which of them should enjoy it after him."

Blackstone thought that these questions which challenge the "sole and despotic dominion" of the property holder "would be useless and even troublesome in common life." As a man of his world he felt bound to say that "it is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reason for making them." But as one formed in the traditions of civility, he could not ignore the question of whether there was "some defect in our title" to absolute property. And as an exponent of "rational science" he felt bound to expound the classical conception of private property. He puts it this way: a man's property "consists in the free use, enjoyment and disposal of all his acquisitions, without any control or diminution, *save only by the law of the land*. The original of private property is probably founded in nature . . . but certainly the *modifications* under which we at present find it, the method of conserving it in the present owner, and of translating it from man to man, *are entirely derived from society*; and are some of those civil advantages in exchange for which every individual has resigned a part of his natural liberty."

The rights of property, that is to say, are a creation of the laws of the state. And since the laws can be altered, there are no absolute rights of property. There are legal rights to use and to enjoy and to dispose of property. The laws define what are the rights to use and to enjoy and to dispose of property which the courts will enforce.

Conceived in this fashion, private property can never be regarded as giving to any man an absolute title to exercise the "sole and despotic dominion" over the land and the resources of nature. The ultimate title does not lie in the owner. The title is in "mankind," in *The People* as a corporate community. The rights of the individual in that patrimony are creations of the law, and have no other validity except as they are ordained by law. The purpose of laws which establish private property is not to satisfy the acquisitive and possessive instincts of the primitive man, but to promote "the grand ends of civil society" — which comprehend "the peace and security of individuals."

Because the legal owner enjoys the use of a limited necessity belonging to all men, he cannot be the sovereign lord of his possessions. He is not entitled to exercise his absolute, and therefore arbitrary, will. He owes duties that correspond with his

rights. His ownership is a grant made by the laws to achieve not his private purposes but the common social purpose. Therefore, the laws of property may and should be judged, reviewed, and when necessary amended, so as to define the specific system of rights and duties that will promote the ends of society.

4

THIS is a doctrine of private property which denies the pretension to a "sole and despotic dominion." When Blackstone, though his conscience was troubled, accepted the sole and despotic dominion, he broke with the public philosophy and the traditions of civility. After his break the recognized theorists developed regressively the conception of private property as an absolute right. For a time they excluded from political philosophy, from jurisprudence, and from legislation almost any notion that property had duties as well as rights.

Absolute private property inevitably produced intolerable evils. Absolute owners did grave damage to their neighbors and to their descendants: they ruined the fertility of the land, they exploited destructively the minerals under the surface, they burned and cut forests, they destroyed the wild life, they polluted streams, they cornered supplies and formed monopolies, they held land and resources out of use, they exploited the feeble bargaining power of wage earners.

For such abuses of absolute property the political scientists and the lawmakers had no remedy. They had lost the tradition that property is the creation of the law for social purposes. They had no principles by which the law could deal with the abuses of property. The individualists of the nineteenth century could not, therefore, defend and preserve the system of private property by reforming it and by adapting it to the circumstances of the modern age. They knew much about the rights of property and little about any corresponding duties. And so, because there was no legal remedy for the abuses of private property, because the duties which are the rational justification of property were no longer defined and enforced, the idea of private property lost its rational justification.

Between the property holders and the propertyless, who became the majority in many countries, there was, in consequence, no connecting bond, no consensus within the same realm of national discourse. The proletariat had the duty to respect the rights of owners. But the owners owed no reciprocal duty to the proletariat. There were no obligations in which the proletarians found *their* rights. Thus there arose the ominous phenomenon of "the two nations," the confrontation of those who owned the earth by those who had nothing to lose. The latter were more numerous than the former. As they acquired votes, the main issue in

the domestic politics of the democracies became the struggle between the minority who had so much absolute property and the great mass of the electorate who had so little.

To this conflict there have been and are two possible outcomes: a gradual, cumulative, and perhaps at last a violent expropriation of the men of property — or reforms of the laws of property which restore adequate duties. But for several generations after Blackstone, the very idea of property as a system of duties was obscured. The public philosophy was discarded, and the most humane and enlightened men of the nineteenth century had little notion how rational reforms could be made. The alternatives, it appeared, were to defend absolute property against the growing discontent of the propertyless, or to abolish private property. It was a dangerous and a false dilemma. But in the nineteenth century this became the dilemma. The choice, it was said, was between individualism and collectivism, between Manchester and Marxists, between absolute property maintained by the force of the few and absolute property abolished by the dictatorship of the mass.

The case of Blackstone has shown, I hope, that a different and better theory of property was possible. It was possible *if* he and his successors had adhered to the public philosophy — if they had used, instead of abandoning, the principles which he stated so well. The earth is the general property of all mankind. Private titles of ownership are assigned by lawmaking authorities to promote the grand ends of civil society. Private property is therefore a system of legal rights and duties; under changing conditions the system must be kept in accord with the grand ends of civil society.

Blackstone and his successors did not work out legal propositions from these postulates. As I am contending that it would have been better if they had done so, I now ask myself: What is the validity of these principles? Are they devices, like the rules of the road, for regulating the traffic? If they are only that, then another set of assumptions could be just as valid, like the rule of the road in Britain that one must drive to the left. One can construct — and in fact men have — systems of property on quite different assumptions; on the assumption, for example, that the earth is the general property of white men only, or of a master race of white men, or of those castes which have not sinned in a previous incarnation. But if the principles are more than that, if they have a validity which overrides such special claims, what is the virtue which gives them their validity?

They are the laws of a rational order of human society — in the sense that all men, when they are sincerely and lucidly rational, will regard them as self-evident. The rational order consists of the terms which must be met in order to fulfill men's capacity for the good life in this world. They are

the terms of the widest consensus of rational men in a plural society. They are the propositions to which all men concerned, if they are sincerely and lucidly, rational, can be expected to converge. There could never be a consensus that Africa belongs to the descendants of the Dutch settlers; a property system founded on that pretension cannot be generally acceptable, and will generate disorder. The classical doctrine has a superior validity in that a system of property based upon it may obtain a consensus of support in the community, and would have the prospect of being workable.

When we speak of these principles as natural laws, we must be careful. They are not scientific "laws" like the laws of the motions of the heavenly bodies. They do not describe human behavior as it is. They prescribe what it should be. They do not enable us to predict what men will actually do. They are the principles of right behavior in the good society governed by the western traditions of civility.

It is possible to organize a state and to conduct a government on quite different principles. But the outcome will not be freedom and the good life.

5

ONLY within a community which adheres to the public philosophy is there sure and sufficient ground for the freedom to think and to ask questions, to speak and to publish. Nobody can justify in principle, much less in practice, a claim that there exists an unrestricted right of anyone to utter anything he likes at any time he chooses. There can, for example, be no right, as Mr. Justice Holmes said, to cry "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Nor is there a right to tell a customer that the glass beads are diamonds, or a voter that the opposition candidate for President is a Soviet agent.

Freedom of speech has become a central concern of the western society because of the discovery among the Greeks that dialectic, as demonstrated in the Socratic dialogues, is a principal method of attaining moral and political truth. "The ability to raise searching difficulties on both sides of a subject will," said Aristotle, "make us detect more easily the truth and error about the several points that arise." The right to speak freely is one of the necessary means to the attainment of the truth. That, and not the subjective pleasure of utterance, is why freedom is a necessity in the good society.

In the public philosophy, freedom of speech is conceived as the means to a confrontation of opinion, as in a Socratic dialogue, in a schoolmen's disputation, in the critiques of scientists and savants, in a court of law, in a representative assembly, in an open forum. And because the purpose of the confrontation is to discern truth, there are rules of evidence and of parliamentary procedure, there are codes of fair dealing and fair comment,

by which a loyal man will consider himself bound when he exercises the right to publish opinions. For the right to freedom of speech is no license to deceive, and willful misrepresentation is a violation of its principles.

In our time the application of these fundamental principles poses many unsolved practical problems. For the modern media of mass communication do not lend themselves easily to a confrontation of opinions. The dialectical process for finding truth works best when the same audience hears all the sides of the disputation. This is manifestly impossible in the moving pictures: if a film advocates a thesis, the same audience cannot be shown another film designed to answer it. Radio and television broadcasts do permit some debate. But despite the effort of the companies to let opposing views be heard equally, and to organize programs on which there are opposing speakers, the technical conditions of broadcasting do not favor genuine and productive debate. For the audience, tuning on and tuning off here and there, cannot be counted upon to hear, even in summary form, the essential evidence and the main arguments on all the significant sides of a question. Rarely, and on very few public issues, does the mass audience have the benefit of the process by which truth is sifted from error: the dialectic of debate in which there are immediate challenge, reply, cross-examination, and rebuttal. The men who regularly broadcast the news and comment upon the news cannot — like a speaker in the Senate or in the House of Commons — be challenged by one of their listeners and compelled then and there to verify their statements of fact and to re-argue their inferences from the facts.

Yet, when genuine debate is lacking, freedom of speech does not work as it is meant to work. It has lost the principle which regulates it and justifies it — that is to say, dialectic conducted according to logic and the rules of evidence. If there is no effective debate, the unrestricted right to speak will unloose so many propagandists, procurers, and panderers upon the public that sooner or later in self-defense the people will turn to the censors to protect them.

For, in the absence of debate, unrestricted utterance leads to the degradation of opinion. By a kind of Gresham's law, the more rational is overcome by the less rational, and the opinions that will prevail will be those which are held most ardently by those with the most passionate will. For that reason the freedom to speak can never be maintained merely by objecting to interference with the liberty of the press, of printing, of broadcasting, of the screen. It can be maintained only by promoting debate.

In the end, what men will most ardently desire is to suppress those who disagree with them and, therefore, stand in the way of the realization of their desires. Thus, once confrontation in debate

is no longer necessary, the toleration of all opinions leads to intolerance. Freedom of speech, separated from its essential principle, leads through a short transitional chaos to the destruction of freedom of speech.

6

WE FIND, then, that the principle of freedom of speech, like that of private property, falls within the bounds of the public philosophy. It can be justified, applied, regulated in a plural society only by adhering to the postulate that there is a rational order of things in which it is possible, by sincere inquiry and rational debate, to distinguish the true and the false, the right and the wrong, the good which leads to the realization of human ends and the evil which leads to the destruction and death of civility.

The free political institutions of the western world were conceived and established by men who believed that there is such an order. They believed that honest reflection on the common experience of mankind would always cause men to come to the same ultimate conclusions. Within the Golden Rule of the same philosophy for elucidating their ultimate ends, they could engage with confident hope in the progressive discovery of truth. All issues could be settled by scientific investigation and by free debate if — but only if — all the investigators and the debaters adhered to the public philosophy; if, that is to say, they had the same criteria and rules of reason for arriving at the truth and for distinguishing good and evil.

Quite evidently, there is no clear sharp line which can be drawn in any community or among communities between those who adhere and those who do not adhere to the public philosophy. But while there are many shades and degrees in the spectrum, the two ends are well-defined. When the adherence of the whole body of people to the public philosophy is firm, a true community exists; where there are division and dissent over the main principles, the result is a condition of latent war.

In the maintenance and formation of a true community the articulate philosophy is, one might say, like the thread which holds the pieces of the fabric together. Not everyone can have mastered the philosophy; most people, presumably, may have heard almost nothing about it. But if among the people of light and leading the public philosophy has, as the Chinese say, the Mandate of Heaven, the beliefs and the habits which cause men to collaborate will remain whole. But if the public philosophy is discarded, being treated as reactionary or as nonsensical, then the stitches will have been pulled out and the fabric will come apart.

The fabrics in the metaphor are the traditions of how the good life is lived and the good society is governed. When they come apart, as they have in the western democracies, the result is tantamount

to a kind of collective amnesia. The liberal democracies have been making mistakes in peace and in war which they would never have made were they not suffering from what is a failure of memory. They have forgotten too much of what their predecessors had learned before them. The newly enfranchised democracies are like men who have kept their appetites but have forgotten how to grow food. They have the perennial human needs for law and order, for freedom and justice, for what only good government can give them. But the art of governing well has to be learned. It has to be transmitted from the old to the young, and the habits and the ideas must be maintained as a seamless web of memory among the bearers of the tradition, generation after generation.

When the continuity of the traditions of civility is ruptured, the community is threatened. Unless the rupture is repaired, the community will break down into factional, class, racial, and regional wars. For when the continuity is interrupted, the cultural heritage is not being transmitted. The new generation is faced with the task of rediscovering and re-inventing and relearning by trial and error most of what the guardians of a society need to know.

No one generation can do this. For in no one generation are men capable of creating for themselves the arts and sciences of a high civilization. Men can know more than their ancestors did if they start with a knowledge of what their ancestors had already learned. They can do advanced experiments if they do not have to learn all over again how to do the elementary ones. That is why a society can be progressive only if it conserves its traditions.

But traditions are more than the culture of the arts and sciences. They are the public world to which our private worlds are joined. This continuum of public and private memories transcends all persons in their immediate and natural lives and it ties them all together. In it there is performed the mystery by which individuals are adopted and initiated into membership in the community.

"Where I belong," says Jaspers, "and what I am living for, I first learned in the mirror of history." When the individual becomes civilized he acquires a second nature. This second nature is made in the image of what he is and is living for and should become. He has seen the image in the mirror of history. This second nature, which rules over the natural man, is at home in the good society. This second nature is no proletarian but feels itself to be a rightful proprietor and ruler of the community. Full allegiance to the community can be given only by a man's second nature, ruling over his first and primitive nature, and treating it as not finally himself. Then the disciplines and the necessities and the constraints of a civilized life have ceased to be alien to him, and imposed from without. They have become his own inner imperatives.



A graduate of Exeter and Harvard, RICHARD BISSELL knows our inland waterways — the Ohio, the Monongahela, and the Mississippi (on all of which he worked as a mate or a pilot) — as well as Mark Twain knew them. From this river experience came the source material for his first novel, A Stretch on the River. He is the co-author of The Pajama Game, a highly successful musical comedy based on his second novel, 7½ Cents; and his third, High Water, made its debut last autumn under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

SAUER KRAUT DAY IN EAST DUBUQUE

by RICHARD BISSELL

WELL just lemme tell you about Sauer Kraut Day if you think so much of Adolph Kramer. Mind I don't say Adolph ain't a big man, he has made a mint of money off his place and I don't begrudge him none of it. He carries on an entirely different type operation than we do here even if he is right across the street. I guess he's about the biggest man around this part of Western Illinois whereas I am small, a small man and not a wit ashamed of it. I'll stay in my nish and Adolph can stay in his nish and we'll all be happy. But just to give you an idea on how careless he is with money just listen to Sauer Kraut Day.

See, we have a Tavern Keepers Association over here, so we got the idea of putting on a Sauer Kraut Day. Tiny Obermiller was up in Wisconsin into some little two bit town up there where the mosquitoes is as big as sparrow hawks, and they had a Sauer Kraut Day — give away free sauer kraut and bulieners you know — only wait a minute, seems to me they charged for the bulieners — anyway they drew 17,000 people into town and the taverns really cleaned up as well as lots of business for the other merchants. So we decided to do the same and we called on Bernie Kennedy to go out and collect \$200.00. That's what they said would take care of everything, just \$200.00. Well Bernie said O.K. but then he backed out because we decided to put the sauer kraut stand by the firehouse and he claimed it was too far from his place and he wouldn't get no good out of it at all. As far as that there aspect is concerned look at me here, I was the furthestest away from the center of the fun of anybody. Every tavern on the street was closer than me. But I figured what the hell, let's get the yokels streamin into town, so I said I would go out and collect the \$200.00. So I went out and collected from everybody and when I was done I had \$950.00 and I was proud. And I figured if all we need is

\$200.00 and I got \$950.00, why we are in a fine shape. But oh my.

So we had Sauer Kraut Day and what a mob. They come all the way from up at Platteville and way down to Savanna and there was folks here from Prairie du Chien and a whole crowd naturally come across the bridge from Dubuque. Well it is a lot of fun and of course there's quite a few folks don't care too much for sauer kraut but they come anyway just to see the people, it gives them an excuse to go someplace just for a little excitement. That's only human nature. So they come in droves and they ate kraut till hell wouldn't stand for it and they drank beer. It was a nice crowd and no trouble, just out for a good time, no fights or nothing like that, nothing serious anyways, and now you take on an ordinary day like that say I ring up maybe \$50.00 here, why that day and evening I rung up \$375.00. Now I call that worth while, don't you? So I thought Sauer Kraut Day was a pretty nice thing. But oh my.

Adolph Kramer was in charge of the arrangements and the finance and well it was a fright. To a big man like him I guess money don't mean nothing, but Jesus, this wasn't his money to begin with, but that didn't hold him back none. The bills! The way them bills begun to come in you never seen such a thing in your life. The first one I seen was \$150.00 for the rent on the tent. \$150.00.

Ed Sohovik he brought the bill over to me together with the ones from the brewery and like that, and a lot of other crazy ones too. So I sent my boy Cletus across the street to see if Adolph could set his brandy down long enough to come over and see us for a few minutes. Great brandy drinker this hero Adolph is, twenty-year-old stuff — he gets it from some importer in Chicago and he is at it all day long not to mention the evenings, nights, and National Holidays.

Cletus come back and says Mr. Kramer he is out to his stables. That's another hot one, him and his stables. You know he bought the old Marshall farm out on the road to Hurricane and has a couple of plugs. He calls them Kentucky Thoroughbreds but I believe the closest them nags ever come to Kentucky was the blue grass country west of Milwaukee. Him and that girl friend of his from South Chicago go out there and they put on some swell parties I hear though I never been invited as I am not high enough up for them and like to take my shoes off when my feet hurt.

"We'll climb in my car and go out there and see him, shall we?" Ed says.

"In a pig's eye we will," I says. "I ain't kowing and towing to no Adolph Kramer," I says. "I'll call him up and tell him to get off of Spark Plug and come in to see us."

So about an hour later in comes Adolph and the girl friend and I must say one thing for him, he can sure pick 'em and train 'em. This dame had on an outfit that must of cost an M if it cost a dime, and the looks to match.

Adolph he had on them skinny pants that bulge sideways at the top, and the riding boots and all. He was a sight to behold. His girl set down at one end of the bar and I give her what she wanted, a sloe gin fizz, and got out my dusty bottle of Hennessy brandy which had been idle since the last time Adolph honored us with his company, and I told him we had a handful of bills here to pay and we wasn't too satisfied with them.

"Take this here bill for the tent, Adolph," I says.

"What about it?" he says. "It was a good tent, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I says. "But my God we didn't need no \$150.00 tent, Adolph," I says.

"Well, we had one," he says. "And everybody liked it real fine."

"For \$150.00 we shoulda kept it," I says.

"Well, we hadda have a tent, Fritz."

"I wished I had paid more attention to it," I says. "I would of gone and stood in it for awhile and got some enjoyment out of it if I'd knowed it was a \$150.00 tent."

Next off the reel here is a bill for a case of Kinsey whiskey. "Where'd the case of Kinsey go?" I says. "We didn't sell no whiskey," I says.

"That was for the Committee," he says. "Didn't you get none?"

"No I didn't," I says. "But I see it was bought from your place without no discount. Seems like since you was selling the whiskey for our own consumption you might of give us an inside price."

"Leo must of sent out the bill," he says. "I didn't have nothing to do with it."

Well there was \$5.74 for Fig Newtons. I suppose somebody on the Committee was a Fig Newton addick but I let that pass. And the rent for the kettles to cook the kraut in, \$9.38. I don't see how

nobody with some kettles to rent arrives at no figure like \$9.38 but it was reasonable enough by comparison so I left that go by. And paper napkins come to \$41.00 but Adolph says they was no way to get around it. As he pointed out, you can't issue no fancy invitation and get people coming in from all over to eat free sauer kraut and then hold back on the paper napkins, it would create the entirely wrong impression, and I must admit I was forced to agree with him for once. Next there was a bill from the lumber yard for over a hundred dollars for lumber for the counters and all, but as Adolph's brother-in-law Frank runs the lumber yard I knew it was useless to go into that.

But when I come to the Jaegelinder cheese I balked. "\$28.00 for two Jaegelinder cheeses," I says. "All the cheese I seen was ordinary rat cheese and not much of that."

"You was too busy with your cash register," he says.

"Yes," I says. "You must of been pretty busy yourself, eating cheese."

But the next bill was a daisy, \$65.00 it was, for *crackers*. "\$65.00 for *crackers*!" I says. "Why Adolph, I was down there all day and I never *seen* a cracker. What do you suppose happened to them crackers?"

"How do I know?" Adolph says. "Anyway they was delivered, because here's the bill."

"I see the bill," I says. "But I don't see no crackers. Somebody sure has a lot of crackers in his back room and I hope he gets one stuck into his windpipe."

Well it went that way all the way down. So we begun to pro rate the bills: Crackers, \$65.00. So we marked down "Crackers, \$25.00." Well even so the bills for that God damn Sauer Kraut Day come to \$1500.00. Can you imagine a thing like that? There's your big Adolph Kramer for you, why he like to broke the organization.

Didn't we make no money on the public beer stand, you say? Oh yes, we made a killing there. We had eleven kegs of beer and we sold it at ten cents a glass. Oh that was a very big deal — very big. The total receipts on it was just exactly \$112.00. Where the rest of the money went to, you stand there and guess if you want to, but don't ask me or nobody else because you won't get no answer.

That was seven years ago and we ain't indulged in no more Sauer Kraut Days and I ain't about to, even if they do have it again like they are talking about now. "Go ahead and have her, boys," I says. "And be sure to get a nice big tent. But count me clear out because I ain't ready to go."

"And listen, boys," I says. "Be sure to buy plenty of crackers."

You want another beer?

Frankly, sauer kraut gives me the heartburn anyways.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



JOSEPH WHITEHILL of Topeka, Kansas, who makes his first appearance in the Atlantic and will certainly be heard from again, is a seafarer who has gone inland to do his writing. "Noting in the Writer's Yearbook," he wrote in his accompanying letter, "that the Atlantic 'First' section is reserved for unestablished writers, I beg to call your attention to the fact that I am about as unestablished as you can get and still be eating."

ABLE BAKER

by JOSEPH WHITEHILL

CHIEF ENGINEER BAKER, who had been called Able Baker for so long now that he resignedly believed it to be his real name, was sympathetically examining the monkey's scalp ringworm when the fan belt in the blower housing broke. Baker closed his stubby hands over the bony bundle of fur in his lap and raised his heavy head to listen. When a unique noise overrides the complex, intricate roars of the main engine and the auxiliary, it is generally impossible to use the practiced human sense to discover its source. A new sound must repeat itself many times in a hinting rhythm before one can zero in on it and find out what went wrong; like the children's game in which all but one are blindfolded, and he who is It must go "peep, peep" at regular intervals to lead the others to him. Able Baker released the monkey and rose from his stool to hear better, should the sound come again. He stood still on the soapy-feeling deck plates, steadying himself with a grip on the main engine guard-rail, and he looked about the cream-painted engine room with his head thrust up and out in a wall-eyed, bovine fashion, as a man will do when his ears have a mystery.

Orion, the monkey, climbed happily up to the sloping top of the gray-painted, stand-up log desk and nestled in the basketful of fuel reports to scratch. Orion hated these daily examinations of his ringworm because after the attentive petting always came a burning application of salicylic acid which sent him slinging around the engine room in a stung rage until the pain stopped.

At first, as Able Baker stood there beside the magnificent old twelve-cylinder diesel, gimbaling slowly with the roll of the ship, he wondered whether

the sound he had heard might not have been the scraping of flotsam along the ship's side; but because the Captain was on Conn, this seemed unlikely. The Captain had an old maid's eye for floating things. Able Baker, sixty-four years old, never considered that he might have heard something that was not. There was a new, unusual air about the engine room which told him something was markedly amiss. The air now seemed hotter — closer.

Then his wandering eyes surprised him by discovering the fault. Years ago, when he had first joined this ship, he had tied a pennant strand of white blonde manila to the grill of the ventilator inlet over his head, and for all these years it had fluttered gaily, losing weight and growing dirty, telling him that the exhaust blower on the other side of the compartment was doing well. But now this telltale was hanging limp and dead.

Engineer Baker found a blackened electrical-burned screwdriver on the tool board and, after poking affectionately at the monkey with it, started around the main engine. Baker, a man of efficiency, moved in his thwartships progress with the roll of the ship, shuffling forward when the catwalk slanted downward and stopping to wait on the rise. There was a heavy roll on today, after yesterday's half-gale.

At the blower housing, which looked like a washtub-sized snail, Able Baker peered into the screened intake and saw the big squirrel-cage rotor standing still in the darkness. He went around to the other side of the housing, skinning under a sweating fire main, and used the screwdriver to loosen the painted-over Dzeus fasteners holding

the side cover on. The cream-colored paint around the edges of the cover popped and scaled as he pried the cover loose, and some of the flakes snowed down into the bilge. Engineer Baker leaned the freed cover against the fire main carefully, with a good cant to it so that it would not fall with the ship's roll, and turned with medical professionalism to look into the cavity of the blower housing.

There the fuzzy black belt, like a long snake in the agony of exuviation, lay helplessly twisted over the shaft of the rotor, irreparably parted. The dusty black electric motor was running fast and quietly in relief. Baker untwisted the broken Vee belt and, climbing *over* the fire main this time, carried it back to the cluttered little tool bench by the power panel. Counting in his head from left to right along the row of disconnect switches, he stopped at the seventh and flipped it off to shut down the blower motor. Then, with his intractable steel tape, he fumblingly measured the length of the broken belt and its width across its back.

He went to the communicator handset hanging on the bulkhead by the log desk and pushed the button marked "Conn." While he waited for them to answer, he scratched the monkey's ringworm between the shoulders where it was difficult for Orion to reach.

"Conn."

"This is the Engine Room," Baker said, squinting. These telephones were highly irritating, being of the sort called "dead microphone transmission," which do not permit the speaker to hear his voice in his own ear. With telephones like these, one tends to speak louder and more distinctly than otherwise, but there is a frustrating deadness about them which gives a man the feeling he is trying to talk to God and is not getting through. Baker stopped scratching Orion and put his scratching finger in his uncovered ear. "Hello, Conn? That you, Mate?"

"This is the Captain," came the linear answer.

"Oh, hello, Captain. Is the Mate up there?"

There was a long pause, during which Engineer Baker wrote on the open page of the Engine Room Log, "0940 — Cast and Broke Belt of Engine Room Ventilator Blower." Then the Mate came on: "Yeah, Able?"

"Belt on the ventilator blower just broke. I wondered if you would drop me a spare down the hatch so I won't have to leave watch?"

"What size?"

"It's eighty-two inches around and it's three quarters of an inch across the flat. I expect that's a C or D section belt."

"Just a minute," the Mate said. "I gotta write that down. It's rolling like hell up here."

Able Baker smiled at his own wit and said, "It's rolling down here, too. That must mean we're on the same ship."

"Oh, you're a funny one, you are. What was that again, now?"

"Eighty-two inches around and three quarters of an inch across the flat."

"Eightier-two around and tharee quarter across. I'll look around. I think your spares are in the aft lazaret. I'll call you back."

Able Baker licked the corner of his mouth where a little tobacco juice had escaped: "Kind of hurry, will you? It's getting hotter down here."

But the Mate had hung up without hearing. Baker collared the monkey and held him up where he could see the air temperature thermometer. Orion reached out with his delicate fist and rapped the round glass of the thermometer to make the needle bounce properly. The slim black needle quivered, then settled finally on a hundred and eleven degrees Fahrenheit. Baker poured each of them a drink from the iced scuttle butt and punched out into his palm two salt tablets from the phallic dispenser. He spit his used charge of plug into the bilge by the main engine and swallowed one of the pills. He gave the other to the monkey, who retired to the log desk to suck it meditatively.

2

TO KILL time until the return call from the Mate, Baker went to his gage panel and shopped over it with his eyes, not really intending to buy anything, but interested just the same. . . . That main engine was a fine old thing. Its rpm's had hung right at five-seventy for more than two hours without a touch to the fuel-oil feeds. The auxiliary, the little eight-cylinder affair which generated electrical power of several kinds, was only a year old and was still youthfully erratic. Its speed wandered between nine hundred and fifty and nine hundred and seventy-five revolutions with no evident purpose. When he saw the tachometer needle again begin its upward hunting, Baker shook his head in irritation. At the shake of his head, drops of sweat from his eyebrows scurried down inside the lenses of his steel-rimmed bifocals, making everything look wavy. He took them off and cleaned them, then wiped his forehead and the folds of fat at the nape of his neck with a blue bandana.

Able Baker, like all white men who work sensibly in hot places, always wore full clothing — long khaki pants and a long-sleeved khaki shirt. Let the youngsters in the deck gang cultivate their tans — he intended to stay cool. Once, when some seamen were twitting him about dressing so formally, he had tried to explain how it was that wearing thoroughly sweat-soaked rough cotton increased one's evaporation efficiency, but he had run aground in their laughter and had been silenced.

"Pooh!" he said at the recollection. "Here, Orion." Able snapped his fingers and the monkey

swung onto his knees. Holding him firmly about the chest with one hand so that the animal could not escape, Baker uncorked the bottle of salicylic acid and fished a Kleenex out of the box in his drawer. When Orion saw what was imminent, he shook his little ball-like head as though his neck were a free swivel, then ducked his head and bit the hand which held him. Able was not startled. He had been expecting the bite and knew it would not hurt excessively, so he held firm and began swabbing the monkey's ringworm. After squirming twice in panic, the monkey grudgingly submitted and lay trembling quietly in Able's hand. When he was done, Able released the monkey to career wildly about the compartment to run out its pain, and he used the other end of the Kleenex to daub some of Orion's medicine on the bitten place on his hand.

The gong of the communicator hammered out shrilly over the din of the engines. As Baker answered it, he positioned himself so that he could look reassuringly up at the limp manila telltale dangling from the grill of the air intake overhead. He wanted to tell it that everything would be all right in a little bit, just as soon as he had installed the new belt. "Engine Room," he said into the handset as he corked his ear with his forefinger.

"Engine Room? Conn. La'ona'ika noka dice."

Able Baker shoved his finger farther into his ear canal: "What?"

"What d'ya mean, *what?*" came the thin sound of the Mate's insolent voice.

"Excuse me," Baker said humbly. "*Repeat, then.*"

"That's better. You got big tough tit, Dad. No belt."

"Are you sure? It must be on board somewhere."

"Nope. None."

Able Baker's mouth worked as he groped for words. He pushed his finger harder into his ear in the despairing hope that something constructive would come out of his mouth. At length, he said, "There *should* be a belt on board. I put in for one at Honolulu. Are you sure there isn't?"

"You don't believe me, then go look for yourself."

"I think I'll go on up there."

"Come ahead. Out."

"Out." Able Baker hung up the handset and again mopped the sweat from his shining red face. Sometime before a man's hair turns gray, sometimes early, sometimes late, he learns one thing well. He learns that even with a willing coöperator on the other end of the line, if he wishes to achieve the exact end he dreams of he must do the errand himself. Of course there was a belt aboard. Had he not put in for one? And did he not, because of his trusted conservatism in the matter of spares, always receive what he put in for?

Standing before the log desk on hot, tired feet, in high black shoes that squished with the sweat inside, Baker marveled at how hot the engine room had grown because of the failure of the blower. The air temperature thermometer now stood at an incredible hundred and twenty-one degrees; virtually too hot to open one's eyes.

Baker found in the drawer his stiff, grease-caked gauntlets and dropped them over his hands. He beckoned to Orion to accompany him topside, but the monkey, over its pain now and basking sleepily in the increasing heat, clung to the wires of the basket with all four hands to indicate that it was quite satisfied to remain behind. At the foot of the ladder, before he began the arduous climb, Baker looked down over his clothing with minute care and found with wonder that, for the first time he could remember, there was not a dry spot on him. His faded khakis had turned back to the color they were when new.

3

As he climbed the welded ladder to the main deck the temperature dropped some, but Able Baker was unprepared for the shocking blast of cold air which struck him as he turned back the hatch in the sunlight and blinked at the far blue sea. He swung his thick legs clumsily over the hatch coaming and stood up dizzily, clinging for support to the lifeline at the rail. In the cold Force Five wind, bits of his wetly matted gray hair raised and ruffled stiffly. Shivering in his wet clothes, Able Baker lumbered aft and climbed to the flying bridge.

The Mate and the Captain were there, leaning against the forward rail, silently watching the coming horizon. At the top of the ladder, Baker stopped to catch his breath. From the engine room up to the flying bridge was a climb of seventy feet, as Baker had once measured when he wondered if he were growing old. "It's cold up here!" Baker said loudly, his ears still full of the roar of the engines. Both the Mate and the Captain started and turned. "Good morning, Captain," he added.

"Good morning, Mister Baker," the Captain answered, standing at attention. The Mate, though not addressed, nodded.

"Uh—Captain, when we were in Honolulu a couple of months ago, I put in for a new belt for that blower fan, so it must be aboard somewhere." Baker fluffed his hair before the wind with his hand, that it might dry.

"Mate says it isn't," said the Captain, looking at Able Baker's stomach where it bulged over the top of his pants.

Baker drew in a breath to raise his chest to a protrusion approximating that of his stomach. "Well, sir," he persisted, "we could look at the stores records for Honolulu and see what happened."

The Captain, seemingly now aware that Baker was not to be distracted by verbal finalities, said to the Mate, "The bridge is yours, Mister," and led the way below to the ship's office. Baker followed, full of breathless satisfaction at having incepted progressive action in his commander.

From the file cabinet in the office the Captain withdrew a sheaf of matériel requisitions and leafed through them until he found the Engineering Department sheet which had been sent ashore at Honolulu. Baker, impolitely reading over his captain's shoulder, was the first to find the item about the belt, and pointed at it with a dirty finger. The Captain pulled the paper away, out of the reach of soil, and put it on the desk, where it might be safely examined without being touched.

"There it is, sir," Baker said, peering gratefully at the typed line which proved him not a fool.

The Captain was tapping his foot to illustrate his impatience. "Yes," he said, "but the shore office sent it back marked T. X. Just a minute. I'll read you what that means." The Captain found a thin black book with the Company's seal embossed in varnished gold on the cover. "Here. See right here? It says, 'T. X. indicates that the requisition has been set aside on the ground that the item or items requested fall in the group of supplies which have a service expectancy greater than the time between scheduled wharfside overhauls. Items in this group must be replaced at the time of overhaul, by Company shore personnel.' There, Baker, you see? The belt didn't come aboard at all."

Baker blinked at such arrant injustice, and moved between the Captain and the door, so the Captain could not escape. "But *sir!* Nobody told me. It's a mistake. It's all wrong. You know it is, sir." Knowing he was beginning to whine, he took a *rdle*-sounding breath before he went on more calmly, "The kind of stuff they mean there is stuff like cylinder liners and shaft log packing glands and things that are expensive. Not fan belts!"

"There it is," the Captain said shortly, and there it was indeed. Baker had in his lifetime heard the ending of enough things to know with certainty when the end had arrived—the point beyond which further pursuit was futile. Baker put his hands under his damp stomach and lifted it a little, and turned to go. The Captain said as Baker stepped up over the sill, "You could rig a canvas wind scoop at the intake on deck. As long as we're in the Trades, you'd get some circulation down there. It'll only be eight more days and we'll get you a belt at Balboa." Able Baker paused to hear his captain out, then nodded and left.

He found the Third Mate working with a rust-brushing detail of deck hands on the starboard quarter of the main deck, and said to him, "You got the key to the rope locker? I need some supplies."

The Third Mate stood up and shut off his electric rotary brush. His hair and face were covered with a Ben Day of rust flakes. "Whadda you need?"

Able Baker thought a moment, calculating in his head, then said, "Twenty-five feet of three-quarter manila and four rolls of Okonite tape."

"Four rolls! My God, what're you settin' out on?"

Baker loathed going to this red-haired young pup for supplies. Somehow the Third Mate, with his slack-jawed expression of chronic shock, made Baker feel that he was the most prodigal user of stores aboard and that his ends were frivolous. "I have my uses, sonny, don't you worry," he said.

"You know how much that tape *costs*? It costs a dollar a roll, that's how much. You're not getting it for inventory, are you?"

"I am not," Baker said firmly, as if the idea were unthinkable. "I have to jury up something, is all, and I'd appreciate a little speed. There's nobody down in the engine room but Orion."

Baker stood a moment at the main-deck hatch leading below to the engine room, arranging his new supplies for the climb down. He hung the coil of bright, clean manila rope about his neck, and stuffed the four rolls of self-vulcanizing rubber tape inside his shirt front. Then he stood stiffly by the rail, breathing deeply of the cool sea wind. Unconsciously, he tried to pre-chill himself for the coming plunge into the inferno of the engine room. It was not in Baker's nature to rail uselessly against the Company, or against the human obtuseness of its agents, but now, standing in the bright Pacific sun, he felt he was about to be swallowed up in a rising wrath of delicious indignation. Hurriedly, before he said something to himself he might regret, he laid back the hatch and started down the ladder.

4

Down in the engine room, Baker quickly regretted ever having gone topside; it seemed so much hotter now, partly by contrast with the coolness he had just quitted. Because it was important to Baker to know precisely to what measurable extent he was suffering, he went to look at the thermometer. The pointer read a hundred and twenty-nine degrees, one degree short of its maximum. "My Lord!" Baker said to himself, but his voice fell dead under the tappeting roar of the engines and he could not hear it. This was not air he was breathing, he felt, but a denser, hot fluid with a pronouncedly sweet taste. A mortal man, and proud of his mortality, he wondered how long he could survive down here in this hell.

Baker, gasping this furnace air which seemed to have no extractable good in it, looked about him to see how Orion was taking it, but the monkey was nowhere in sight. Then, avoiding the burning touch of the steel everywhere near him, Able Baker

shambled around the main engine feeling its glow upon the left side of his face, and took his new rope around behind the broken blower. With a cool crescent wrench from his hip pocket, he loosened the mounting bolts of the electric motor and heaved it along its slots toward the axle of the squirrel cage rotor. Having thus minimized the belt span, he looped one end of his rope around the big pulley of the fan shaft, around the small pulley on the motor, and back to the big pulley again. Pinching the rope with one hand to mark the place, he dabbed up with his fingertip a bit of dirty grease which had exuded from one of the shaft bearings, and marked the rope.

On his way back to the small workbench, a seizure of heat-risen ague racked his shoulders, and he was obliged to catch at the blistering guardrail to halt his teetering. When the fit had passed, he rubbed his smarting palm over the wet front of his shirt, then spread the rope out loosely on the open area of steel deck before the workbench. With fingers circling nimbly, he began to unlay one strand of the three composing the rope. He worked by blind touch, for his spectacles were so smeared and wet that they were useless. A great, heaving groan of misery escaped him and he did not hear it; nor did his freckled, mottled hands pause in their spiraling race. It was as though he had only thought the groan.

When he had unlaid the entire twenty-five-foot rope, he began re-laying one strand upon itself at the grease mark, making a closed loop, or grommet. Suddenly, as though birthed by a ghost, the wet, homuncular shape of the monkey dropped to Able's shoulder and scrabbled weakly for a hold. Able started, then helped the monkey down to the bench and took off his glasses to see. The monkey's fur was wet with dirty, oily water. Able was horrified. "You've been in the bilge!" He held up the monkey to look into its eyes, and what he saw there made him close his own in pain. Orion's eyes, always black and bright, now had a glazed and vapid look, as though it did not care any more. "You silly!" Baker shouted, wanting to shake the little beast. "Why didn't you run topside to cool off? No, not you, you Goddam engineer, you! You poor little fool. I'll bet you swallowed a lot of that muck down there under the engine, didn't you? And to think that's where I spit! Oh, Mister, I'm sorry!" Sadly, he laid the ill monkey on a clean rag on the bench and turned again to his work.

His sweaty, trembling fingers slipped often on the rope. Once around the loop made two strands laid up, and once more made three. Engineer Baker now held a seemingly endless loop of three-quarter-inch rope. He tucked the two strand ends together in a half-overhand and commenced wrapping the rope with the gummy rubber tape. The heat was now so intense that the rubber worked ideally under his hands, sticking hungrily to itself

and smoothing neatly into the roughness of the rope.

When Able had used two full rolls of tape, he saw out of the corner of his eye that the monkey was in distress. It lay tangled in the rag, squirming and nibbling at the hem. Baker put down his work and tried to dry the monkey, but the little thing would not help him. It stayed curled up, with tense and quivering limbs, so the grieving old man had to put the monkey down again.

Impulsively, Baker stumbled to the gage board. The needle of the air thermometer was resting on the pin, having gone off scale. The water temperature of the main engine was already a hundred and ninety, far too hot for the health of the lubricating films.

While Able paused, watching the gage, he was suddenly blood-hammered at the sides of his head, and knew positively he was about to faint. He clung to the valve handles and bent his head down to his knees until he was all right again, then straightened with blood-blinded eyes and tottered back to the bench.

With his hands grown clumsy, he somehow managed to finish taping the new fan belt he had made, and broke the tape to end it. He bent over the monkey and peered shortsightedly at it, but Orion's eyes were closed. Several drops of sweat-mixed tears fell from his face onto the monkey's messy gray fur, and the monkey twitched.

Thus reassured that Orion still lived, and might not die, Able Baker took his newly fashioned fan belt and staggered with it toward the blower. Twice on the way the unruly belt caught on obstructions and jerked itself from Able's hands, and each time he patiently recovered it and went on. At the blower he looped it over both pulleys, then shoved the motor back until the belt was tight. He cried out softly in pain when the perfidious vertebra low in his back jumped with his effort. He had to use his arms to help him straighten up. Now carefully keeping his back straight, he tightened the motor mounting bolts and replaced the side cover of the blower housing.

As he climbed over the fire main to return to the switchboard, he sat for a moment astride the cool, wet pipe, loving the coolness in his groin and loving the sitting still. He did not so pamper himself long, however, for he was not yet done. He dragged his back leg over the fire main and hobbled stiffly to the electric panel. Counting over, it was number seven, and he threw the switch. Instantly, the limp shred of manila on the grill of the intake duct fluttered, then stood out wagging happily. The blessed change of moving, cooler air at once enveloped him in its kindness, and Able wiped his face in gratitude.

He went back to the workbench to tell Orion what he had done, and that everything was all right now, but when he picked it up gently, the

monkey's head lolled out over his hand, and it was smiling a crooked little dead smile.

Knowing now the pass that things had come to, knowing he had been truly robbed by someone else's heedless stupidity, Able Baker nestled the monkey's body in the crook of his arm and carried it in cold intentness over to the main engine control station. Here, he held Orion up so that the dead eyes might watch too, and he pulled down the great brass handle of the throttle. The huge main engine shuddered loosely in surprise, then slowed and stopped.

With the strength of rage, Able Baker wrenched back the long lever of the transmission, unclutching the drive. Near silence was his prize. All Able Baker now could hear was the muttering of the

auxiliary, and the slow rushing sound of the great drive shaft as it rolled over slowly, free-wheeling, driven by the propeller under the stern as the ship ghosted quietly through the water.

As soon as Baker had dragged his stool over into the cool wind from the duct, and had sat down, the clangor of the communicator began. It rang once shortly, then once again in a steady, shrill tremor of alarm. The fat, tired old man hugged the monkey's body until the ringing stopped. Then the chain-driven pointer on the dial of the engine-room telegraph oscillated peevishly, making fussy loud clangs at each oscillation. Engineer Able Baker leaned his stool back against the hard steel bulkhead and stroked the monkey. He smiled through his tears while he waited for what came next.



MORNING IN SPRING

by LOUIS GINSBERG

ONE morning when I went downtown,
 I felt such sunlight capsize down
 That streets were glutted with more gold
 Than all my heart could ever hold.
 I thought a glory much like this
 Must have been poured from Genesis.
 I had not noticed until now
 Such glittering of leaf and bough.
 Not for a moment could I doubt
 Telephone poles might start to sprout.
 Brilliant gas stations, like bazaars,
 Were jubilating with the cars.
 The traffic in some triumph went
 In pageant of astonishment.
 And all the things in all the stores
 Were like abundant metaphors.
 More than the sun illumined sight;
 More than the sun and more than light
 Seeped on the avenue a wonder
 That everything grew porous under.
 Houses and people, trees and I
 Replied to each, as earth to sky.
 I felt all objects linked and set
 As in a vast, transparent net;
 I felt that everything was part
 Of rapture answering my heart;
 Until I knew, until I knew
 I was the world I wandered through.



In Korea, for the first time, the Communists used brain-washing as a military weapon. Our authorities were unprepared for the resulting demoralization of officers and men, and in a series of uncoordinated courts-martial our Army, Air Force, and Marines have meted out punishment ranging from honorable discharge to twenty years imprisonment. In the article that follows, GLADWIN HILL, Chief of the New York Times Bureau in Los Angeles, traces the course of such erratic justice.

BRAIN-WASHING: TIME FOR A POLICY

by GLADWIN HILL

I

THE Korean War confronted us with a new secret weapon: "brain-washing" — the conquest not of a man's body but of his mind and spirit. Some people have asserted that there is no such thing as brain-washing, or individual psychological conquest. They can hardly have been aware of the Russian purge trials; evidently they did not read Arthur Koestler; or they did not believe the harrowing stories of Robert Vogeler and William Oatis, who came from behind the Iron Curtain. But there is no question that brain-washing exists. It was to be expected that after their grisly success with civilians the Communists would try it out in the military field.

A prisoner-of-war camp is an excellent laboratory for such an experiment. The requisites for brain-washing are isolation of the subject from normal environment, time to work on him, patience, and utter ruthlessness. The prescription from there on is the administration of doses of fear, despair, fact, and fiction in combinations carefully gauged for the individual in his stages of deterioration. Eventually his discrimination between fact and fiction, or his regard for the difference, is unhinged.

With a strong personality, physical abuse may be necessary to undermine resistance. With a psychologically weaker individual, words alone may be enough. The Communists are not interested in physical torture to induce a specific act. What they want is to get a person in a state where he will do whatever is wanted *seemingly of his own free will*. The men in the Kremlin know they can never have enough guns to dominate everybody. But if they can confuse minds about what is true and what is false, they believe they can control the world.

The Communists have had many guinea pigs from behind the Iron Curtain, but only an occasional Westerner. For the first time, the Korean prison camps provided them with a large captive

body of Westerners to experiment on. And there is considerable evidence that they used the camps for a laboratory — making a routine effort at mass conversion but principally trying their techniques on widely differing types of individuals.

Public attention has centered on the twenty-one American turncoats who spurned repatriation after the Korean truce. What is more significant is the indication of the large number of other American prisoners who may have succumbed in some degree to brain-washing.

Our code, based on the Geneva Convention, calls for prisoners to tell the enemy no more than name, age, rank, and serial number, and to resist other intercourse beyond that unavoidably incidental to everyday living. The reason for this is the well-known psychological fact that even conversations about trivia like the weather break down mental barriers and open the way to dangerous rapport.

The barbaric pressures maintained by the enemy in the Korean camps made strict adherence to the code impossible for many men and inordinately difficult for others. The camps were crude affairs in remote, bleak country. Escape, the traditional preoccupation of prisoners of war, was nearly impossible. Many men were incarcerated for two to three years. Red Cross parcels and conventional communication with home were the exception instead of the rule. Food was meager. Medical facilities of the simplest sort often were lacking. Many men despaired of ever getting home.

On top of these conditions, the Communists exerted demoralizing pressure of three types. First there was the outright physical abuse — prolonged confinement in holes in the ground or tiny cells, starvation, beatings, even murder. Six thousand American prisoners of war, the Army has estimated, were murdered.

Second, there was terror. Those who didn't suffer

physical maltreatment heard about it. Men were put time after time before fake firing squads, and heard the equivalent of "Ready! . . . Aim!" with no reason to believe the final command was not coming.

More insidious was the Communist-managed "study group" — a perversion of the Geneva Convention clause calling for reasonable facilities for intellectual diversion. Some prisoners reported that attendance at study groups was voluntary. Others reported that various discriminatory pressures against nonparticipants made attendance virtually compulsory for at least several months.

That was long enough for the Communist overseers to spot the more malleable individuals and concentrate on converting them into tools. From study-group participants they were made into study-group leaders, then camp leaders of a sort. As a camp leader, a man might be asked to read "news" bulletins over a camp public-address system. This seemed innocuous enough, but it was only a short, albeit critical, step to broadcasting internationally.

Or a group of leaders would be assembled, possibly transported long distances, and cajoled — sometimes threatened — into broadcasting or signing peace appeals and germ warfare acknowledgments. To many prisoners these seemed, as they did to the outside world, preposterous and reprehensible. But to some, the enormity of what they were doing was camouflaged by the tricky path of deviation down which they had been led. Well-intentioned people in this country have endorsed Communist manifestoes with far less beguilement.

There were instances when these converts, through contacts with the more resistant prisoners, would start swinging away from collaboration with the enemy. Then they would be whisked off to Communist headquarters for weeks or months, under the pretext of special duties. Isolated from their fellows, they would be reindoctrinated until they again seemed compliant.

The Communists made elementary moves toward lining up some collaborators for a post-war underground organization in the United States; but its role was never projected beyond a loose alliance of study groups such as the Communist Party has long had. It seems more likely that what the Communists were interested in mainly was experimentation — as the Germans and Russians experimented in the Spanish Civil War — against the day of a far greater conflict.

2

THE Army has stated that out of 3322 men released in the two principal prisoner exchanges, 225 had engaged in conspicuous misconduct in collaborating with their captors. The Air Force had 83 cases in which there were grounds for sus-

picion, although most of them were exculpated. Prisoners reported incidence of collaboration as high as 10 per cent in individual units. Among British prisoners of war, brain-washing is estimated to have involved around 20 per cent; the British War Office reported that 190 out of 946 returned prisoners were "possibly infected" with Communist doctrines. Although the probable marginal cases were never considered actionable by the services, it seems likely that well over 10 per cent of our men came under enemy psychological influence to an abnormal degree.

Major Henry A. Segal of the U.S. Army Medical Corps, head of the interservice team that conducted psychiatric interviews with all returning prisoners, has said: "Measured in terms of conversion to Communism, the enemy's program was quite ineffective. . . . Nor does it appear too likely that this was the enemy's prime intent. Measured in terms of confusion, unceasing anxiety, fear, needless death, defection, disloyalty, changed attitudes and beliefs, poor discipline, poor morals, poor esprit, and doubts as to America's role, their efforts were highly successful."

Our Department of Defense was not prepared to cope with this infectious weapon. In World War II, deviations from normal behavior in the face of the enemy tended to be classified as "cowardice," a vague but supposedly perverse dereliction. Witness the execution of Private Slovik, and General Patton's soldier-slapping.

But during the war the recognition that a man's mind may be as vulnerable to the stresses of combat as his body — that he may crack up involuntarily, and yet can be rehabilitated just like the physically wounded — was an accepted fact. The appreciation of psychological vulnerability, however, centered on active hostilities rather than on the passive conflict of confinement in enemy hands.

The prisoner-exchange preliminaries in Korea were accompanied by repeated top-level expressions of sympathy for victims of brain-washing. On September 17, 1953, General Mark Clark, U.N. commander in Korea, referring to any prisoners who might be hesitant about returning home, expressed "our sympathy for the hardships they have suffered [and] our understanding of the pressures to which they have been subjected."

On the same day, Brigadier General A. L. Hamblen, U.N. "explanation team" commander in the prisoner exchange, was quoted as saying that while we were not giving "any wild promises of immunity," prison-camp "progressivism" was not considered a crime in the United States.

A formal Army policy statement issued in November, 1953, said, referring to all United Nations Korean War prisoners: "Their principal means of prolonging life was to appear to submit to the Communist brain-washing and thought-cleansing programs." But soon thereafter the Department

of Defense manifested signs of uncertainty and policy disagreements on the subject which have continued up to the present.

3

THE Department was confronted with two obvious fundamental questions: —

1. To what extent was the psychological conquest of our prisoners due to inadequacies in our system — our code and our training of personnel in maintaining it — and to what extent was it due to individual derelictions?

2. What should be done about the system and about the individuals?

Any answer to the second question presupposed an answer to the first. Criteria were needed, for two purposes: to distinguish involuntary dereliction from misconduct, and to guide future conduct and judgments.

No such criteria have yet been set forth. The Defense Department, as it subsequently acknowledged, is still seeking the answers to the first question. Despite this, the armed services plunged into an out-and-out race — in different directions — to dispose of the brain-washed as speedily as possible.

To the open dismay of high Defense Department officials (who, according to Washington dispatches, had been given no advance notice of the move), the Army on January 22, 1954, lodged the first collaboration charges against Corporal Edward S. Dickenson of Crackers Neck, Virginia. This accusation impelled the Department to give a green light immediately to the Marine Corps to proceed with a collaboration inquiry.

It might be supposed that the Army would explore a test case before proceeding. Yet even before Dickenson could be brought to trial, the Army launched similar charges against Corporal Claude J. Batchelor of Kermit, Texas.

These were obvious selections, because on the face of it they were the two most brain-washed of the returning prisoners. They were members of the non-repatriation group who changed their minds at the last minute.

Before either of them could be tried, a special Marine Corps inquiry board adjudged Colonel Frank H. Schwable, a flier who after months of terribly brutal treatment signed a false germ warfare affidavit, blameless — a finding that said, in effect, that any normal man would have done what he did. But then the Marine Corps, apparently only half convinced of its own verdict (or of the reality of brain-washing), turned around and imposed on Colonel Schwable about the severest penalty it could, short of discharge: it barred him from positions of leadership in the service.

On May 4, Corporal Dickenson, twenty-three, was convicted of collaborating with the enemy. He was given a dishonorable discharge from the

Army and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

Meanwhile the Air Force established its own policy. The Air Force evidently recognized that there had indeed been such a thing as brain-washing, and that its victims were to be sympathized with — although not to the extent of being considered entirely normal. Of its 83 suspects, 74 were exonerated of blame in closed-door inquiries. Three cases at the time of writing are still under study. Six men who were not cleared were separated from the service — with *honorable* discharges.

Still another gradation appeared on June 29, when the Army announced that Corporal Paul F. Schnur, Jr., twenty-four, of San Francisco — a man with pre-Korea left-wing connections and a prison-camp “progressive” — had been given an “undesirable” discharge, under an Army regulation covering disloyal or subversive activities. Such discharges normally are not announced. In this case, the Sixth Army received special authorization from Washington — which was revoked a few hours later, after the news was out.

The uncertainty intimated in these diverse actions was corroborated by Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson on August 22. He set up an inter-service board of four generals to study “enemy techniques of physical and mental persuasion” as a basis for “a more effective training program for service men so that they would be better able to cope with Communist treatment of prisoners”; and also as a basis for a “uniform policy” among the services on standards of prisoner behavior under such circumstances. Clearly, Question 1 had not yet been answered.

But within a fortnight the Army proceeded with its prosecutions. Corporal Batchelor, twenty-two, was convicted on charges similar to those made against Corporal Dickenson, but instead of a ten-year term he drew a sentence of life imprisonment. The suggestion of a certain arbitrariness or inconsistency in this was confirmed when a reviewing authority a few weeks later summarily cut the sentence to twenty years.

Similar charges were pressed against Lieutenant Colonel Harry W. Fleming, forty-six, of Racine, Wisconsin, the first Army officer to be prosecuted. He got the lightest sentence of the three: dishonorable discharge.

Of the Army’s 225 cases of suspected collaboration, up to January, 1955, 28 individuals had been classified as blameless, 40 cases had been dropped for lack of evidence, 21 had received “undesirable” discharges and 7 “general” discharges (both categories between “honorable” and “dishonorable”); 129 cases were still under investigation.

Last September the Army indicated that, of the cases outstanding, it might prosecute only about forty, and that the remainder would receive “back-door” non-honorable discharges. The latter cases, an Army spokesman said, just involved “simple

collaboration." He did not explain in what way "simple collaboration" differed from other collaboration. The forty, however, an anonymous senior officer was quoted by the *New York Times* as saying, were "a handful of rats" — a comment which should simplify the work of the court-martial boards which will judge the men.

4

THE reason for this gallimaufry seems evident. The Army found itself with the bulk of the collaboration cases. Some of them involved flagrant infractions of orthodox prisoner-of-war conduct, which could not be overlooked; they had to be dealt with one way or another.

Lacking top-level rationalization of the brain-washing problem, the Army took what seemed to be the simplest way out of a woeful imbroglio. It separated out (by undisclosed criteria) men deemed not culpable enough for prosecution but too culpable for continued service, and at the same time more culpable than the Air Force men dismissed by means of *honorable* discharges. The remaining cases it decided to treat as plain disciplinary problems.

The fact that Corporals Dickenson and Batchelor were bemused enough to contemplate joining the enemy permanently, yet in the relatively free air of the U.N. prisoner-exchange compounds quickly changed their minds (to return to almost certain prosecution), would seem to be *prima-facie* evidence of abnormal psychological sway — virtual clinical studies in the hypnosis of brain-washing.

There is no question that they and Colonel Fleming committed acts which were reprehensible — ranging from prattling Communist propaganda to suggesting (according to the Batchelor verdict) that a fellow prisoner be shot for being an unreliable party-liner. But there is likewise no question that these acts were committed under extraordinary circumstances and pressures for which the Defense Department admittedly does not have behavioral norms. The assertion sometimes made that a *majority* of the prisoners did not succumb to brain-washing does not seem especially cogent; it has not been established that a majority were subjected to the same pressures, nor is it certain that all prisoners had uniform resources for withstanding these pressures.

Nonetheless, the Army's position in its prosecutions has been that psychological conquest was not a factor. A smattering of psychiatric testimony on both sides has been permitted in the courts-martial. But, espousing the classic legal definition of insanity, the Army has said: Prove that the defendant was so unbalanced that he did not know right from wrong.

Aside from the fact that criteria applicable to Harry K. Thaw are not necessarily pertinent to

soldiers in Korea, such proof is very difficult to establish in reference to specific acts that took place in prison camps 10,000 miles away several years previously. Analyzing the motivation behind an act such as telling the Communists the whereabouts of a motion picture camera is an assignment that might tax a covey of psychiatrists, let alone artillerymen jurors.

Instead of taking cognizance of psychological stresses, the Army's implicit position — harking back to pre-World War II standards — has been that the only duress worthy of consideration was physical duress. "There is no evidence," the reviewing authority in the Batchelor case declared, "to show that his support of the Communists or his other actions were caused by any form or threat of physical punishment."

The lack of criteria has been aggravated by the fact that the Army was permitted to handle the cases with the same machinery as is employed when a soldier steals a chocolate bar from a post exchange. Theoretically, the prosecutions have occurred at the instance of the commanders of the various sub-armies to which the defendants were posted on their return. Court-martial boards, performing the jury function, were formed of personnel gathered from various parts of the respective Army districts. Their yardstick was three sections of the so-called Uniform Code of Military Justice: Article 104, forbidding "communication," "correspondence," or "intercourse" with the enemy; Article 105, forbidding prisoners of war to curry favor with the enemy to the jeopardy of fellow prisoners; and Article 134, forbidding conduct "prejudicial to good order and discipline."

All three regulations were drawn up before brain-washing was ever heard of. Of the three, only Article 105 relates specifically to prisoners of war. Article 104 is so indefinite as to provide no real criterion of prison-camp conduct. Article 134 is a famous catch-all regulation that will cover any allegation down to spitting on the sidewalk. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that three courts-martial came up with such different penalties for substantially the same offense.

The Army's approach has been to decide the cases on the basis of overt acts — a basis which would have radically altered the outcome of the Air Force and Marine Corps cases.

The net result of the three services' activities has been to obfuscate rather than clarify the brain-washing problem, and to leave unanswered vital questions concerning not only the defendants but the hundreds of men who are not being prosecuted.

Deploring the interservice divergencies and the Army's routine court-martial approach, one of the principal veterans' organizations, American Veterans of World War II and Korea, said in a recent communication to Secretary Wilson: "Whereas such decentralization is perfectly proper with re-

gard to most crimes, it seems inappropriate when applied to a perfectly new situation where there is virtually no judicial precedent. . . .

"AMVETS firmly believe that those prisoners of war who informed on their fellow prisoners in order to gain personal advantages should be dealt with severely. . . . However, collaboration with the enemy under Communist techniques of brain-washing, starvation, and other inhuman methods of torture and duress presents an entirely new problem. . . .

"Although the establishment of the [Wilson study] Board may eventually lead to the answer, it does not solve the problems presented by the current cases. In fact, the efficacy of the Board's recommendations may be impaired by uncoordinated action by the military services. . . ."

Unscrambling eggs is not simple. An initial step toward it, however, was indicated by the president of AMVETS, Henry J. Mahady, a Latrobe, Pennsylvania, lawyer: "[We] respectfully suggest that in dealing with this problem, clear-cut uniform administrative procedures be established in the Department of Defense. Only thus can unfairness and discrimination be avoided."

5

FORMIDABLE and horrible as brain-washing is, it is by no means unbeatable. The obvious answer to psychological attack is psychological armor. It should be just as possible to educate a soldier about mental booby-traps and psychological pitfalls as about physical ones.

The most vulnerable feature of brain-washing is its essential element of isolation. To confuse a man's standards, you have to separate him from his frame of reference, through the mental rigors of solitary confinement, by means of a psychological wedge or an iron curtain. The possible defenses against the inroads of such isolation are many and varied. General William F. Dean, in solitary confinement, anchored himself to reality by such tenuous threads as doing mathematical problems in his head. It is a question of individual stamina. Fully as deleterious as physical isolation was the manifest disunity of action the Communists managed to engender among our men.

Both individual and collective stamina can be fortified by training and by familiarization with

Communist methods. Much of the impact of the enemy's many-sided psychological offensive derived from the terror of the unknown.

The extension of psychological warfare to individuals plainly calls for another look at standards of fitness for combat personnel. Many Korean prisoners had far more exposure to mental pressures than to gunfire. The psychiatrist's couch cannot be made the principal furniture in draft board and recruiting headquarters. But screening can be made more exacting. Present Army methods — as was shown among the twenty-one non-repatriates — do not necessarily exclude homosexuals, let alone men with more subtle weaknesses.

However fine the screening, there always will be psychoneurotics whose weaknesses appear only under the stresses of warfare. Distinguishing them from other sorts of dereliction calls for more solid machinery than the current extremes of broad-gauge disciplinary proceedings on the one hand and "back-door" discharges on the other.

The best psychological armor cannot neutralize the use of physical maltreatment in brain-washing if the enemy carries it to the point of medieval torture. The best we can do here is to find ways of minimizing the effect of such abuse.

On this, too, there is a wide divergence of opinion among the services. One school of thought is that we should adhere strictly to the name-rank-and-serial-number code, counting on our obduracy to discourage the enemy. Another view is that under duress a prisoner should try to confound the enemy by making any acknowledgments demanded, the more nonsensical the better. Both extremes have obvious drawbacks. Under the one, we would be classifying it as a dereliction if prisoners did not resist torture to the point of death — a different thing from expecting combat personnel to risk death by bullet or bomb. Under the other, we might facilitate the betrayal of vital information. The answer may be an intermediate policy, allowing for different tactics in different situations.

These and the other manifold problems of brain-washing can and must be worked out as soon as possible, for the sake both of the military and of the civilian population, which is a potential long-range target. The hideous memories of our soldiers, and the myriad vacant faces behind the Iron Curtain, attest that brain-washing is not something that can be swept under the rug.



As we look back over the American past it is possible to recognize a series of great achievements which were crucial in our development as a world power. Historians of the nineteenth century believed that God's will was "visible in history"; in our time a search for cause and effect takes a different approach. In his new book, Chance or Destiny: Turning Points in American History, OSCAR HANDLIN, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1952, has made a colorful and penetrating analysis of the accidents, the deliberations, and the unpredictable decisions which have again and again determined our future. This is the last of five articles drawn from Mr. Handlin's book, which will be published in May under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

MR. SEWARD'S BARGAIN

Chance or Destiny?

by OSCAR HANDLIN

1

ALWAYS the Americans had been fond of looking ahead to a grandiose future. The history of their development as a people had incessantly fed their faith in progress; and progress they identified with their own continued growth. The unconditional surrender of the South in 1865 dispelled the threat of disunity, and the aspirations of the veterans lately returned from war looked ahead to the prospect of a constantly expanding destiny. They differed only as to the form and direction they supposed that expansion would take.

Few, however, attached their hopes to the continent's northernmost extremity. Those little-known, desolate spaces, lost beneath the snow of almost continuous winter, seemed doomed to perpetual emptiness. Little had come of the Russian attempts to plant settlements there. And indeed, no sober statesman, reckoning the balance of possibilities, could foresee the future wealth of Alaska — the outpouring of gold and oil, of furs and fish, of gas, timber, pulp, and tin, with which it was ultimately to enrich the nation.

No more could such a man have guessed at the immense strategic significance of this corner of the North Pacific. True enough, the visionary Tocqueville had once predicted that the United States would someday face the Russian Empire in opposition. But to the Americans who noted it, that prophetic observation referred only to the rivalry between their system of government and the Czarist despotism. No one, of course, conceived that a shift of interests in the Pacific and a new geography of flight would give this region crucial value at a moment when the United States was locked in

massive competition with Russia, with the outcome certain to determine the fate of the whole world. No one, therefore, was then concerned about what the disposition of power might be were Russia established in North America, only four hundred miles away from the borders of the United States.

That Russia did not remain fixed there was due to a series of unrelated incidents: the death of an anxious lover, a humiliating defeat on the fields of Crimea, and the decay of a great Asian empire — to these and to the determination of an aging statesman who valued a neglected corner of the continent for the wrong reasons.

Alaska had been a graveyard for hopes for more than three hundred years. The hopes had risen with the discovery of the new continent. Men whose expectations of fortune were fixed on trade with the gilded East of Cathay and the Indies refused to believe that America altogether blocked them off. As the daring ships probed the long Atlantic coastline, the conviction took hold that somewhere in the Northwest was a passage from sea to sea and onward to the East.

In 1610 Hudson's fragile vessel had nosed into the great bay that was to bear his name; and in 1776 the British Admiralty Commissioners determined to find the water passage from the Pacific to Hudson's Bay. Twenty thousand pounds was held out as a prize for the fortunate discoverer, and on its own account the Admiralty sent forth Captain James Cook to try to trace the western coast of America north of latitude 65°.

Cook set off on the voyage from which he was never to return. It took him almost two years to

circle the Cape of Good Hope, pass through the South Pacific, and, after discovering the Hawaiian Islands, to move north to the forbidding coast that he was instructed to explore. Looking carefully into every likely inlet, he painfully made his way to above the Arctic Circle, where he was halted by the solid walls of floating ice at latitude 70°. He then withdrew to Hawaii to prepare for another venture in the following spring.

Cook never again saw the white Arctic barrier. A minor skirmish with the Hawaiian natives cost him his life, and the expedition was forced to go back to the North without him in the summer of 1779. His tired seamen pushed the two battered sloops toward the old goal with no better fortune than before, and finally turned back to England.

Such expeditions had been dispatched in the face of the stubborn Spanish claim to all of western America. But foreign activity in the area at last aroused the Spaniards to the necessity of making good the title given them, almost three centuries before, by the Papal line of demarcation. In the 1760s they had taken the first steps toward establishing posts on the California coast at San Diego and Monterey. In the 1770s their ships had come well north of the Columbia River; and in 1788 an expedition under Estevan José Martínez had set out to clear interlopers off the coast. At Nootka Sound (Vancouver Island), in May, 1789, Martínez encountered a group of English traders. Frenchmen and Americans were also active in the vicinity, he learned. But most serious of all were the signs of the steady advance of the Russians.

2

WHILE the conquistadors and the sea dogs of England had led the thrust of European expansion westward, the subjects of the Muscovite Czar had been moving laboriously eastward across the vast dark spaces of Siberia.

In the 1580s Yermak Timofeiev, a Cossack fleeing the consequences of his brigandage, pushed across the Ural Mountains and defeated the Tartars. Some fifty years later, the Russians had edged across the half-empty plains of Siberia to the Pacific at Okhotsk. Into the nomadic tribes, white traders and hunters and an occasional retinue of tax collectors insinuated themselves. In the 1720s Peter the Great occasionally turned his attention to the unexploited empire in the East, and it was he who formulated the plans to extend it to America.

At this time no one yet knew whether or not America was joined to Asia. Vitus Bering, a Dane in the service of Peter's new navy, was directed to find out. His actions showed a daring willingness to take risks and withal a capacity for attention to detail that others sometimes construed as excessive caution. Offended pride once led him to give up his commission; yet the challenge of his task was to

lead him on for seventeen years in the service of capricious and unsympathetic masters.

His mission was to cover the six thousand miles from St. Petersburg to farthest Siberia, taking with him the necessary supplies to build his ships at the ocean's edge and then to map the uncharted seas beyond.

He left the Russian capital on his first journey in February, 1725; and three and a half years later, having built his own ships at the mouth of the Kamchatka River, he traced the northern outlines of the eastern Asiatic coast. At latitude 67° north, he satisfied himself that America and Asia were not connected, and turned back out of fear of the threatening ice floes. Returning to St. Petersburg, he persuaded the government to sponsor a second exploration. He set off again in February, 1734, at the head of a far more elaborate expedition. More than seven years of strenuous preparation and struggle with recalcitrant Czarist officials followed before his ships at last set sail from Avacha Bay in Siberia in June, 1741. This time his course was directly eastward, and before his death on an unknown island, he had charted the Aleutians and the Gulf of Alaska and made the whole area Russian.

Nothing happened thereafter for a half century. The expense of Bering's expeditions soured Peter the Great's successors on further Arctic adventures. Besides, they were more concerned with the wars in Europe, in which they pushed forward Russia's frontiers toward the Baltic and Black seas. The American extremity of the empire was left largely to itself. Onto the Aleutians there drifted a motley crew of frontiersmen. Siberian merchants, tough-living men whose operations extended over two continents, from the fairs of the homeland to the markets of China, were not slow to estimate the fur resources of the new lands. In the van were the hunters, sometimes agents on their own account, sometimes acting for the merchants. The *promyshlenniki*, as they were called, left the forests and took to the sea. In the rude boats they built with their own hands they descended on Red Indian settlements, seized the women, drove the men out to hunt for pelts, and when they were ready, made off with the bundled wealth in skins. Now and again the outraged Aleuts revolted; then for a time red men and white outdid each other in cruel massacres, until the superiority of the gun made itself felt decisively.

It was to such masters as these that Alaska had been abandoned by the time Cook sailed northward from Hawaii. But the English expedition was to alter the fortunes of the Russian outpost.

Cook's men, sailing dejectedly homeward, had stopped off at Canton. In the Chinese metropolis they discovered an amazing market for what they had hitherto little valued — their cargo of furs, sea otter and seal, picked up from the *promyshlenniki* up north. The fabulous prices tempted the crew to

return to the frozen waters from which they had so recently escaped. Only naval discipline kept them on the course toward England.

The news, however, spread around the world. It drew Captain Gray in the *Columbia* to the river that bears the name of his ship, and led him to pioneer the American China trade. In Russia it prompted ambitious merchants to explore the possibilities of establishing a more permanent and more extensive occupation of America. Were the territory to be exploited efficiently, the new Chinese markets for fur promised extravagant returns.

Three men in particular evolved the plan for its exploitation. Had these succeeded, Alaska might today be Russian.

The first of them, Grigori Ivanovich Shelekhov, was a merchant, a man of considerable wealth who had come east from Russia to Okhotsk in 1776 and had there taken up the strenuous life of a fur trader. He differed from the rest of his competitors in the driving ambition that left him discontented with any but the highest prizes. In a half-dozen years he had formed his own company and was ready to launch the most hazardous enterprise of his career.

His first and immediate design was to plant a colony in America that would become the central receiving station for the whole fur trade. To this end he fitted out a small armada of three ships, and in 1783 led it himself to Kodiak Island, taking along his wife, Natalia Alexeyevna, the first white woman to sail these seas. In a short time a settlement had sprung up at Three Saints Bay. But beyond this, Shelekhov dreamed of establishing a mammoth company, chartered by the Crown, like the British East India Company, that would absorb all competitors and through its monopoly create a personal commercial empire. Once the Kodiak colony was established on a firm footing, he hastened back to St. Petersburg to win acceptance for his scheme in the unfamiliar atmosphere of the imperial court.

The colony he left in the hands of Alexander Baranov, a man endowed with every quality conducive to success but one: he lacked the driving will to disregard human factors, to crush his opponents, to pounce on opportunity. Too often he was ready to compromise, to accommodate those who needed his aid, to trust his friends.

Baranov's life had been a succession of calamities until his path crossed that of Shelekhov. Baranov too had been a merchant; but dishonest employees had plundered his warehouses, careless ones had allowed his glass factory to fall to pieces, and a rascally partner had made off with his fortune. He was at his wit's end, facing bankruptcy, in 1790 when Shelekhov offered him the post of general manager of the Kodiak colony. Baranov accepted his lot, although he hated the distant wastes of the East and was ever uncomfortable among the rough, tough men — both red and white — who were to be his companions for the rest of his life.

The new manager had no faith in the cold world which he now entered; he never shared the dreams of a commercial empire in the Pacific that moved his master. But he was a superb administrator. His task was to keep the colony going and to gather pelts, and for that he was eminently qualified. Within a few years he had organized the Aleuts into a remarkable fur-gathering apparatus capable of sending forth in quest of sea otters as many as five hundred seagoing *baidarkas* — indestructible three-man craft capable of moving through any waters and similar to the smaller kayak of the Eskimo. Within ten years Baranov moved the headquarters of the company forward to Sitka on the Alaska mainland, and shortly thereafter he was able to plant a thriving outpost at Fort Ross in California.

Meanwhile, in St. Petersburg, Shelekhov was less successful in obtaining a company charter. In court circles he met endless evasion; there seemed to be no way of breaking through to a decision. He took seriously each pretext for refusal and wore himself out in the composition of laborious memoranda demonstrating that his proposal was in the interests of the Czar, of the Czar's subjects, and of the Orthodox faith. He died in 1795, having failed to secure the coveted charter.

Yet, in the Russian capital, Shelekhov had attained one aim that would ultimately bring his great dream within a hair's breadth of realization. Earlier his social ambitions had led him to choose a wife from among the country gentry. Now they drove him to seek his daughter's husband among the nobility. A year before his death, he had married his daughter, Anne Grigorievna, to Nikolai Petrovich Rezanov.

3

REZANOV was the scion of a noble family from the province of Smolensk. A member of the new generation, brought up under the pervasive influence of the ideas of the French Enlightenment with its idealization of Nature, he had become imbued with the romance of striving against the wilderness. He was a minor official in Catherine the Great's court when he met his future wife and her father; and no doubt the old man's golden visions attracted him as much as the beauty of the daughter. The new son-in-law made Shelekhov's ambitions his own, but in a grander form.

The company which Rezanov now envisaged would be a commercial empire stretching in an imperial semicircle around the entire North Pacific, from the Kamchatka Peninsula across to the Aleutians, from there to the Alaska coast and down to California, with perhaps a base in Hawaii. Permanent settlements of artisans and husbandmen would make the area self-sufficient, while carefully planned exploitation of its fur resources would give its rulers

a dominant position in the China trade and a steady inflow of gold. Fired by this grandiose vision and more skilled than his father-in-law in the ways of the Palace, Rezanov was able to thread the mazes of the court circles, and finally, at the very end of 1799, he secured the charter that created the Russian-American Company.

When Rezanov left Russia for the North Pacific in August, 1803, his hopes seemed well on their way to fulfillment. The young Czar, Alexander I, was of the same romantic generation as he was; and Rezanov had succeeded in gaining his ear in pleading the necessity of spreading Russian civilization to this remote corner of the earth.

And then, who was to stop them? All Europe was divided in war. Britain could spare no energies from the struggle with France; Napoleon had no ambitions here and was anxious to mollify the Russians; soon, in fact, he would meet Alexander at Tilsit to divide up the world between them. As for the Spaniards, they were torn by internal dissensions and could scarcely hold on to what they already had.

Even the sight of Sitka did not dishearten the courtier. Rezanov reached the little settlement in 1805, shortly after the Russians had beaten off the hostile Kolosh Indians. The squalor of the place was overwhelming, for the *promyshlenniki* and their Red Indian cohorts were not in normal times overfastidious in their way of life, and the reek of decaying fish and furs being cured always shocked newcomers. Hard pressed by recent fighting, the Russian settlers had neglected the buildings, which were in sad need of repair. Supplies had dwindled dangerously, scurvy was spreading, and the toll of deaths had begun to mount. It was soon apparent to Rezanov that the colony was doomed unless fresh supplies could be brought it to save it. And those supplies could be secured quickly only from the Spaniards in California. Knowing that such trade was forbidden by Spanish law, he nevertheless resolved to sail south and to make the effort.

In California he found the mission friars willing enough to trade; they sympathized with the plight of the Russians and valued their furs. But the stubborn Spanish commandant of California, Argüello, was more difficult. He was courteous enough to Rezanov, treated him with respect, and lavished on him the best entertainment that the place afforded. But when it came to business, he stubbornly refused to wink at a violation of the law.

But the commandant had a daughter called Doña Concepción. She was a lonely young girl limited in this remote outpost both by the rigidities of Spanish etiquette and by the absence of companionship. The noble young man from faraway St. Petersburg soon won her heart, and she was unable to hide her true feeling for long. Cynically, Rezanov, already married, seized the opportunity to exploit her emotions, in order to convince the father through

the daughter. During the long delay on shore, he pressed his courtship vigorously and successfully. He won over Doña Concepción and her parents and the local clergy. And as a prospective son-in-law, he at last secured the coveted permission to trade. He returned to his own colony triumphant.

Now, however, Rezanov discovered that he was trapped by his own emotions. Originally he had planned to leave Sitka at once to complete the commercial arrangements for the company's future operations. Already his itinerary was marked out; but somehow he found no pleasure in the thought of setting out to forge links of new trade in Manila, China, and India. He no longer had any heart for that journey.

Instead, his mind kept wandering back to California. He could not forget the lonely girl who waited joyously in the mission for his return. Concepción, who was to have been a mere tool in his hands, had now suddenly become the sole object of his desires. Brooding in his loneliness, he examined his conscience. Was the betrayal he had plotted worthy of him? Did it not make him one with the savages about him? Distaste for his callousness slowly mounted within him as he huddled dejectedly in his filthy, insect-infested quarters.

Then he made up his mind. He would keep his promise. Like the heroes of his imagination, he would surmount every obstacle, forget all material considerations, to save his honor and his love. He decided to return immediately to St. Petersburg to secure the necessary imperial and ecclesiastical dispensations that would free him for a new marriage.

In haste he set out on the long voyage home, impatiently he crossed the sea, and at a forced pace he pushed himself across the great wilderness through the worst of the Siberian winter. At the back of his mind loomed the gloomy realization that the Czar and the Church would not readily consent. But he downed those disturbing reflections in the single-minded fury with which he drove on his animals, his men, and himself.

At Krasnoyarsk, still a long way from his destination, he fell ill. His fevered mind and exhausted body proved unequal to their burdens, and early in 1807 he died.

Doña Concepción never saw her lover return. Thus Alaska never achieved the imperial destiny that Shelekhov and Rezanov had dreamed for it. Bereft of these two leaders, the company lost its driving spirit and sank into a lethargic and unaggressive prosperity. As manager, Baranov had no dreams for conquest. His competence was equal only to the maintenance from existing fur sales of a decent level of dividends to the company stockholders.

At that unimaginative level of operations, the colony survived under Baranov and his successors. Arrangements were made with American merchants and British fur companies whereby the strenuous

trapping and trading functions were delegated to others in return for secure annual payments. Sitka and its outposts grew comfortable and staid; and when, in 1841, it seemed profitable to do so, Fort Ross in California was sold to John Sutter, the Swiss entrepreneur who was to achieve fame within the decade by his discovery of gold.

By this time too the Czars had lost interest. Alexander himself had long before diverted his interests to Europe, where he labored first in collaboration with Napoleon and then for the destruction of the French Empire. After Waterloo, he again thought briefly of his American possession. Absorbed by his mystical scheme of a Holy Alliance, Alexander intended to establish over the whole earth the reactionary peace of which he had become the prime mover ever since he had turned against Napoleon. For a while he imagined that he could sterilize the source of republican infection in the Western Hemisphere and thus keep Europe safe from liberalism and democracy. He labored to keep the revolting colonies of Spain in the hands of the Bourbons; and a pretentious ukase closed the Northwest to all but the Russians. But the Monroe Doctrine and the hostility of Great Britain punctured those pretensions, and thereafter Alaska became only the outermost extremity of Russia's vast Siberian holdings.

This peaceable stalemate in the North Pacific might have persisted indefinitely. No vital concerns were involved, and Russian sovereignty over these empty wastes seemed likely to go on undisturbed. Then, at midcentury, the repercussions of the momentous collapse of two ancient empires caused a new upheaval in Alaska.

4

THE heyday of the Ottomans and the Manchus was now approaching its finish. Their long hegemony over a quarter of the earth's surface was ending. Weakened from within, neither was capable of maintaining itself against the mounting forces of assault from without. In eastern Europe and in eastern Asia, the ambitious states of the West were arraying themselves for the struggle to snatch up the pieces that would be left by the ultimate dismemberment of China and Turkey. And in both areas Britain and Russia were the great rivals in the conflict that was to follow.

For more than a century the Czars had directed their energies in a drive toward the Balkans and the Black Sea. Now their advances toward Constantinople were a threat to the British. Were they to secure access to the Mediterranean, England's supremacy in this part of the world would be challenged. For almost forty years after Waterloo a series of parries and thrusts had occupied the statesmen of the two nations; and in 1854 the Crimean War had brought the issue into the open.

Russia's defeat in this war led to a time of reckoning. The massive incompetence of the Czarist administration called for a succession of internal reforms, and military failure called for a reassessment of the strategic situation. On the first score the government was attracted by the liberal economic policies that had succeeded so remarkably in Britain. To some Russians in the court such monopolistic companies as the Russian-American were relics of the past to be eliminated as quickly as possible. And strategically Alaska was in an exposed position, difficult to defend. During the war English sea power had dominated the Pacific. In any future conflict the British Navy could hardly be prevented from taking Alaska at will. Thus, in the 1850s, the question was increasingly debated in St. Petersburg whether the American territory was worth keeping at all.

If it was to be held, it certainly needed strengthening; and the necessary resources could more profitably be expended elsewhere, argued Nikolai Muraviëv, governor general of eastern Siberia since 1847. Muraviëv had watched British expansion in southern China with envy, and had himself begun to encroach on Manchu territory with a series of bases in the Amur river valley. Why should his country's men and materials be diverted to the worthless spaces of North America, from which came only miserable bundles of fur, when they could be used to exploit the immense wealth of Korea and Manchuria and ultimately of all northern China? Muraviëv's arguments seemed unanswerable. At some time before 1860 the Czar decided Alaska might be sold to any power but England.

The events of the next five years made the Americans desirable purchasers from the Russian point of view. The Czar had no love for the western republic, nor any desire to strengthen or extend it. But Anglo-American tensions during the Civil War and the unsettled problems that continued to trouble the relations of Washington with London convinced him that the transfer of Alaska to the United States would weaken England or at least create an additional source of dissension. In 1865 the Russian government had signified its willingness to sell Alaska to the United States.

It was by no means certain, however, that the United States was willing to buy. Earlier suggestions looking toward the acquisition of this northernmost region of the continent had evoked no enthusiasm in Washington. Many Americans saw no necessity for further expansion while great areas of the country were still unsettled; and those who did thought that the proper direction of our growth was southeastward toward Cuba and the Caribbean. To almost everyone, Alaska seemed likely to be a useless encumbrance.

Only one statesman, nursing stale dreams as his career drew to a close, was convinced that Alaska was destined to be American.

William H. Seward had also been marked for assassination when Booth's bullet put an end to Lincoln's life; for the mad conspiracy had been directed at the Secretary of State as well as at the President. But Seward, wounded, had lived, while Lincoln died.

At the war's end, Seward was almost sixty-five and knew his active political career had not much further to go. He had largely put aside his personal ambitions. The presidency, for which he felt he was far better qualified than Lincoln, was now beyond his grasp; new and younger politicians were crowding onto the scene and would give but small regard to his earlier achievements. In the conflict between President Johnson and the Radical Republicans, principle led him to side with the Chief Executive — and that had cost him considerable public and party popularity. He would serve out his term as Secretary of State until 1869 and then retire.

Yet Seward longed to leave behind him some enduring accomplishment that would fulfill the promise of his youthful career. As governor of New York for four years he had built up a following of admirers. In the Senate in the 1850s, he had been pre-eminently the spokesman for the moderate antislavery sentiment of the North. His doctrine of the higher law had set moral principle above the Constitution and had provided slogans for a whole generation, until the brighter figure of Lincoln had eclipsed him. Now Seward was most eager, before his term of public service closed, to redeem himself by furthering the national interest in some monumental fashion.

Back in the 1840s Seward and most other Americans had believed it was their country's manifest destiny to occupy the whole continent. The advantages of their system of government and social order were so clear, they thought, that people everywhere would rush to adopt them once the opportunity was presented them. Indeed, it was only the obstruction of corrupt and undemocratic governments that prevented them from doing so. When the opportunity presented itself, the United States would brush aside those regimes, and the people would voluntarily adhere to the Union. In due course the whole continent would become the United States of America.

After 1846 the doctrine of "manifest destiny" seemed to Seward to have become entangled in the slaveholders' conspiracy to extend the area of servitude southward. Now that that danger had been averted, it was once more possible to extend the boundaries of the country outward in the interests of human liberty. The power of Spain was deteriorating and would not persist for long in the Western Hemisphere. The French had withdrawn from Mexico. Only the British and the Russians remained.

The English would be a problem, the Secretary of

State knew. There was no likelihood that they would voluntarily relinquish their hold on Canada or on Central America, and powerful forces in the United States were interested in maintaining the peace that had prevailed since the establishment of the Oregon boundary in 1846.

Yet Seward was convinced that the day would come when we would move north. In 1861 he had been willing to provoke war with England and Spain in the rash hope that the shock treatment of trouble abroad would draw the seceded states back into the Union and, perhaps, add Canada to it as well. After 1865, when it was no longer necessary to keep England neutral, the day of reckoning seemed closer than ever.

For Seward, the acquisition of Alaska would eliminate one more alien power from the continent, it would extend American holdings, and it would threaten Canada from the north. Alaska was worth buying because it would open the way to expansion over the whole continent.

When the Russian ambassador returned from a visit to St. Petersburg in the early spring of 1867, the Secretary of State leaped at his suggestion that a sale might be made. The terms were quickly agreed upon, and the next year the ratification of the purchase was pushed through an apathetic Senate and a dubious House. The utmost political pressure and personal cajolery were necessary to get Congress to agree to the consummation of "Seward's folly."

Seward himself retired, and the new territory attracted little public attention thereafter. Even later, when discoveries of gold and iron more than repaid the cost of \$7,200,000, Alaska excited only momentary interest among Americans, and then receded from their consciousness, taken for granted.

Yet, had this opportunity been passed up, the Russians might never have been dislodged. By the end of the century the whole situation had changed. The discovery of gold and other mineral resources suddenly gave the territory a new and unexpected value. Furthermore, the Czar was now acquiring the means to defend it. For the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, which was completed at the turn of the century, narrowed the distance between St. Petersburg and the Pacific, and allowed the Russians to establish naval bases at Port Arthur and Vladivostok, which soon became important centers of power in the area. Not many years after 1867, the Russians might have been far from willing to give up Alaska.

In that event, the bases that today flank the northern ocean would not be American, pointing toward Asia, but Russian, pointing toward the United States. If our citizens, in the air age, still feel that distance from the potential enemy gives some security to their national borders, it is in no small measure due to Mr. Seward's bargain.

Steichen

Edward Steichen's exhibit of photography, "The Family of Man," comprising more than five hundred pictures drawn from sixty-eight countries, opened at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City on January 26 and will run through May 8. Readers who have seen it as well as those who have not will find interest in this evaluation of its scope and arrangement by PHOEBE LOU ADAMS. *Miss Adams has been a member of the editorial staff of the Atlantic for the past decade.*

THROUGH A LENS DARKLY

by PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

1

THE announcement, shaped like a galley proof, which the Museum of Modern Art in New York hands out these days to visitors is headed "THE FAMILY OF MAN — an exhibition of creative photography, dedicated to the dignity of man, with examples from 68 countries, conceived and executed by Edward Steichen, assisted by Wayne Miller; installation designed by Paul Rudolph," and contains a prologue by Carl Sandburg at his most runic: —

There is only one man in the world
and his name is All Men.
There is only one woman in the world
and her name is All Women.
There is only one child in the world
and the child's name is All Children.

The dignity of man has survived so many pratfalls in the past that it's probably in small danger from the dedication of Mr. Steichen and his colleagues, but the nature of their efforts to bolster what they must suspect is a losing cause reveals that All Men, All Women, and All Children haven't moved a step beyond the Stone Age. The photographs on display are as fine as skill and good cameras can make them. The technique is of the twentieth century. The show itself is arranged as a piece of sympathetic magic.

The first step is to establish that mankind is all one, which is accomplished by sorting the photographs into groups, each of which shows people of varied races and nationalities doing approximately the same thing. The method limits subject matter to the simplest kinds of activity, and the purpose precludes the appearance of any rebels or doubters. If mankind is to be all one, it can't be shown galloping off in all directions. The next step is to prove that mankind is all good. Deliberate evil has been carefully excluded; there are dead men, but no murderers.

With these points established by Mr. Steichen's editing, the composite effigy of the human race is ready to be saved. Virtuous, patient, affectionate, pious, and hard-working, it goes about its affairs,

endures the threat of extinction, and emerges in a Utopia populated by happy children. Evidently Mr. Steichen, like the Ice Age hunter who drew deer on cave walls to entice herds into his territory, hopes that events will follow the picture pattern.

Presumably the powers the display is designed to propitiate, whatever they are, are unimaginative and even a trifle myopic, with a weakness for the obvious example, the facile tear, and the literal meaning. The style of the exhibition as a whole is *Life's* reportorial style, unrelieved by the explosions of fantasy and experiment that enliven that magazine. Mr. Steichen's choice is the surface of things, reproduced as clearly as possible with a nice moderate respectable gloss. He tolerates a bit of odd perspective (photographers will lean out of windows occasionally, it seems) but no nonsense with symbolism, distortion, combined images, or anything else that might suggest an individual point of view behind the camera. Creative seems not quite the right term for this style. Transferred to writing, for instance, it would put a news reporter in the same line of business as a novelist.

The exhibition opens on the museum stairway with a close-up of a Congo tribesman alongside one of a stone head from "Art in the Ice Age." These are surrounded by a scatter of figures from cave paintings copied directly on the wall in red paint, which implies that Mr. Steichen is quite conscious of his role as warlock. The landing outside the gallery proper offers a large, beautiful seascape, a pregnant nude carefully lighted to exaggerate the resemblance to a primitive fertility image, and quotations from the Egyptian Legend of Creation, Laotse, and Genesis, having to do with the beginnings of the world.

All this text is rather surprising, since pictures are generally expected to speak for themselves, but the designers of "The Family of Man" leave no loopholes for random error. Each section of the show has its appropriate quotation, like incantations accompanying a ritual. Nobody can misunderstand a bevy of couples rolling in grass, hay,

sheets, and sand dunes when these pictures are reinforced by the prose of James Joyce. "... and then he asked me would I yes . . . and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will yes"

There are only about half as many photographs of weddings as of courtships. They're considerably less active, too.

It's no surprise to find that the next stop is motherhood, although the white gauze pavilion suspended from the ceiling to enclose this department is downright unforeseeable on the museum's normally austere premises. In this maternal corner, handsome not-too-pregnant girls recline among potted geraniums, in doorframes, and with kittens. There are a few restrained shots of parturition, including one of an Eskimo woman who appears to be bird-watching, and a yelling baby held up by the heels. Then come three shots of nursing mothers, very décolleté, with a line from Euripides, "And shall not loveliness be loved forever."

The inevitable baby show is followed by pictures of children's games, including a delightful sequence by Ruth Orkin of three kids playing cards with much giggling and argument. Mothers with children are labeled "She is a tree of life to them." Then come frightened children with six out of thirteen poses possibly play-acting on the part of the subjects, and fathers with children. There are no Oedipal shadows in this sharply focused world, and a chant from the Kwakiutl Indian proves it:—

When I am a man, then I shall be a hunter,
When I am a man, then I shall be a harpooneer [sic],
When I am a man, then I shall be a canoe-builder,
When I am a man, then I shall be a carpenter,
When I am a man, then I shall be an artisan,
O Father! ya ha ha ha.

There's no doubt that the exhibit proves the unity of mankind when it gets to family group portraits. A posed family photograph looks exactly the same whether it's African, Asian, or European. The dog may be fat or thin, but the people have identical expressions of slightly apprehensive satisfaction.

2

WITH the family established as a happy, if slightly camera-shy unit, All Men and All Women can go to work. They do. It's positively exhausting to see the orgy of planting, reaping, chopping, digging, sewing, bomb-making, fishing, building up, tearing down, cooking, weeding, shepherding, mining, welding, scrubbing, and small parts assembling that takes place on the museum walls. All Men manages to stop for a drink of water and All Women sits momentarily on the sidewalk to rummage through a trash box. This picture, by Doro-

thea Lange, is one of the few really comic pieces in the collection. In general, though, nobody loaf on the job. Nobody makes rugs or fine cabinet-work, or carves ladles out of whalebone. The exhibit takes no account anywhere of those occupations that border on the arts.

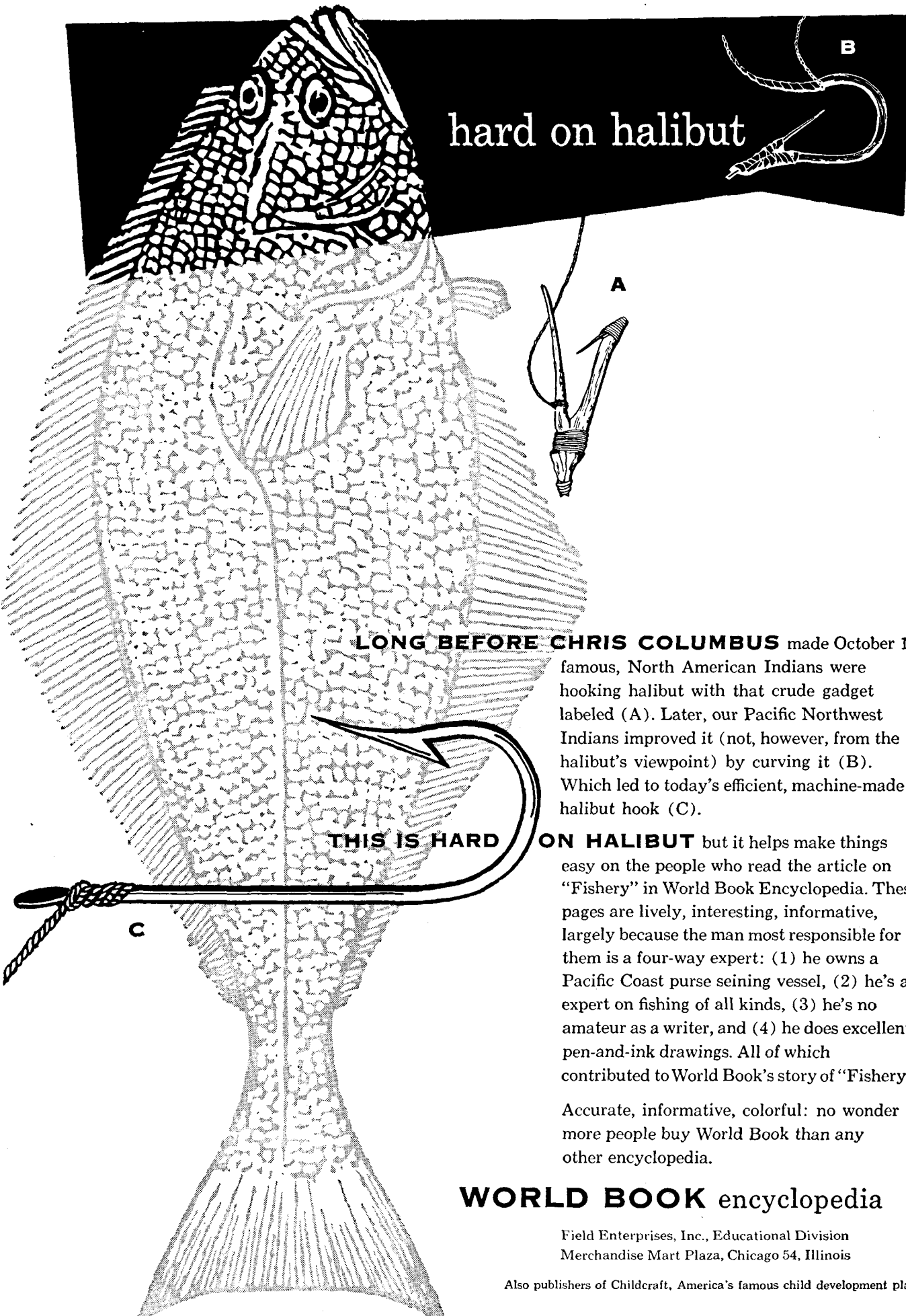
Things quiet down with schooling, a field where there seem to be neither recalcitrant pupils nor querulous parents, but Nat Farbman's picture of a Bechuanaland bard and his laughing audience is lively, great fun and, like all Farbman's work, beautiful to look at. There is also in this section a not unpredictable portrait of Dr. Einstein.

The exhibition now spirals into a large room where it is impossible to decide on the order in which things are to be viewed. Music gets short shrift, and the determination to cover the globe seems to have lapsed. Singing is represented as a pastoral, amateur diversion. Dancing fares better—more space and a particularly striking shot of laughing, black-robed women photographed in French West Africa by Eric Schwab. There is no attempt to indicate that practice or intelligence may underlie music or dancing.

Eating and drinking, by comparison, fare very well and at much greater length. Werner Bischof provides a finely balanced, expressive picture of Hungarians arguing over a bottle-ridden table; there's a cross-section of Frenchmen at their food, by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Brassai, and Hans Schreiner. The vacant or ambiguous faces common in other sections of the exhibit are not to be seen here. These subjects really have their hearts in their occupation.

Having dealt with the practical side of human life, the show moves on to more spiritual levels. There are several funeral scenes and a couple of romantically disheveled graveyards; death is a subject confined to easily comprehensible western custom. No firecrackers or towers of silence. There are, pellmell, loneliness, sympathy, hope, and faith. The photographs representing loneliness are exceptionally good. One by Louis Clyde Stoumen of a little Negro girl moping on a beach which has the long-drawn perspective of nightmare is really haunting. The shoulder-patting gesture is repeated so often to express sympathy that it loses all meaning, and photographs that are first-class in themselves become faintly comic. Hope, or perhaps more accurately aspiration, juxtaposes a portrait of Toscanini (hung too high) and a photograph of a cute small child poking at piano keys. Faith is an assortment of dignified religious ceremonies. There is no hint of fanaticism or disagreement.

In the needless apprehension that some spectators may still be unaware of the point of the exhibition, Mr. Steichen now indulges in a bit of practical theater. Beside Bertrand Russell's sourly sensible statement that "authorities are unanimous in saying a war with hydrogen bombs is quite likely



hard on halibut

LONG BEFORE CHRIS COLUMBUS made October 12 famous, North American Indians were hooking halibut with that crude gadget labeled (A). Later, our Pacific Northwest Indians improved it (not, however, from the halibut's viewpoint) by curving it (B). Which led to today's efficient, machine-made halibut hook (C).

THIS IS HARD

ON HALIBUT but it helps make things easy on the people who read the article on "Fishery" in World Book Encyclopedia. These pages are lively, interesting, informative, largely because the man most responsible for them is a four-way expert: (1) he owns a Pacific Coast purse seining vessel, (2) he's an expert on fishing of all kinds, (3) he's no amateur as a writer, and (4) he does excellent pen-and-ink drawings. All of which contributed to World Book's story of "Fishery."

Accurate, informative, colorful: no wonder more people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia.

WORLD BOOK encyclopedia

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to put an end to the human race" are a group of heads, Mexican, American, Italian, Japanese, Negro, Indochinese, Austrian, and Polish, surrounding a rather smoky mirror. Any unwary spectator will find himself right in the picture gallery. If that doesn't make him hear the rattle of bones and the chuckle spread from ear to ear, he's just a mean old individualist.

Still groggy with the shock of self-recognition, the spectator is hustled before a large color photograph of a hydrogen bomb explosion located, quite properly for a ritual mystery, in a small dark alcove. Unfortunately for the climactic effect, this explosion looks like any other splash of orange fire, not as stimulating as a good Fourth of July display perhaps, but a handsome thing in its way.

Encouragement is provided around the corner by

a study of the United Nations in action, and consolation by lyrical pictures of romping children and sunlit seas intended to suggest that disaster is not inevitable. There's a possibility that they indicate a spiritual rebirth as well. Either way, mankind is back in the second grade and enjoying every minute of it.

This is the end of the ritual. Humanity has survived the symbolic ordeal and can continue safely on the old road. If Mr. Steichen's well-intentioned spell doesn't work, it can only be because he has been so intent on the physical similarities that unite "The Family of Man" that he has neglected to conjure the intangible beliefs and preferences that divide men into countries and parties and clans. And he has utterly forgotten that a family quarrel can be as fierce as any other kind.



THE GREEK DRAMA IN TRANSLATION

by GERALD WEALES

AGAMEMNON, proud in life,
Was murdered by a jealous wife.
And all the chorus thought to say
Was, Woe! O woe! and well-a-day!

Sirrah, what hapt? Orestes cried,
And plunged a broadsword through the side
Of Clytemnestra; left her faint,
Ignored her nineteenth century plaint.

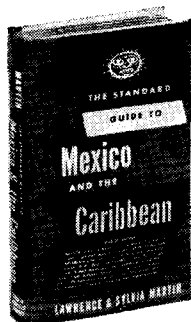
Medea slew her children all.
She cut them up in pieces small.
Then cocked her ear, What sayest thou?
And Jason asked, Why slayest thou?

Prometheus, bright fire-giver,
Suffered horrors with his liver.
When his transgressions had been found,
He said to Zeus, Well, I'll be bound.

Theseus, in aggravation,
Stilled his sweet son's supplication,
Killed him off with father's curse.
The sword's less deadly than the verse.

I pour out a rich libation,
Damning each in its translation.
Yet public domain still holds sway.
O woe! O woe! O well-a-day!

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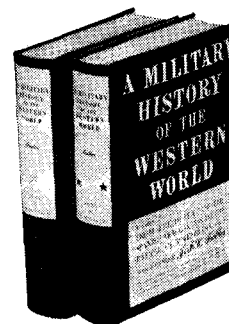
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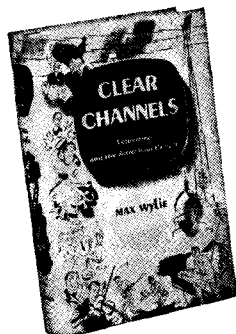
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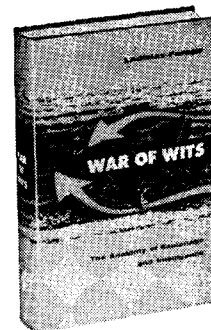
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THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

LOOKING back on it, a picnic gone wrong is about the most rueful experience in the so-called world of pleasure. For this, one must blame the caprice of nature but even more that stubborn optimism which settles on those who are determined to picnic. The food can be ordered, guests invited, site chosen, husband placated, days in advance, but the one thing you cannot order is the weather. If a north-easter sets in, you call things off; it is the lowering, overcast day that leads you astray.

I have known some mighty fine picnics and more that weren't, but the most humiliating I can remember was an expedition from our suburb in New Jersey to Bronx Park in May, 1910. It was organized by my Aunt Hattie as a birthday party for my cousin Katharine and six of her classmates; the girls were a little older than I — I was twelve — and I knew I had been included because I wouldn't take liberties and might be a help.

We got off to an ominous start. It looked like rain but nothing could daunt Aunt Hattie's optimism, and so the nine of us gathered punctually at the railroad station, where I was put in charge of the wicker lunch basket. I was too inexperienced to realize that you never carry a picnic basket by its handle; and as I followed the girls up into the day coach I tripped on the top step, lurched forward into the car and out into the aisle, and under the seats poured the hard-boiled eggs, the chicken and jam sandwiches, the pickles and cupcakes — some wrapped, some not. I had barely retrieved our cindery repast by the time we reached Newark, and by then it was raining.

Rain streaked the windows all the way into New York and all the long way uptown on the Elevated. "Rain before seven, clear before eleven," said someone cheerily. (But what about after eleven?) When we reached the Bronx Zoo it was still raining hard, which meant that we had to run from cover

to cover. I was now carrying the lunch basket in both arms, and my first chance to set it down was in the monkey house. This, of course, was in the days when the intimacy between animal and spectator was more sensitive than Dr. Fairfield Osborn now permits. Rain will do wonders for the *esprit de corps* of a monkey house, and there they were frisking, flea-picking, and fondling in an atmosphere of undiluted monkey.

The rain never let up, so at one o'clock I was sent out to find a cave, some sheltered spot where we could breathe and eat our lunch. Had we thought to ask the Director, he might have provided us with an empty cage, but this idea never occurred. Instead I found a dank opening in the rocks where, if you sat on your raincoat, it wasn't quite as wet as sitting in the open. We ate in silence punctured by the steady drip.

After lunch — still with that darn wicker basket — we made a dash for the next house, which happened to contain the larger mammals — elephants, hippos, and the rhinoceros. They, too, it appeared, had eaten, and now they were digesting, copiously. This was a lesson in anatomy not to be missed. "Come, girls," said Aunt Hattie, "let's move on." And we did, out into the wet. We saw the snakes, the birds of Oriental plumage, and the big cats — and at 3.30, thank the Lord, we started for home! It was still raining.

In my book, I think I shall speak of other picnics in which the unpredictable occurred: the Oxford picnic on the banks of the Isis where, in the circle of English friends, I had my wind knocked out by a sharp blow to the solar plexus delivered by my intended because I had triflingly removed a cigarette from her lips; the Sedgwick family picnic on Crane's Beach where the men at the four corners of the beach blanket, armed with relays of cigars, were just able to keep the mosquitoes out of the food; and that happy expedition to remote Plum Island where I locked the keys inside the car and spent the rest of the daylight trying to fish them out with a twisted wire coat hanger. You don't have to depend on rain.

The world of elegance

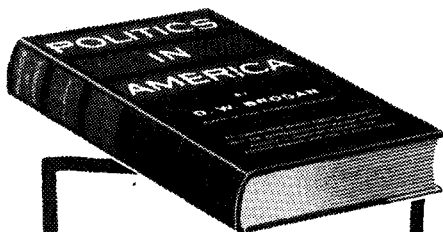
Ludwig Bemelmans is, I suspect, the most consistently underestimated entertainer in American letters. In his style he reminds me of Max Beer-bohm: precise, urbane, witty, as much to be enjoyed for his power of implication as for what he says. I can think of no other contemporary who can

Storm Jameson

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match his gusto in describing the delights of food and wine, flowers and servants, women and architecture; and certainly there are few satirists who have impaled more neatly the ostentatious in New York, the vulgar in Hollywood. Why, then, is he taken so lightly? Because he calls himself "the confirmed lover of life and professor of happiness"? Because his titles — *Dirty Eddie*; *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You*; *Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep* — sound frivolous? It is time we realized that he is as nice a gift as Austria has bestowed upon us in a long while.

To the One I Love the Best (Viking, \$3.75) is the story of his friendship with Sir Charles and Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) and by its nature is more affectionate and less bizarre than his love affair with the Hotel Splendide. The book begins in the mid-forties in Hollywood, where Bemelmans was writing and painting in a little shack at the beach in Topanga which he had rented for \$40 a month. Lady Mendl invited him to a cocktail party, and with her instant recognition found him wonderfully companionable. Shortly he was urged to move in, and so he did, as a kind of adopted son; their temperaments rejoiced in each other, and he stayed on with her until the war ended, when, with the Liberation, he accompanied her back to France and to her exquisite little house in Versailles.

"She weighed about ninety pounds without her jewels," he writes, "and when I met her she was ninety years old." But actually she was timeless, with a beauty that comes with sapience, valiant, artistic, and incredibly vital. The portraits Bemelmans has drawn of herself and Sir Charles are rounded, vivacious, and endearing; and against them as in counterpoint are set the caricatures of some of Hollywood's phantoms whom Lady Mendl had constantly to oppose — The Empty Stomach, Mr. Halvah, and Mrs. Munchin to mention three. One is always tempted to quote Bemelmans, but this is unfair; the mosaic is destroyed if unpieced. Better to recall the affectionate scenes — Sir Charles in his custom-made, long English underwear; the gloom when "Mother" has been rushed to the hospital; the death of Blue Blue, the poodle; the outrageous Russian party; the boredom at San Simeon; the motor accident when the red pepper got in Bemelmans's eyes — who else but Toulouse-Lautrec could have painted this way?

Aloneness

The most persistent instrument of torture in America today is a slip of paper: those white scraps on which a wife lists the nagging chores she must not forget in the care of her children, husband, pets, and mechanical servants — electric fuses, vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, refrigerators — who can so easily get out of hand. "Mothers and housewives," writes **Anne Morrow Lindbergh**, "are the only workers who do not have regular time off.

They are the great vacationless class. . . . Woman's life today is tending more and more toward the state William James describes so well in the German word, *Zerrissenheit* — torn-to-pieces-hood." The world, says Mrs. Lindbergh, does not understand in either man or woman the need to be alone, and it is in affirmation of this need that she has written her lucid, self-searching, and lovely essays, **Gift from the Sea** (Pantheon, \$2.75).

To release her words Mrs. Lindbergh, who is the mother of five children and the wife of a busy man, found a retreat for herself in a small beach house on a warm remote island. For two weeks no telephones, no distractions, no invasions. She had gone there, she tells us, "to think out my own particular pattern of living, my own individual balance of life, work, and human relationships." The sea, the sand, and the quiet were conducive, and the shells which she found and brought back to her writing table became symbols and stimulants of the truths she was striving for. Her tonic was to be alone: "For a full day and two nights I have been alone. I lay on the beach under the stars at night alone. I made my breakfast alone. Alone I watched the gulls at the end of the pier, dip and wheel and dive for the scraps I threw them. A morning's work at my desk, and then, a late picnic lunch alone on the beach. And it seemed to me, separated from my own species, that I was nearer to others. . . ."

I give these fragments to remind others of the purity and compression of Mrs. Lindbergh's prose. An electric current of identification runs through her words here as it did in *North to the Orient*; she makes us share in her experiences and she makes us the better for her aspirations, which stir responsive chords. In this calm slender book there are solace for the distracted and a fresh stressing of those simple verities without which existence would be unendurable.

A novel of Galway

Whenever I read a new novel of **Walter Macken's**, my thoughts go back to the first time I saw the Irish Players in *The White-Headed Boy*. The book, like the play, lays hold in a twinkling, and these unadorned people, these simple villagers, will swiftly reveal to you the strong humor, the passion and tenderness of Irish life. **Sunset on the Window-panes** (St. Martin's Press, \$3.50) is a contemporary story of the village of Boola in West Ireland. The driving force in the place is the black-haired, turbulent Bart O'Brien. Bart has been expelled from college; he has the strength and rebelliousness to unfit him for any drudgery. He has a way with the girls and a quick and challenging wit.

The story is the story of Bart's doings and of the mark he leaves on those who love him: on Breeda who is blinded because of their scuffle on the cliff, on Sheila whom he dances off her feet, and on gentle Joseph, his half-brother, who tries so hard

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An enchanting blend of humor and admiration, astonishment and delight, this is a sparkling and unorthodox biography of Lady Mendl, the former Elsie de Wolfe — actress and famed interior decorator — who, at ninety, queened it over the international set with cantankerous benevolence. Rich with mischievous portraits of her friends, it is also a revealing chapter in the secret life of Ludwig Bemelmans himself!

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to be a priest and whom Bart alternately plagues and protects. It is Mr. Macken's gift to let you see these people and to let you live with them; he makes you see Bart's stepfather, John Willie, the little shopkeeper who contrives to do so many kindnesses despite his virago of a wife; he lets you see how Breeda, the loveliest woman in the book, learns to live without her sight; he makes you feel the emotions of the village, the singing, the dancing, and the drinking at the wedding, the lighting of the fires as the valley welcomes the new priest, the taunts which are aimed at Sheila, the religious fervor of which Joseph is the cause.

Mr. Macken is a playwright and an actor as well as a novelist, and his stories are full of incident and action. They are also full of music, for he writes with that limpid clarity and poetry of the land which the best of the Irish writers bring to their storytelling. His figures of speech are a delight: Breeda in her bare feet "liked the silky feel of the dust"; "I'm as thick as a turnip, let's face it," says Joseph, disgusted with his failure; and when John Willie comes to shut up shop he notices that "It was a very clear evening, as calm as the heart of an old nun." What a relief it is to think that the enforced learning of Gaelic will never destroy this Irish mastery of English.

The impartial eye

The Army-McCarthy hearings were a phenomenon which I trust will never be repeated in our lifetime. When one thinks of the millions of words which were devoted to it in the press, and the revulsion and absorption with which it was followed on the screen, one can hardly believe that there were any aspects of the case which it would be well to call to mind today. This, of course, is a mistake, for there were two elements in that investigation which were constantly lost sight of in the welter. I mean objectivity and interpretation, and these are precisely what you do find in **Michael Straight's *Trial by Television*** (Beacon Press, \$2.95). At the time of the hearings the partisanship was rabid; one side was terrible, the other right, and the mistakes of each were glossed over. The testimony came too fast for the interpretation to keep pace: the recording of even a single day's hearing filled pages, and the editorials were devoted to the highlights. Few of the millions who were caught up in this mesmerism could keep a running score of the fantastic, shocking departures from almost every American concept of law and decency which occurred and reoccurred in the hearings. That is what Mr. Straight does in his book; *Trial by Television* applies long-tested standards to the behavior and testimony of the principals in the case. Reading his even-tempered and inexorable account of what happened and why is a heady corrective for the hysteria, the timidity, and the hoodlumism in this historic case.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Americana

THE SUSQUEHANNA by **Carl Carmer**. (Rinehart, \$5.00.) The Susquehanna has flowed through some picturesque history, and Mr. Carmer makes the most of both folklore and battles long ago in the latest volume of the Rivers of America Series.

THE TOWN THAT DIED LAUGHING by **Oscar Lewis**. (Little, Brown, \$3.75.) Austin, Nevada, examining but not-quite-ghost town, has retained through many vicissitudes a lively, frivolous newspaper. Mr. Lewis's book is largely drawn from the files of this giddy sheet, and it's pretty funny stuff.

SIG BYRD'S HOUSTON by **Sigman Byrd**. (Viking, \$3.50.) Mr. Byrd is a newspaper columnist specializing in odd local stories, which have now been assembled to make a kind of mulligan-stew portrait of Houston, Texas — sad, funny, fantastic, loving, and sour.

Entertainments

ACT OF GOD by **Margaret Kennedy**. (Rinehart, \$3.50.) Satire on small-town society, dilettante jargon, and a disastrous patroness of the arts, in a book which reads as smooth as silk and has an edge like an Arctic tornado.

AUNTIE MAME by **Patrick Dennis**. (Vanguard, \$3.50.) Never definitely either fact or fiction, the struggles of a sober orphan with his incorrigibly flirtatious and overenterprising aunt are airily amusing.

THE HONOR OF GASTON LE TORCH by **Jacques Perret**. (Norton, \$3.50.) A swashbuckling comic fantasy about a pleasantly loony Frenchman who dreams or possibly drinks himself back into the seventeenth century to square the family honor.

THE PLEASURE IS MINE by **Mircea Vasiliu**. (Harper, \$3.50.) Mr. Vasiliu bolted from the Rumanian diplomatic service because Communism was too tiresome to bear, and his account of his ordeal is probably the most lighthearted tale of woe ever written.

Espionage

THE MISSING MACLEANS by **Geoffrey Hoare**. (Viking, \$3.75.) Mr. Hoare, who knew the Macleans, does his best to make sense of the diplomat's flight into Red territory and of the far more inexplicable departure of Mrs. Maclean months later. A sordid but fascinating tale.

DUEL OF WITS by **Peter Churchill**. (Putnam, \$4.50.) Another cloak-and-dagger reminiscence of the Second World War, full of odd detail and well supplied with action and suspense.

SPIES AT WORK by **Ronald Seth**. (Philosophical Library, \$4.75.) A highly romantic and none too serious history of military snooping and swindling, beginning with the Trojan horse and reaching the present day at a fast clip.

A Book and a Man

James Woodress, a brilliant young scholar, has written the first biography of one of America's most distinguished authors, Booth Tarkington. Mr. Woodress had access to the original Tarkington papers in preparing his book, which is a full-length portrait of a many-sided, lovable man. As these excerpts show, *BOOTH TARKINGTON: GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA* is written with shining grace and charm.

Two excerpts from *Booth Tarkington: GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA* By JAMES WOODRESS

A Kissing Game

On another occasion Tarkington again learned humility under circumstances ineradicable from his old-age recollections. At a children's party when he was eight he took part in a kissing game in which all the little girls withdrew to the hall leaving the boys in a circle each with a vacant chair behind him. After a grown-up hostess monitoring the door had obtained from one boy at a time the name of the girl nearest his heart, she would call out: "A lovely letter for little —." The girl summoned then appeared coyly, skirted the rear of the boys, and seated herself behind the lad she thought had sent the message. If she chose correctly, the boy publicly kissed her. If she erred, she fled from the room under the hoots and taunts of the derisive males.

When Tarkington's turn came, he tremulously asked for Hattie. The hostess opened the door and called for the little maiden. Simultaneously, however, he realized that if Hattie should seat herself behind him, he could not kiss her. He trembled as he comprehended the crisis that approached. But it never arrived. Four feet behind him was an open window, and by the time the little girl had appeared in the doorway, he was falling through fresh air and late afternoon sunshine, having jumped uncontrollably out of the window. Later, as he sat with his back to a brick wall, he imagined the party in a turmoil, the game broken up, himself a pariah.

After what seemed hours he had to return to the house. One did not go home from parties without his best hat, and that article was still inside. Furtively he slipped into the kitchen, passed quiveringly through the hall, opened a door, and — was in the party again. Boys and girls in paper caps were whooping and running about. He expected a dozen accusing fingers to point at him, but nothing happened. After recovering from his astonishment, he grabbed Page Chapman by the arm as the latter sprinted past. "Page . . . What did Hattie do?"

"When?"

"When I jumped out of the window."

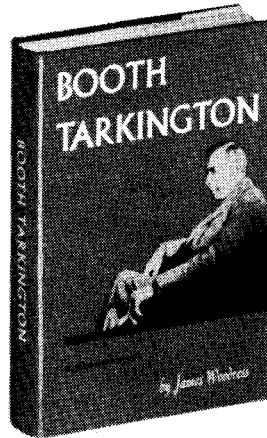
"Did you? . . . Let go me! Sam Miller's after me and I got to run."

"Beauty is Better Than Shekels"

Throughout his life Tarkington was an art collector — interested in painting, sculpture, tapestry, furniture, and all sorts of *objets d'art* — and his acquisitions began during his first trip to Europe. He made his early purchases tentatively in Venice, Florence, and Naples, but when he settled down in Rome for the winter, he found that the antique shops were impossible to stay out of. One day in early January he went out for air, but instead of driving in an open *vettura*, as he would have preferred, he thought that he ought to economize a little and walk. Soon he passed a shop window displaying antiquities, stopped to admire the contents, and could not resist entering. A moment later he was lost. Writing his sister of the experience, he admitted that his economical walk had cost him a thousand francs (\$200), but he rationalized his purchases in a thoroughly characteristic manner: "We so often mistake money for value. Beauty is better than shekels." Throughout his life he regarded money as only a means to an end, and later when everything he wrote commanded fifty cents or more a word, the end might be a Gilbert Stuart or a Sir Joshua Reynolds, but his attitude towards beauty did not change.

No art object bought in a lifetime of collecting, however, thrilled him more than the acquisition he made that morning in Rome. A day later he wrote: "Then I came to a big modern shop and stopped, hypnotized. In the window, against a solemn drapery of old green, was a bust of a laughing faun. He was of the finest Parian, the eyes half-closed in lazy merriment, big leaves and grapes entwined in his hair, and so happily sylvan that I gave up to him wholly and stood grinning like an idiot in the street." The faun stood over six feet on his pedestal, which Tarkington later learned had been cut from a column that Hadrian had ravished from Egypt. In a sense this "woodland, vineland, dreamland humorist in marble" captured Tarkington's own mood at this period in his life.

BOOTH TARKINGTON: GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA will be published on April 20 (\$5.00). An advertisement of J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia. Order now from your bookseller.



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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



The Recognitions (Harcourt, Brace, \$7.50) by **William Gaddis** is an immensely long first novel whose spiritual forebears are Joyce's *Ulysses*, Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and Gide's *The Counterfeiters*. Its theme is familiar — the modern world is hell: a place where the counterfeit is preferred to the genuine and where the presiding spirits are Fakery and Delirium. Sizable sections of the novel are set in Spain, New England, and Rome, but the dominant milieu is New York's downtown Bohemia and its prosperous uptown affiliates. Mr. Gaddis's manner, as his publisher observes, brings to mind the phantasmagorical canvases of Hieronymus Bosch. There is a similar sense of pervasive damnation; a similar combination of surrealistically imagined monstrosities and meticulous concern with detail; a similar comic grotesquerie.

The novel's hero, Wyatt Gwyon, is at once a representative of the counterfeit world and a pilgrim in search of salvation. Turning to painting as a boy, Wyatt displays an amazing talent for copying and a reluctance to complete an original picture; and later in life, he devotes himself entirely to restoring and imitating old masters. He becomes, in effect, a seeker after perfection in the domain of pure technique, working with an intensity which utterly drains him of human feeling and of moral sanity. Although not interested in money, he agrees to the proposal of a rapacious businessman and a satanic art critic that he supply them with forgeries of the early Flemish masters which they will put on the market as newly discovered treasures.

The theme of fakery, delirium, and flight from the real to the counterfeit is dramatized in a multiplicity of variations by a large cast of characters. Among them are a would-be playwright, forever oafishly seeking to impersonate his idealized image of himself; an artist's model with a face of Madonna-like purity and the mind of an imbecilic child — a child who has discovered that heroin is more comforting than thumb-sucking; a pimplly poet in whom religious mania

assumes the form of theatrical blasphemy; a Congregationalist minister who secretly embraces Mithraism and keeps a sacred bull in his stable. Throughout the novel, there is a passionate preoccupation with religion, and here, too, the same motifs are sounded — religion lost its true character ("devotion, adoration, celebration of deity") when it "became confused with systems of ethics and morality," and it has become "a sore affliction upon the very things it once exalted."

Mr. Gaddis's resolution of his theme of damnation is presented in the complex scene in which Wyatt makes his final appearance: he is visiting the Spanish monastery where his mother was buried and now, instead of imitating old paintings, he is obliterating them — scraping them down to the bare canvas. If I understand the author's symbolism and his hero's ramblings correctly, Wyatt has arrived at a doctrine somewhat akin to Gide's — a doctrine which holds that salvation lies in scraping away the consolatory deceits and secondhand values of the counterfeit personality and in obeying the promptings of the real self, the soul, in the full awareness that man is "born into sin" and that sin must be "lived through": all efforts to escape from the burden of imperfection are a denial of humanity and therefore lead to spiritual and emotional forgery.

The novel's central failure is that the characters through whom the corruption of the modern world is dramatized are inadequate for the purpose. Too many of them are drawn from Bohemia, which has always been (along with better things) the refuge of fakers, self-deceivers, and hysterics. One does not convincingly demonstrate that the world is insane by describing life in an insane asylum.

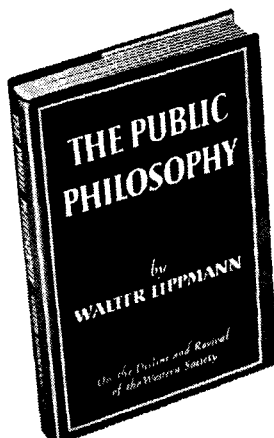
A second failing is that the theme has been elaborated before the half-way mark and what follows is further illustration rather than development. As for the resolution, it is presented too thinly and too obscurely to emerge as a counterpoint to the thunderous chorus of perdition. There are other obscurities, some of them due to excessive deployment of the author's phenomenal erudition; and generally speaking, Mr. Gaddis has been mastered by, and not achieved mastery over, the delirium he wishes to depict. In spite of these flaws, which make *The Recognitions* a somewhat

incoherent semi-failure, the book seems to me one of the half dozen most remarkable first novels published by American writers since the end of the nineteen-thirties. A work of 956 pages in the nightmarish vein could easily sink into unbearable dreariness; but as far as this reader was concerned, *The Recognitions* retained a quality of excitement to the end. Mr. Gaddis has wit and passion and imagination in abundance, as well as seriousness and learning. A profound sense of irony enables him to distill savage comedy and atrocious farce out of his doomsday vision of the world. His extravagant portraiture is arresting and frequently brilliant. All this adds up to something new in contemporary American fiction — a highbrow novel of ideas which, flawed though it is, has the qualities which our intellectual novels have tended to lack: momentum, range, and imaginative vitality.

On a much less ambitious scale than *The Recognitions*, *The Hound of Earth* (Scribner, \$3.50) by Vance Bourjaily is also a novel about the nightmarish aspect of contemporary life, or rather American life specifically. Mr. Bourjaily's first novel was considered by some critics to be one of the most promising that emerged from the Second World War. But its successor — though it tells a queer, very readable story, set for the most part in a San Francisco department store during the Christmas season — seems to me unimpressive in its handling of the theme that the times are out of joint.

Mr. Bourjaily's book is in the immature tradition of disillusioned idealism and romantic revolt, which represents the price so many American novelists have paid for inheriting a generous national credo which actuality often fails to live up to. Bourjaily's hero, Allerd Pennington — a scientist who, as an Army lieutenant, participated in making the atom bomb — belongs in the long procession of fictional heroes who have reacted to the discovery that America is not, in many respects, "the land of the free and the home of the brave" by bitterly concluding that it is "the land of the fee and the home of the rave."

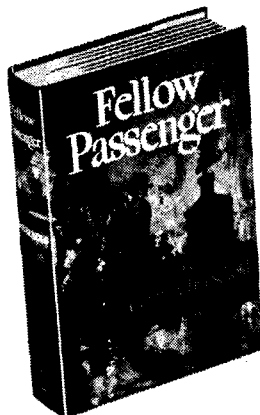
When the bomb explodes on Hiroshima, Pennington is traumatically shocked at the ends to which his country has applied his loyalty to scientific research; and he behaves in somewhat the same way as the heroes



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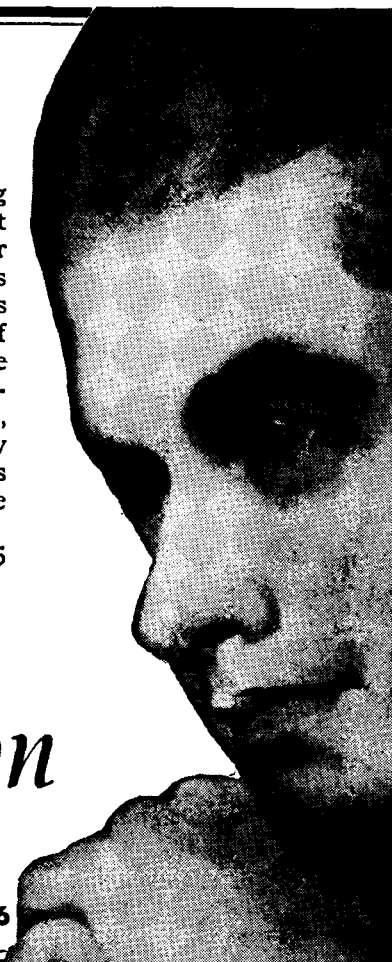
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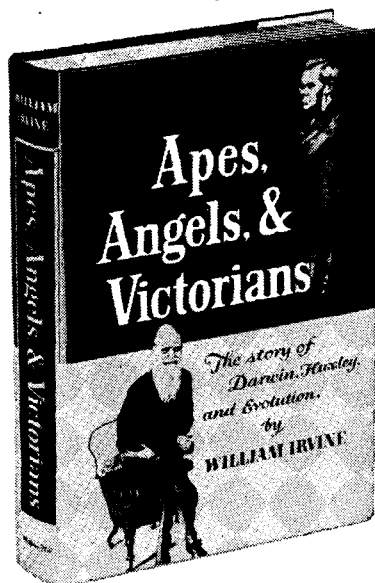
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of our World War I novels who, when they found they were not really making the world safe for democracy, decided to make "a separate peace." Pennington deserts from the Army; notifies his wife that she should consider him dead; and proceeds to live on the run, earning his keep by menial jobs. There are two departures from the preceding generation's pattern of revolt. Pennington has a deep sense of responsibility, and seeks to atone for his guilt by condemning himself to a life of "utter pointlessness." And now it is not "the system" but "the hound of earth," the hero's own humanity, which eventually catches up with him and shows him that no "separate peace" is possible.

At the novel's opening, the F.B.I. has arrested Pennington after a seven-year chase; and the story, told in flashbacks, focuses mainly on his last weeks of liberty, during which he is working in the department store. There, his kindness and consideration for others finally force him out of his isolation. He becomes deeply involved in the lives of the people around him and is drawn into a situation in which his decency compels him to await arrest.

It is clear that Mr. Bourjaily's intention is to dramatize the plight of the decent man in a sorely distempered society, but I'm afraid that Pennington's fate dramatizes something very different—namely, one man's essentially hysterical reaction to a universal moral problem which the explosion at Hiroshima brought home to scientists with agonizing force. This problem is that the exercise of power is incompatible with innocence. Since we cannot know for certain the consequences of our actions, we cannot act, even out of the purest motives, without exposing ourselves to the possibility of doing evil. To be shocked by unwitting guilt, as Pennington is, into the choice of a "living suicide" smacks more of moral panic than of moral courage.

The French touch

The French writer is usually less prone to indignation than the American when he engages in national self-criticism, largely because his expectations are less rosy. France's official mythology, though not bashful about her glories, has not advertised virtue as a *spécialité de la maison*; and the French writer's cultural tradition has bequeathed to him an estimate of human nature in which there is not

much sweetness and a good deal of harsh light. All this helps him to maintain his poise when anatomizing the failings of his countrymen, and the resulting criticism is apt to be all the deadlier. How deadly it can be is illustrated in two fine novels from France: *The Best Butter* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50) by Jean Dutourd, who was introduced to American readers with a pungent fantasy, *A Dog's Head*; and *The Postman* (Viking, \$3.00) by Roger Martin du Gard, winner of the 1937 Nobel Prize.

M. Dutourd has written an extravagant comic novel which narrates how Charles-Hubert and Julie Poissonard, owners of a small Parisian dairy, make a huge fortune by black-marketeering during the war years and their aftermath, and emerge with a reputation for neighborly consideration and enlightened patriotism. Light-footed, good-humoredly matter-of-fact, and delightfully entertaining, *The Best Butter* projects a savage picture of the greed, the opportunism, the hypocrisy, and the slow-witted craftiness of the *petit bourgeois bien pensant* — France's "right-thinking" common man. One could draw from the book a stinging epilogue to the catalogue of bourgeois cant and catch phrases which Flaubert assembled in his *Dictionary of Accepted Ideas*.

Returning to Paris after the 1940 Armistice and finding their shop undamaged, the Poissonards begin to think that a few years of German occupation may be just what France needed. The Germans, one must hand it to them, are "disciplined" and "correct"; and certainly it was high time that someone stopped the Jews and the anarchists from ruining the country. Meanwhile, "one must look facts in the face"; and the fact which impresses itself most on the Poissonards is that a trader who takes the trouble to secure ample supplies will soon be able to sell them at fantastic prices. Before long, the Poissonards are triumphantly fleecing their hungry customers ("No one can say we don't try to help our friends") while discreetly currying favor with the German soldiery. When the tide of war turns, they cautiously start making "crypto-Gaullist" speeches, and during the Liberation a benevolent and trusting German deserter gives Poissonard the chance to establish himself as a "hero of the Resistance."

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the grotesque misadventures of a French lieutenant who, in his bumbling way, chooses the course of the courageous patriot and is miserably requited for his pains. Without even a side step into sermonizing, M. Dutourd neatly drives home the point that it is the Poissonards and their code which dominate France. *The Best Butter* is a stinging entertainment in the tradition of *Candide*: a model of clarity and control in its language, in its thought, and in the realism behind its atmosphere of farce.

The Postman is a still more concentrated example of the French critical spirit at its best — a flawless miniature. It follows a postman on his daily rounds through a small French country town and pieces together, with total detachment, a devastating picture of the inhabitants. Though it was written in the early thirties, this short novel of Roger Martin du Gard exposes a moral condition essentially identical with that which M. Dutourd describes twenty years later. Joigneau, the postman, is the provincial blood brother of Poissonard, a bit more primitive and therefore a bit more ruthless; and the town of Maupeyrou is rotted by moneygrubbing, malicious scheming, and hypocrisy. Through sheer perfection of artistry, du Gard has made Maupeyrou fascinating to read about.

One of the most charming novels that have come to us from France in a long time is *Bonjour Tristesse* (Dutton, \$2.50), the work of an eighteen-year-old girl, which won the Prix des Critiques and sold more than two hundred thousand copies. The author, who uses the pen name **Françoise Sagan**, is unmistakably a natural-born writer. Simple, crystalline, and concise, her prose flows along swiftly, creating scene and character with striking immediacy and assurance. What is most remarkable about the book is that it is at once so vivid in its rendering of the experience of youth — the heroine is the same age as the author — and so sophisticated in tone, so mature in its perceptions: a combination which gives *Bonjour Tristesse* a captivating freshness.

The heroine, Cécile, is the only daughter of a successful publicist of forty — a pleasure-loving, attractive Don Juan who has long been a widower. Since her graduation from convent school, Cécile and her father have been the best of companions: he has taken her to parties and night clubs; has encouraged her to develop

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luxurious tastes; and has not concealed from her his numerous affairs. She recognizes him to be a superficial immoralist and rather approves of him for it.

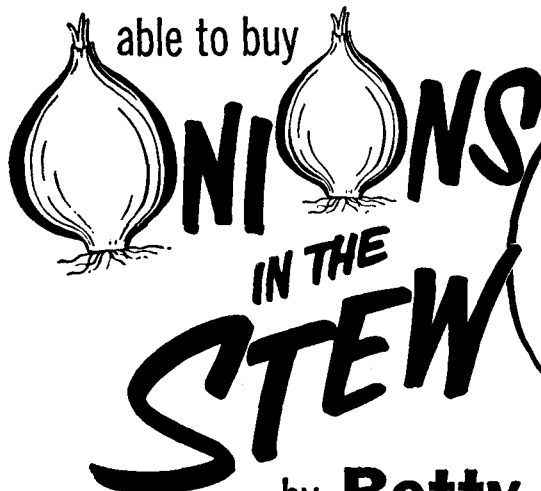
The story which Cécile unfolds is about a recent summer holiday on the Riviera. Her father, though he has his current mistress with him, invites his dead wife's best friend, Anne Larsen, to stay with them—a beautiful and serious-minded career woman. Presently, to Cécile's astonishment, her father joyously announces that Anne has consented to marry him and that he intends to settle down to a refined and civilized life. In Cécile's eyes, Anne represents an ideal of distinction which makes her despise herself for her frivolity; and she develops a growing hostility to Anne for being the cause of her self-hatred. When Anne puts a stop to a romance of Cécile's which is ceasing to be *comme il faut* and presses her to catch up on her studies, the girl instinctively hits upon a plan designed to save her father and herself from Anne and to restore their former life of pleasure.

The novel has about it such a solid air of reality that I originally suspected a sizable element might be autobiographical. However, according to a reliable source, the author's family background is everything that is respectable and her upbringing, contrary to her heroine's, has been decidedly conventional. The novel, in fact, is a genuine work of the imagination, which makes it all the more impressive.

Darkness at noon

Joseph Wechsberg, who is well known to *Atlantic* readers as a maestro in the field of travel and gastronomy, has written a novel in which Jacques Willert, clearly Wechsberg's alter ego, tells the story of a classmate of his, Bruno Stern, who becomes the most dreaded Communist leader in their native country (obviously Czechoslovakia), and who is suddenly liquidated after the customary confession. Beginning in 1919, when Willert is twelve, the first half of *The Self-Betrayed* (Knopf, \$3.95) draws a portrait of Stern as a fanatical school-boy already dedicated to the Marxist revolution; and it evokes the world of the narrator's boyhood which was nostalgically colored by his parents' recollections of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This is the sort of thing which Wechsberg does superbly well,

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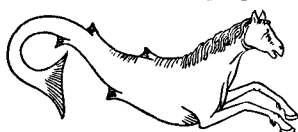
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counterpointing sentiment and irony, and coming up with bitter-sweet-humorous effects which are moving and delightful.

The narrator skims over the thirties and the war years (in 1939 he emigrates to America). Then he describes a return visit to his native country as an American journalist — his nightmarish experiences as he looks up his old friends and tries to find Stern's sister, whom he was in love with; and his meeting with "hangman" Stern, which practically costs him his life. This part contains a good deal of chilling stuff, brilliantly observed, but it suffers somewhat from the fact that Mr. Wechsberg has not turned up anything particularly new and that his gifts, though they include a trenchant mind, don't belong in the domain of soul-shaking revelations. If Wechsberg were granted an interview with the Devil, he would prefer, I suspect, to return with a delectable recipe for Sinners *Flambés à la Méphisto* rather than with the materials for a monograph on the psychopathology of Lucifer. For this, all things considered, there is reason to be thankful.

"A maverick"

John Sloan by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton, \$5.00) is a distinguished and warmly human biography of a man who is interesting both for the role he played in the development of American painting and for his colorful personality. Sloan said of himself that he had a "tabasco tongue," and he once declined to make an impromptu speech because "I feel too friendly to be at my best." But while he had a combative and often perverse disposition which made him "some pretty good enemies," he also had attractive qualities — courage, truthfulness, and complete artistic integrity. His story begins in Philadelphia in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, where he worked as an illustrator on newspapers. It moves into high gear in 1908 with the exhibition of "The Eight" or "Ashcan School" which launched the realist revolt in American art, seeking to get away from "the social veneer side of life" and preferring to paint "brooms" rather than "powder puffs." One of the high points in Mr. Brooks's biography is the chapter on Petitpas's boardinghouse, where Sloan's friend, the old Irish painter John Butler Yeats, father of the poet, presided over a circle of talented spirits.

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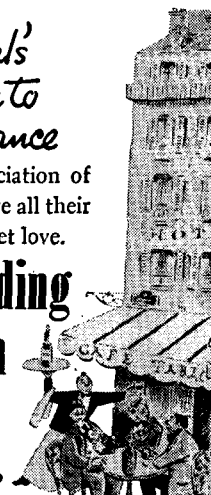
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THE SALT GARDEN

Poems by

HOWARD NEMEROV

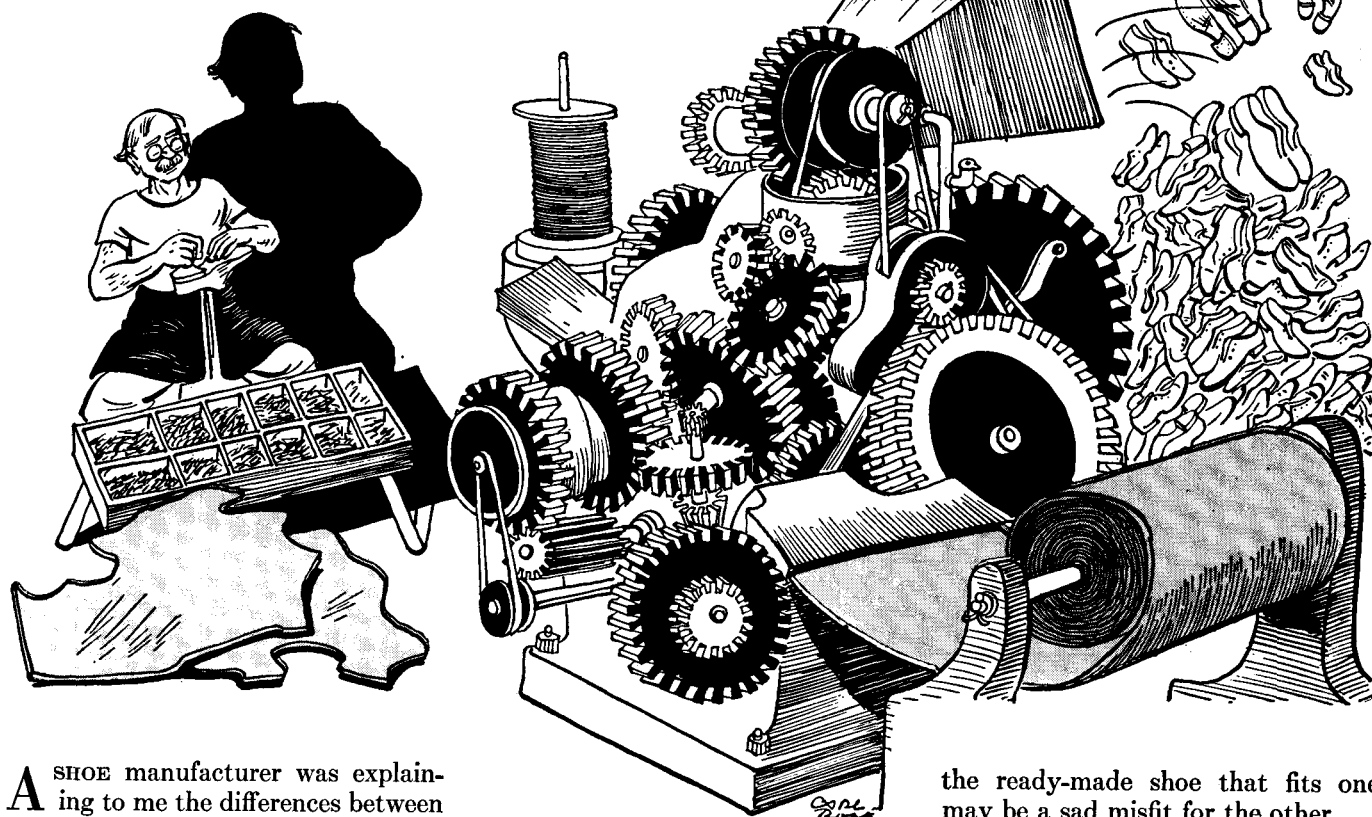
"Mr. Nemerov has the natural lyric ear and a fine technique besides. . . I don't know any other poet among the younger group who is so sure and so powerful. Often, too, there is the quality of magic that we are more apt to expect of English poets than American." — *Robert Hilkey*.

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An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

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ACCENT ON LIVING



A SHOE manufacturer was explaining to me the differences between the so-called handmade product of the custom bootmaker and the shoes turned out by the factory's machines. Said he: —

"This term *handmade* calls up a little picture of a fine old craftsman who insists, for reasons best known to himself, on sewing a shoe together with a needle and thread instead of using a sewing machine.

"Now maybe some shoes are stitched all by hand, but I doubt it. There would be no advantage in doing it that way, either in quality or in appearance. So *handmade* isn't really the right term. What the custom kind of shoe — at \$50 or \$75 a pair — ought to be called is *hand-lasted*."

Assuming the same quality of materials in each case, the manufacturer continued, the great difference in the two methods is in the use of the last — the basic wooden form over which the upper part of the shoe is stretched, shaped, and dried out. The last is everything to the shoe, and the longer the shoe remains on the last the better. A custom bootmaker will leave a shoe on the last for as much as four weeks — sometimes six or

seven — pulling and stretching it more tightly at intervals until all the moisture and stretch in the leather are removed.

The result is the great virtue of the hand-lasting method: the shoe fits when one first puts it on, and it retains its shape and size without further stretching even in some years of wear. The cheapest machine-made shoe, on the contrary, may remain on the last for as little as twenty-four hours, and a week is a sizable interval in most factories. Thus, if the machine-made shoe is comfortable when it is first tried on, it may stretch considerably in the course of wear.

"But all in all," said the manufacturer, "if a man finds a last that is comfortable, he ought to stick with it, no matter whether the shoe is cheap or expensive, for either way he will be getting his money's worth."

The other main point in behalf of the custom-made shoe, he concluded, is that a man's right foot is rarely the same size and shape as his left, and

the ready-made shoe that fits one may be a sad misfit for the other.

Aside from its appearance and how it fits, the customer who finally buys the shoe has little or no way of judging what he is getting. Between seventy and a hundred individual operations of molding, reinforcing, and smoothing out wrinkles, the manufacturer explained, go into a good shoe. Many of these never meet the eye, and the producer who is out to cut corners can simply omit certain operations from the process. The structure underlying the outer, middle, and inner soles, for instance, may have undergone shaping and improvement in two or three expensive machines operated by highly skilled labor, but since there is no visible sign thereof, the shoe might look no better to a customer than its cheaper counterpart.

Even the quality of the outer sole can be faked or simulated — and is, because of the insistence by the public on having the soles of its new shoes entirely free from scars or scratches, however faint. This insistence causes the shoe industry to treat the soles with a dope which conceals everything and shows the

customer only a seemingly flawless surface. Cattle and horses are forever damaging their hides with scratches from barbed wire and briars, and a deep enough scratch causes the sole to crack long before it is damaged by ordinary wear. If the public would accept light scratches, the manufacturer suggested, it would have a much better chance to judge the quality of sole leather, but the present process hides everything under a glossy layer of camouflage.

He estimated, in passing, that the composition sole has replaced leather on most of the work shoes produced in this country, but that leather is still used for about 70 per cent of what the trade calls dress shoes. The composition sole will last from two or three to as much as twenty times as long as leather, but he did not believe it would ever replace leather altogether.

"Leather breathes," he said. "The composition sole may seem too hot. It might not, if a leather inner sole were used, but it is a good deal like a nylon shirt — it's just hotter than a cotton shirt. Too bad, for these composition soles are wonderful for people who have to work where gasoline and acids have been spilled, and they have now reached a point where it is almost impossible to wear them out."

The cost of all materials in a pair of shoes in his own factory he estimated at \$3.38. If all materials were of the maximum quality, about \$2 would be added to the cost, while use of the very cheapest materials would reduce the cost by about \$1. For each dollar added to what the pair of shoes costs to manufacture, the price to the consumer is increased by about \$2.25.

The manufacturer who provided

this information makes nothing but work shoes and so avoids the risks and complications of "style" which confront the producer of dress shoes. For each change in style there must be a new last; and if the shoe is to be offered in the ordinary range of sizes, this means lasts in half sizes from five to fourteen (nineteen in all), each in seven or eight widths. Since the last costs the manufacturer about \$4, each change in style will tie up considerable money in new lasts, and the gamble becomes whether he can market ten pairs of shoes or five hundred from a last.

The quantity of custom-made shoes produced in this country is negligible, and the manufacturer placed it, by a rough guess, at around fifty thousand pairs a year. The production of ready-made shoes is upwards of a half billion.

CHARLES W. MORTON

FULL CIRCLE

by JOHN GOULD

A country editor widely known for the pungency of the columns he wrote for the Lisbon Falls Enterprise, JOHN GOULD is also the author of many books and articles about life in Maine.

THE affinity among women, non-sense, and dreams has always appealed to me, and I did some research on it the other day. Several ladies were having tea and cookies in our sitting room, and I was trying to make a screen fit better. All at once I realized I had absorbed enough of their conversation so that I should pay closer attention.

The point at which I realized this was when one of the ladies said, "I called up Lottie and Al answered." This, definitely, is a female sentence. There is a logic to it, but a man would have to figure it out. Al had no business answering the phone when Lottie was being called, but he did answer, and the fact had to be accepted. Al, being a husband, is unavoidable, even though the listing is in Al's name. The sentence implies that only a husband would answer a phone when the call is for his wife.

Then the lady went on, "I asked if I could speak to Lottie, and he said she wasn't there, she was out in the yard and was awful busy. I said never

mind, I'd call again in a few minutes. . . ."

I can imagine Al's clumsy efforts in this affair. He was trying to spare his wife the absurdity of coming away into the house to gossip, and doing it with ordinary male technique. He probably sounded guilty as could be, and probably knew it.



He must have presumed that his remark led the lady to assume he was lying, that his wife was right at his elbow. This caused him to volunteer additional comment, to diplomitize the uneasiness under which he was now laboring. Because the lady next said, "Then Al said something, and I think he must have said Lottie was hanging out the washing, but the way it came to me, I thought he said

they were going to Washington. Then he must have told me to call back at four o'clock, or not to call back until four, or maybe to call back before four, I don't know which, but anyway I somehow understood him to say they were leaving for Washington at four o'clock."

By now I imagine Al was plunging around somewhat, trying to be discreet when he meant only to be determined that his wife's chores should not be interrupted for light and transient causes. I next heard the lady say, "So I said it was too bad they didn't go in cherry blossom time."

This, assuming that Al was thinking about hanging out a wash, would seem irrelevant under ordinary scrutiny, but if we are right in picturing Al's present confusion it probably didn't register as such at the time. The lady added, "So Al said he thought the weather would let up, and anyway you always had to take those chances." I feel reasonably sure the sequence seemed lucid at the time to both the lady and Al.

But what it did to the lady was particularly feminine — the reference seemed to be to a four o'clock departure, which distracted her so much that she paid less attention to the rest of the conversation. Now I

heard her say, "So I said they wouldn't get far the first night, and Al said one time was as good as another." I can't explain this last remark of Al's, but it might be he thought the conversation was so far afield he might as well leave it there. The lady, however, was experiencing no such difficulty, for she said, "You can see how this all made sense to me."

The lady went on, "So at four o'clock I saw them drive down the road, and I told my husband at supper that Al and Lottie had gone to Washington. My husband said they'd left wet clothes on the line and the barn doors open, but I was so sure of what Al told me that I figured there must have been some emergency. I couldn't imagine why they'd leave clothes on the line. So the next morning I asked Edna Coombs why Al and Lottie went to Washington, and she said it must have been a quick trip if they did, because Lottie was home now and she'd just been talking to her. Well, I just couldn't figure it out."

I had the screen fitting perfectly by this time, but wild horses couldn't have pulled me away. I knew what the next step would be — it would be to call Lottie and find out.

So she said, "So I called Lottie right up, and I said I thought they had gone to Washington. Well, Lottie must have thought I said something about her washing, where it had been raining all night, and she said it would probably clear off sometime. So I decided they'd called the trip off on account of the weather, and . . ."

I left at this point. The thing had run full circle, and the pertinent part was in my possession. I confess that several times that afternoon, as I went about my work, I would find myself wondering, dream-fashion, what Al and Lottie were going to Washington for. Somehow this recital of female deduction had convinced me — not, I'm sure, the wakeful, realistic, masculine me, but the subconscious part of me that is susceptible to dreams, nonsense, whimsy, women, and suchlike.



THE SOLIPSI

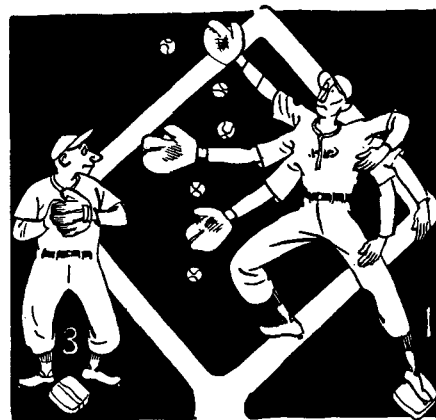
by WINONA McCLINTIC

I WAS the swan singing upon his last day —
White feathers shown, bone-guarded eyes were blue;
Winged but isolated, me, imperturbé,
Taking a dim view.

Not so young as before, nor old and stoic
As I will be, if sound in lung and cell;
Wheezing my rimed reactions, me, allergic,
Talented as well.

My creatures formed in meadows where they caper;
They, the unborn, comprise a dreaming sum,
For I am God to this life, me, world-shaper,
My kingdom come.

No Phoenix burned, no second spring was giving
The swan his song, nor any flight renew,
And when I join the sleepers, me, unliving,
The world dies, too.



THE CASE FOR THIRD BASE

by B. F. SYLVESTER

A former city editor of the Omaha World Herald, B. F. SYLVESTER is a free-lance writer and news correspondent.

THE authorities tend to look upon the structure of baseball as something finished long ago, a masterpiece that needs only a little touching up now and then. They can have no idea how timorous I feel at proposing what I am about to propose — which is that they correct, if they have nothing better to do, some basic errors made by the founding fathers of the game.

Despite the engineering which has produced the baseball diamond with its nice balance between offense and defense, the action is not well distributed. Compared with the goings on around first base, third is the dead spot of baseball.

A box score, taken at random, of the New York Giants-St. Louis Cardinals eleven-inning game of July 17 last year shows that first baseman L'ckman (Lockman) of the Giants had thirteen put-outs, one assist. First baseman C'ngnam (Cunningham) of the Cardinals had fifteen put-outs, two assists. Besides all this defensive play, the fortunate customers on the first base side had a close view of fifteen of their heroes getting on base by hits, seven by walks, and one by error. For whatever pleasure or pain it gave them, they also saw fourteen Giants safe on hits, two by errors, and one hit by pitched ball. This adds up to around seventy separate bursts of action at that corner.

This was only the beginning, being followed 1) by attempts of the base runner, in cooperation with the hitter behind him, the first base coach, and the manager in the dugout, to take second by stealing, the hit and run,

and the sacrifice bunt; and 2) by the teamwork of first baseman, pitcher, and catcher to hold him close.

What was the third baseman doing while all this was in progress? T'mp-son (Thompson) of the Giants had no put-outs, two assists. Jablonski of the Cardinals had no put-outs, one assist. H'm's (Hemus) of the Cardinals at short and third had no put-outs, one assist. The hot corner, or that lonesome road? At that, the third base customers fared better than usual since the two teams made a total of nineteen runs. There are days when players of one team or the other don't get to third.

The symmetry of the diamond is disturbed by a physical disparity among players which the conditions of play produce. The first baseman may be six feet five or six feet seven like Ron Jackson of the White Sox, who can scamper around his territory and stretch for wide throws. The third baseman may be a stubby five feet six — sometimes a converted outfielder who is thought to have some good years left in a less demanding position.

There is a suspicion that this lopsided arrangement was inaugurated by left-handers. For one thing, a left-handed pitcher has the edge in keeping a runner close to first base.

Another count in this indictment is that the left-handed batsman stands about two and one-half feet nearer first base than the right-handed swinger. Furthermore, his swing turns him into the base path, while the swing of the right-hander turns him away from it. These factors can be the difference in reaching first, or second, or third, or home. A fast left-handed hitter like Richie Ashburn of the Phillies often makes it to first base on balls hit to the infield, while a fast right-handed hitter like Willie Mays of the Giants has to put the ball over the fence.

We hear someone saying that this inequity could be solved by two home plates and one batter's box, the left-hander naturally taking the dish at the left and vice versa. The idea has to be discarded for several reasons. It would upset the geometry of the field, require the hard-pressed umpire to dust off two home plates where he dusted off only one before, and do nothing for third base.

There is a way out. Open up third base to settlement and make it blossom as the rose. Let the hitter head for first or third, whichever is more

inviting. This presents the problem of men already on base from the other direction. One needs only to remember that with runners going only one way, Brooklyn once had three men on the same base. I am confident baseball can meet the challenge, and offer shyly some sample situations and suggested treatment.

1. *Base runner has advanced from first to second.* Hitter singles to left and starts for third. Man on second reverses direction and heads for home.

2. *Base runner on first.* Hitter pokes ball between first and second and heads for third. If it looks like extra bases, number one base runner turns around on reaching second and returns the way he came with the hitter behind him.

3. *Bases loaded counterclockwise.* If it seems advantageous to the hitter to go to third, the runners reverse themselves like a typewriter ribbon. At present, this is not a 100 per cent solution, since the runner who has

legged it around to third probably would like to come in to score. In going the other way, he might be stranded and not score at all. It could be pointed out to this individual that the team score and welfare would not be affected, and over a season he probably would come out even.

4. *Base runner has made it to third by way of first.* In this situation, first base is indicated to the hitter — as it might be in situations 2, 3, and 4. A word of caution here about signals. The wrong sign at a time like this —!

The foregoing are interim devices while the people of baseball are adjusting themselves to more possibilities than Ted Williams could shake a stick at. Someday baseball may be played with both barrels, with runners flashing by each other in separate lanes, like streamliners on a double track. We may see the double squeeze, the quadruple steal, five runners tagging up after an outfield fly.



CANZONETTA

(For a Four-year-old Nephew)

by ISABELLA GARDNER

accelerando, affettuoso

Swim little king-fish Leap small salmon
Sally from the sea and Up the stream fling
Game as Isaac and gold as Mammon
Plunge April fishlet Sprintheart dash!
Drought's the drowning though love is rash
And anglers bait to poach your dreaming
Cheat that larder beat that chowder Splash!

Gambol gamble Easter lambling
Adam as ram and mortal as mother
Baa your benison Ding your damning
Bruise and blessing bell your bleating
Carillon lambkin rousing routing no retreating
Hurtle into wolf and spring's bell-wether
Spiel that glock and spell your flock and Ring!

Gallivant giddyap bantam Will-Joy
bold as a bugle and brave as bunting
Furl out, trumpet, banner-boy
Gallop to the hilltop Strut your stride
Raising praising choosing losing never hid-
ing, heeled by the hope that hounds your hunting
Sound your horn astound your dawn and Ride!



by JOHN M. CONLY

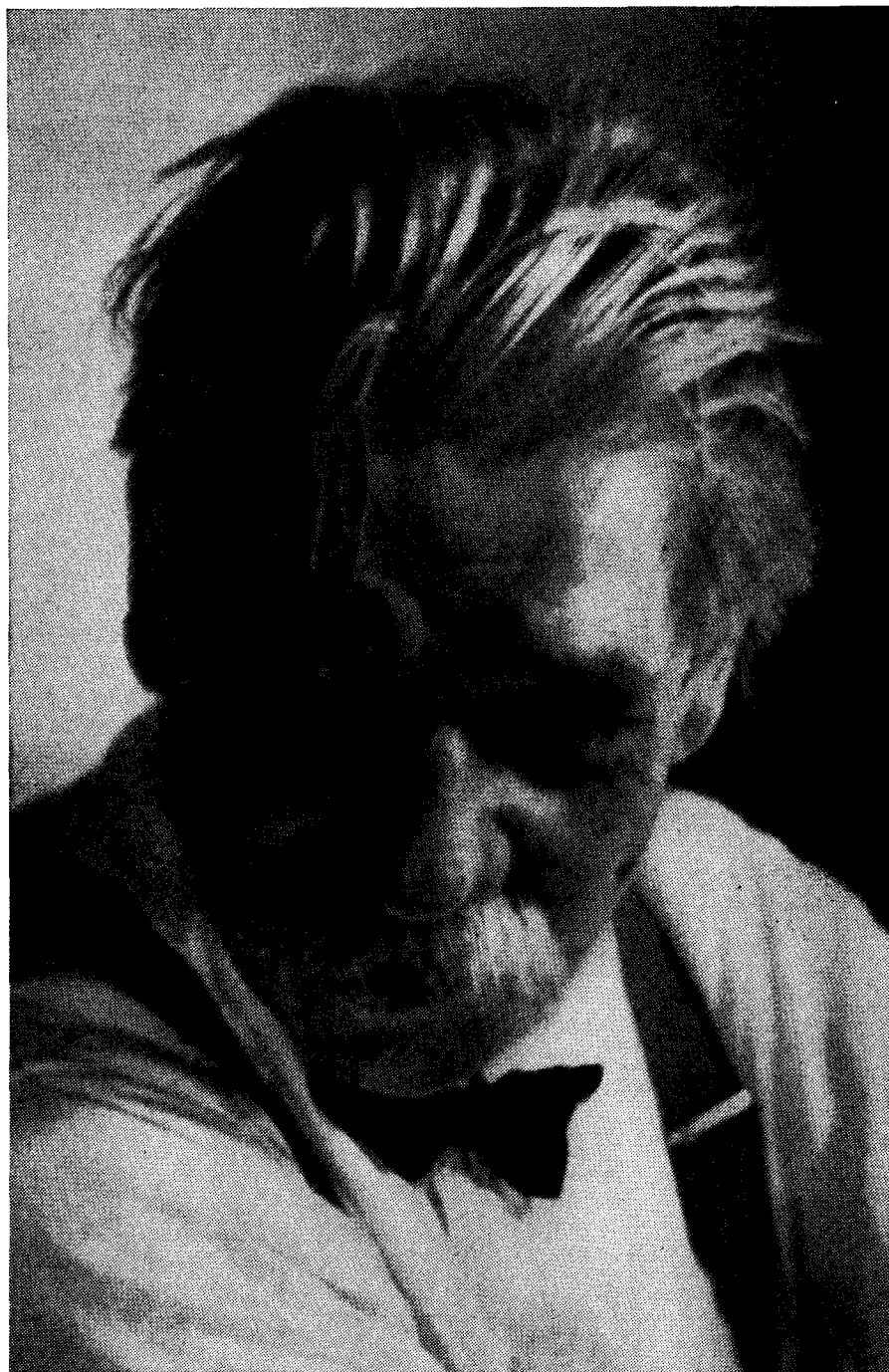
Bach: "Coffee" Cantata, No. 211; *Amore Traditore*, Cantata No. 203 (Rolf Reinhardt conducting vocal soloists, Pro Musica Chamber Orchestra of Stuttgart; Vox PL-8980: 12"). Of J. S. Bach's delight in musical fun-making, well attested, we have little evidence on records, so this new version of the "Coffee" Cantata is very welcome indeed (it has appeared on LP only once before). Bach wrote it in strict cantata-style, *sehr ernst*, but it deals with a Papa's attempt to save his daughter from the horrors of coffee-drinking — a newfangled vice in the 1700s. Very funny, and here performed with great jollity in an excellent recording. The Italian cantata, *Love the Traitor*, may not be a Bach composition, but it makes a pleasant filler.

Bartók: Violin Concerto (Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; HMV LHMV-3: 12"). Next to the Concerto for Orchestra and the Viola Concerto, this is the most popular of Bartók's major works, with its essentially classical form and strong, wry flavor. It is also, by far, the best product of several concerto collaborations between Menuhin and the late Wilhelm Furtwängler, and HMV has delivered it in excellent reproduction.

Boccherini: Piano Quintets No. 1 in A, No. 4 in D Minor (Chigi Quintet; London LL-749: 12"). Limpidity, lucidity, grace, and unfailing melodic ingenuity in two works which seem always on the point of becoming piano concertos; perfect fare for the modern high-fidelity living room.

Debussy: Three Song Cycles: *Proses Lyriques*; *Chansons de Bilitis*; *Trois Ballades de Villon* (Flore Wend, soprano; Odette Gartenlaube, piano; Haydn Society HSL-106: 12"). Portions of this enchanted territory have been explored by Teyte, Tourel, Singher, Danco, and Souzay, but Miss Wend's effort is the most inclusive and — since she obviously knows and loves the music, and her transparent voice fits it

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PLAUT

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Dohnányi: String Quartet in D Flat; Piano Quintet in D Flat (Curtis String Quartet; Vladimir Sokoloff, piano; Westminster WL-5301: 12"). Ernst von Dohnányi, once a protégé of Brahms, weathered the turn of the century without scars, the last unspoiled Romanticist of them all. His music has an untroubled, expressive intimacy, uncommon these days but welcome. The performance and recording here are all anyone could ask.

Elgar: Falstaff, a Symphonic Study (Anthony Collins conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London LL-1011: 12"). Sir Donald Tovey considered this Elgar's greatest work. Inevitably it calls to mind Strauss's *Don Quixote*, but there is a more sympathetic commitment by the composer here, both to history and to his tragicomic subject. Like the Strauss poem, however, the work makes very good listening even out of literary context. The recording is vivid and the performance seems to me first-rate.

Franek: Symphony in D Minor (Two versions: Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-4939; and Arthur Rodzinski conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster WL-5311: both 12"). The Westminster also includes *Le Chasseur Maudit*). Thirteen versions of the D Minor Symphony have preceded these. Of them, the best-played are the Cluytens (Angel) and Paray (Mercury) performances. But none presents an orchestra so rich as the Philadelphians, and none has quite the balanced vigor of the Rodzinski interpretation. On the other hand, Ormandy's direction is somewhat unimpassioned, and Westminster's up-close recording displays raggedness in Rodzinski's orchestra. Still, one of these two versions would be my choice.

Puccini: Madame Butterfly (Clara Petrella, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Taddei, other soloists; Angelo Questa conducting Chorus and Symphony Orchestra of Radiotelevisione Italiana; Cetra C-1248: three 12" in album with English-Italian libretto). All told, this seems to me the best-organized, best-recorded *Butterfly* I've heard on microgroove; everything in it is done creditably, and the cumulative impact is considerable. Against it compete some ex-

celling artistry in the elderly Victor set (Gigli, etc.) and the marvelously moving Cio-Cio-San of Renata Tebaldi in London's spotty performance.

Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini with Dohnányi: Variations on a Nursery Song (Julius Katchen, piano; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1018: 12"). The trouble with the Rachmaninoff Paganini Variations has been that Rachmaninoff himself put them on records, with the collaboration of Leopold Stokowski (Victor LCT-1118), in a performance memorable if now antique in its reproduction. Surprisingly few other performers have risen to this challenge, and none with much success until now. Katchen has obviously done the intelligent thing — listened attentively to the Rachmaninoff version, practiced like the devil, and put forth a reasonably exact facsimile. It's really beautiful, in London's glistening new sound, and so is the endearing Dohnányi ("Baa, Baa, Black Sheep") on the reverse of the disk. Highly recommended.

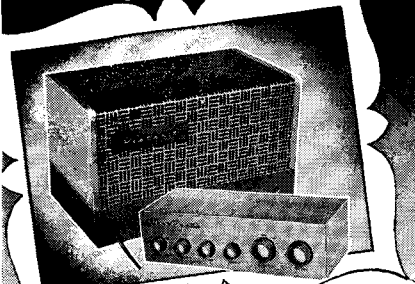
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 (William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol P-8293: 12"). Before the fact, any attempt by the Pittsburghers to dislodge from its primacy the Ormandy-Columbia recording of this exquisite, bitter-sweet symphony would have appeared foolhardy, for in ML-4433 both the Philadelphia instrumentalists and the Columbia engineers seem to have been inspired. But I'm not sure it hasn't been done. Steinberg's orchestra has not Ormandy's velvet, but it contrives a gossamer delicacy wonderful to hear. From now on, buyers had best hear both.

Scarlatti: Sonatas, Vol. VI (Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster WL-5325: 12" LP). Anyone who thinks a solo harpsichord cannot pack enough dramatic punch to make your hair stand on end should try band 3 on side 2, Sonata in G Major, Longo 286. So far, in more than 60 sonatas recorded in this series, Scarlatti has yet to give me a dull moment. The man was a wonder. Of course, the almost weirdly realistic sound of the instrument helps, too, not to mention Valenti's vivid and vigorous performances.

Schubert: Quintet in A, "The Trout," with Nocturne in E Flat Major (Friedrich Wührer, piano; Barchet Quartet; Vox PL-8970: 12").

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Extremely realistic recording makes this the best "Trout" on the market, for at least three others are as well played—the Columbia, Westminster, and Capitol. However, Wührer is a fine Viennese-style Schubertian, and his spirit infects the Barchets. The Nocturne offered as a bonus is minor but beautiful, well worth recording and hearing.

The Golden Age of Brass (Roger Voisin conducting eight Boston Symphony Orchestra brass-players; Unicorn Records UN-1003: 12"). Much sixteenth- and seventeenth-century music was outdoors-music, and brass was the medium. These absorbing pieces, full of muscle and merriment, follow its evolution from Giovanni Gabrieli through Purcell to Bach, in fine, bright recording.

Poe: The Raven; Annabel Lee; Eldorado; To —; Alone; The City in the Sea; The Masque of the Red Death; The Black Cat (Basil Rathbone, reader; Caedmon TC-1028: 12"). An indefatigable reader of horror and fantasy anthologies, I was surprised to find how long it was since I really had read "The Black Cat" and the "Red Death," and how much more of Mr. Poe comes across in oral than in ocular reading. The man could write. But don't take my word for it: try Rathbone's, they're much more convincing.

The Columbia World Library of Folk and Primitive Music (collected and edited by Alan Lomax, assisted by local experts in Ireland, French Africa, England, France, Australia and New Guinea; Scotland; Indonesia; Canada; Venezuela; British East Africa; Japan, the Ryukyus, Formosa and Korea; India; Spain; and Yugoslavia; Columbia SL-204 to SL-217: fourteen 12" in albums with illustrated notes). Between 30 and 40 albums in this series will come forth if Mr. Lomax lives long enough. The initial issue is evidence of enough work to satisfy anyone else. To try to describe it would be fruitless, and I am no musical anthropologist. Among the familiar materials, I was most taken with the songs from the British Isles, particularly the Scots (some beautiful singing) and the Irish (some genuinely funny songs). Of the exotic, the most impressive were the drumming, chanting, and instrument-playing from British East Africa and Australia (not "Waltzing Matilda," but Bushman music, featuring some giant horns of astonishing suitability to high-fidelity reproduction).

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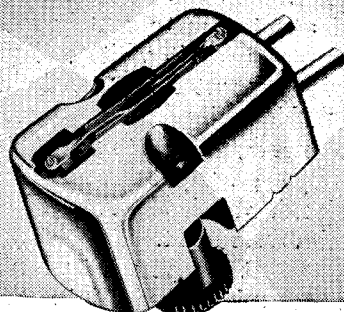
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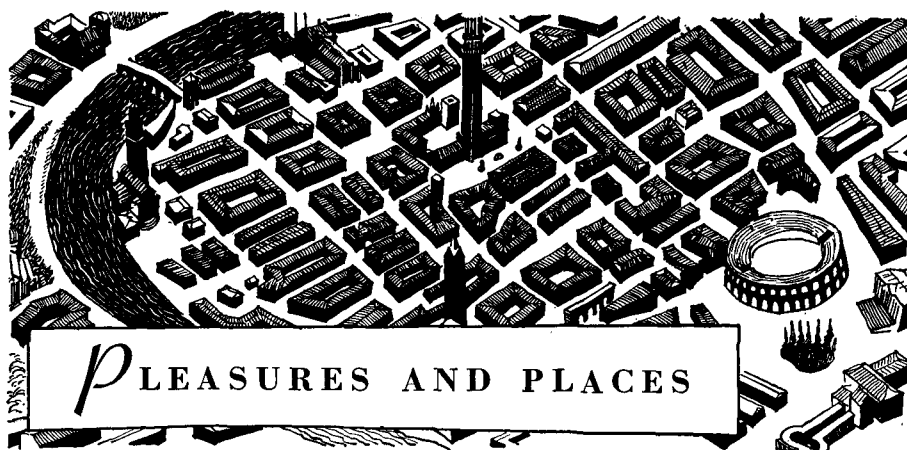
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VERONA

by EDITH TEMPLETON

EDITH TEMPLETON served with both the United States and British forces during World War II as an interpreter. She is the author of several novels and a book about Italy, *The Surprise of Cremona*.

THE best hotel in Verona is called the Colomba d'Oro — which means the Golden Dove. And the fact that another hotel is called the Gabbia d'Oro, the Golden Cage, leads one inevitably to wonder whether, in the beginning, the golden dove might have lived in the golden cage and one day fluttered away to freedom and built an independent nest of its own. If so, the fabulous bird showed great wisdom in its choice, for the Colomba d'Oro, standing in a row of palaces of variously assorted ages, is an old palace in its own right whose inside has been scooped out and filled with all the comfort one can wish for. The only fault one could find with the enterprising bird is that its tastes are rather expensive: a full day's pension, if one has a room with bath, will cost about £3.

My first evening at the hotel, I was shown into the dining room. I looked round the fine, stately room, the walls paneled in white and gilt, the lights supported by carved cherubs. "The ceiling will be a maze of stuccowork," I said to myself and raised my eyes. There was no ceiling. I was looking at the dark starred sky of a calm June night.

"But what do you do when it rains?" I asked the waiter. "Do you get into a panic and rush round with waterproofs for each guest, and serve the meal beneath umbrellas?"

"No, madam, we press a button and the roof rolls over the room. This

is our summer dining room. For winter we have another dining room, of course."

There are also one or two cinemas where the same principle is applied. But who wants to go to the cinema in Verona, which is the richest and most exquisite of all the little North Italian towns? Twice every summer, in June and August, the Veronese furnish a spectacle of great magnificence, a week of grand opera in the Roman arena which is the best-preserved of its kind in the whole of Italy. Most of the singers are drawn from the Scala in Milan and they stage an *Aida* to end all *Aidas*, bathed in the light of a real full moon, accompanied by the pealing of real church bells, and enlivened by a troupe of real elephants.

Verona lies on the main railway line between Milan and Venice, and one can get into the Simplon Orient Express in Calais one morning and get out in Verona at noon on the following day. In the station there are plain solid blocks of green marble which serve as seats, instead of the usual wooden benches. One of the delights of Italy is that it is a country where this luxurious stone is an ordinary commodity and where the quarries yield as many as a hundred different kinds of marble.

Outside on the square the *carrozze* are lined up — the carriages shaded by square white-fringed umbrellas and the horses wearing white sun-bonnets against the heat, with their ears sticking out. As likely as not it is a feast day — *festa* — for the Italian year is generously sprinkled with memories of the saints; and as the carriage rolls towards the Corso, one is enchanted by the air of festivity, by the white paper flowers stuck among the dark crowns of the trees, by scarlet banners and crimson cloths streaming from window sills and drap-

ing balustraded balconies. Let him who can, I say, enjoy the saint's day while he may; for soon he may want to change a check, and will find the banks closed — to do honor to the saint.

To reach the Corso, one has to pass beneath a rambling archway called the Porta Nuova. This New Gate is not exactly anyone's idea of a new gate, dating as it does from the first half of the sixteenth century. Yet the name is appropriate because this gateway is new in comparison with the one called the Porta dei Borsari, which was built in Roman times at a spot which then lay at the outskirts of Verona. Now it lies in the heart of labyrinthal little streets and has been made part of them in such a fashion that its ancient arcades form a link between two houses facing each other.

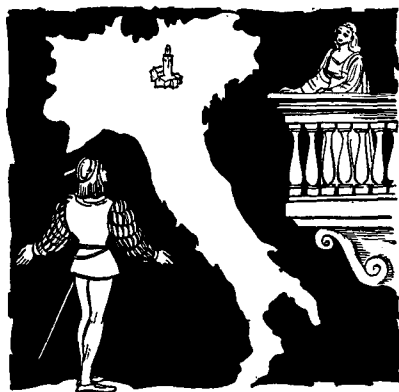
And now we have entered the Corso. There is nothing to say against this *corso*; it is quite orderly and well-behaved as *corsi* go, a tree-lined boulevard spacious and neat, with several modern hotels and apartment houses. In the manner of Italian *corsi*, it should be called Corso Vittorio Emanuele, after the first king of the house of Savoy who reigned over Italy united. But no. As far as Verona is concerned, Italy united can go to pot. I read the inscription high up on the wall, where such inscriptions usually are, shake my head, read again, shade my eyes, and spell out the same words at each freshly attempted reading: Corso Can Grande. Have the Veronese gone mad, to call their main street the Corso of the Big Dog? Or is my Italian so bad that I am led to believe that Can Grande means Big Dog, whereas in reality it means something much more poetical and much more elevated and much more glorious?

I open my guidebook and learn that "Can Grande" was a sort of glorified nickname, a publicity name, given to himself by one of the medieval lords of Verona. He belonged to the Della Scala family, more commonly known as the Scaligeri, who were in power for many generations. They were a tough, rough, grim lot, a breed of gangster princes and robber generals, the most formidable among the rulers of Lombardy. And it is they who made Verona — Verona as we know it today.

Surely the name Can Grande in itself is a giveaway. A man who calls himself deliberately the Big Dog

when he could have chosen anything he pleased — such a man must have been a hard prince to serve. He had no time for all the blandishments and seductions of the court life of his age. Nor was he interested in the glorious, swanky, show-off part of warfare. Not for him such fancy titles as “Lionheart” or “the Magnificent.” Let others do the bragging and the posing. He had no time to waste. He was a Della Scala, he was a go-getter, he meant business. All he wanted was force and power — power to grab, and power to keep what he had grabbed, and power to grab more. That was all. And to be called the Big Dog was quite good enough for him.

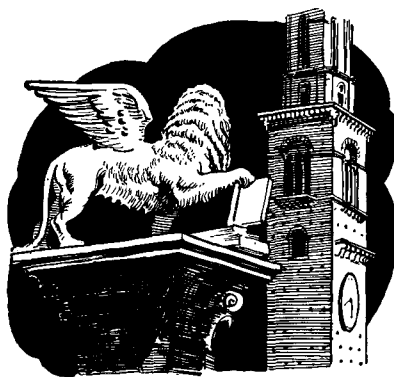
The Corso opens into the Piazza Bra, which is the last bit of practical, common-sense, everyday Verona we are going to encounter. There are a pillared stock exchange, strings of open-air cafés on the pavement, and a centerpiece of scrolled flower beds



— and the flowers have that disgustingly bright, glossy, sleek look which all flowers tended by municipal authorities have all the world over. But the *piazza* does not extend as far as one expects, because the Roman arena is cutting into its flank from one side, with a piece of curved wall strengthened by colossal arches, the stones weathered to a sandy yellow and blunted in outline — the whole fearfully majestic and not quite comfortable to look at, like an aged lion’s paw thrust forward while the beast is resting.

Walking past the arena, one comes to the Via Mazzini, which is filled with the luxury shops of the town. It is a narrow street, given over entirely to display and idling and watching; no traffic is allowed to enter, and one is able for a few minutes to enjoy the pleasures of life in a town without its anxieties. Till at last, slowly, one has traversed its

length and is faced with the dilemma of what to see first. Should one go to the right and see the house in which



Juliet lived and loved, with its famous courtyard with the two balconies, and speculate on which of the two Juliet used to stand when waiting for Romeo? Over the porch there is a plaque with the words: “This is the house where the young woman lived over whose fate the whole world has shed tears.”

Or should one turn left, into the Piazza delle Erbe, where the vegetables are sold against a background of frescoed palaces? At one end stands a winged lion, the seal of Venetian conquest after the Scaligeri had lost their reign. At the other end, facing the lion, there is the touchingly humble statue of the Virgin, shrouded in the threefold jet of a fountain, as though hidden behind a watery curtain. Further away, dominating all the roofs around, is the tower from which a cannon is fired every time a tempest darkens the sky of Verona — to dispel the thunderclouds, according to an old belief.

Best of all is to follow a trickle of people who have turned into a tiny dark, dank alley and to find oneself standing in the heart and pearl of Verona, in the Piazza Dante. It is the most beautiful small square I have ever seen. It is made up of five houses only; and of these, three are palaces; and each palace belongs to a different age and is perfect of its kind — one gray, one red, and one striped peach and ocher. And in the distant corner, fenced off by a filigree of wrought iron and sheltered by roofs of filigree of stone, are the tombs of two Scaligeri, surmounted by their knightly statues on horseback, broody, gloomy, savage, obstinate.

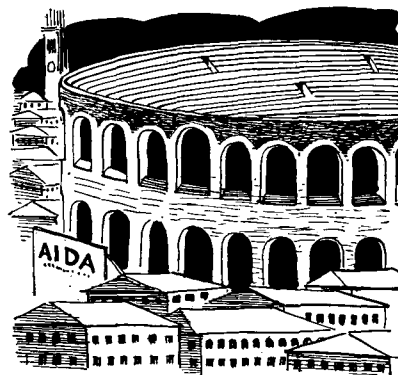
The Scaligeri statues are remarkable in themselves, but what makes them still more remarkable is the fact that, though they are situated outside a church, they form no part

of it. They are more than sepulchral effigies: they exist in their own right as an embodiment of worldly power. They were built to impress the world with the prestige of the Scaligeri, as political propaganda. In the history of taste they are revolutionary; and when, some time later, Venice and other states built monuments of their leaders on horseback, they were merely following where the Scaligeri had led.

But it is not only here that the Scaligeri left a monument of their might; we find it in the Castel Vecchio, their fortified stronghold which dominates the bank of the gray fast-coursing waters of the Adige. And although today it has been turned into a picture gallery, one still has to cross the drawbridge to gain entrance. There is the bishop’s residence bristling with the same crenelations as the fortress — those fierce crenelations which are cleft down the center like snakes’ tongues. And they appear once more on the menacing old bridge, which was fortified too.

It is not astonishing that the churches take second place in Verona — how could it be otherwise? — and yet they are worth seeing. There is San Fermo — which is the oldest Romanesque church in Italy — with its famous bronze doors, divided into squares on which the craftsman has portrayed many incidents of Biblical history — a kind of charming sacred picturebook which has lasted through the ages. There is San Stefano, which is really two churches, built one on top of the other, with a wooden ceiling ribbed and curved like the keel of a ship. And on the other bank of the Adige there is the little chapel built into the heart of a small Roman theater.

But it seems that even the Scaligeri



were in need of picnics and country air, and it is only natural that one should follow them and make an excursion to Lake Garda, where they

established one of their strongholds. Like most places, Lake Garda has a cheap side and an expensive side, and the best thing is to board one of the many coaches which run from Verona and make a tour of the whole



lake and see which side one likes better.

The cheap side has little villages dotted with naïve country churches, little inns with flowered balconies, and green hills rising toward the blue snow-topped mountains. It is this everlasting snow on the faraway ridges which lends a freshness and brilliance to the whole vast lake.

It is on the expensive side that one enters the famous tunnel road which is pierced by seventy arched windows, each framing an unforgettable view of lake and mountains. Here is the world of the big luxury hotels and princely summer houses, their parks rising in terraces above the high walls, and it is only by passing the arabesques of enormous ironwork gates that one catches a glimpse of radiating leafy avenues and flights of broad shallow stairs curving upward to tiers of urns and marble gods.

After bathing, one will probably sit in a garden overlooking the water, in the shade of lemon trees, and eat the local trout which is the pride of every innkeeper. I have never been to a place yet where the local trout was not supposed to be something unique, and I will say that the Garda trout is as unique as all others — no more, no less. I recommend it cold with mayonnaise.

The peculiar charm of Lake Garda lies in the contrast between the crispness of its mountainous girdle and the softness and luxuriance of its southern vegetation. And in its sparkling blue water there lie side by side the reflections of rugged stone, snowdrifts, glaciers, ripe oranges, cedars, laurel, and olive. It has a long tradition of pleasurable living. The Romans built summer

houses on the shore, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries aristocratic Venetian families established their princely residences. Musolini used to live in a villa on the island of the lake. And today Gardone and Fasano are among the most elegant and exclusive resorts in Italy.

Now that one has fared so well treading in the footsteps of the Scaligeri, one must follow them still further afield, to what was once their vassal town — to Vicenza. Vicenza too lies on the main line between Venice and Milan, and like Verona it is in the heart of the sweet classical Italian landscape, of those dreamy blue hills which form the background of all the best-known old master paintings of the Madonna and angels. But here the resemblance comes to an end.

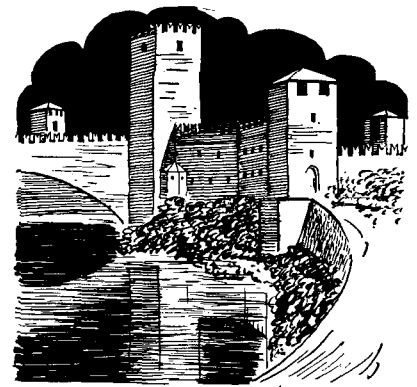
Despite their common history under Scaligeri and Venetian rule, one must not imagine that Vicenza is Verona's poor relation. Here is a town which has remained as it was during the happiest time of its history. Here one steps straight into the highlights of the Renaissance, breathing an air of ease and plenty far removed from the horrors of the battle. It is this little town which has given to humanity one of the finest gifts ever made: the first modern theater, the theater as we know it today. It was built in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio, one of the great architects of all time.

The Teatro Olimpico lies at the end of the main street. On entering, one is amazed at its miniature proportions; but pioneer undertakings are always on a small scale because they are new, untried, and still in the bud. Yet this theater is so perfect within its limitations, so right, so truly finished, that one never ceases to marvel. The auditorium is built in the shape of half an ellipse. The wooden seats rise in curved tiers to the balustrade which screens the gallery. It is bordered by statues of the noblemen who financed the building of the theater; they are portrayed as Greek gods and heroes. The ceiling is painted to resemble a night sky, starred and clouded. In front, there is a sunk pit for the orchestra, to render the musicians invisible. The stage is set with wings and backdrop showing a square in the city of Thebes, with seven streets radiating from it. It is a breath-taking experience to set foot on those boards and

to find that they have shrunk by some inexplicable magic. How cramped it all is — and yet a minute before, how vast, how stately it seemed. Palladio in his supreme mastery was able to fake the perspective in such a way that the stage appears grander the further one is from it.

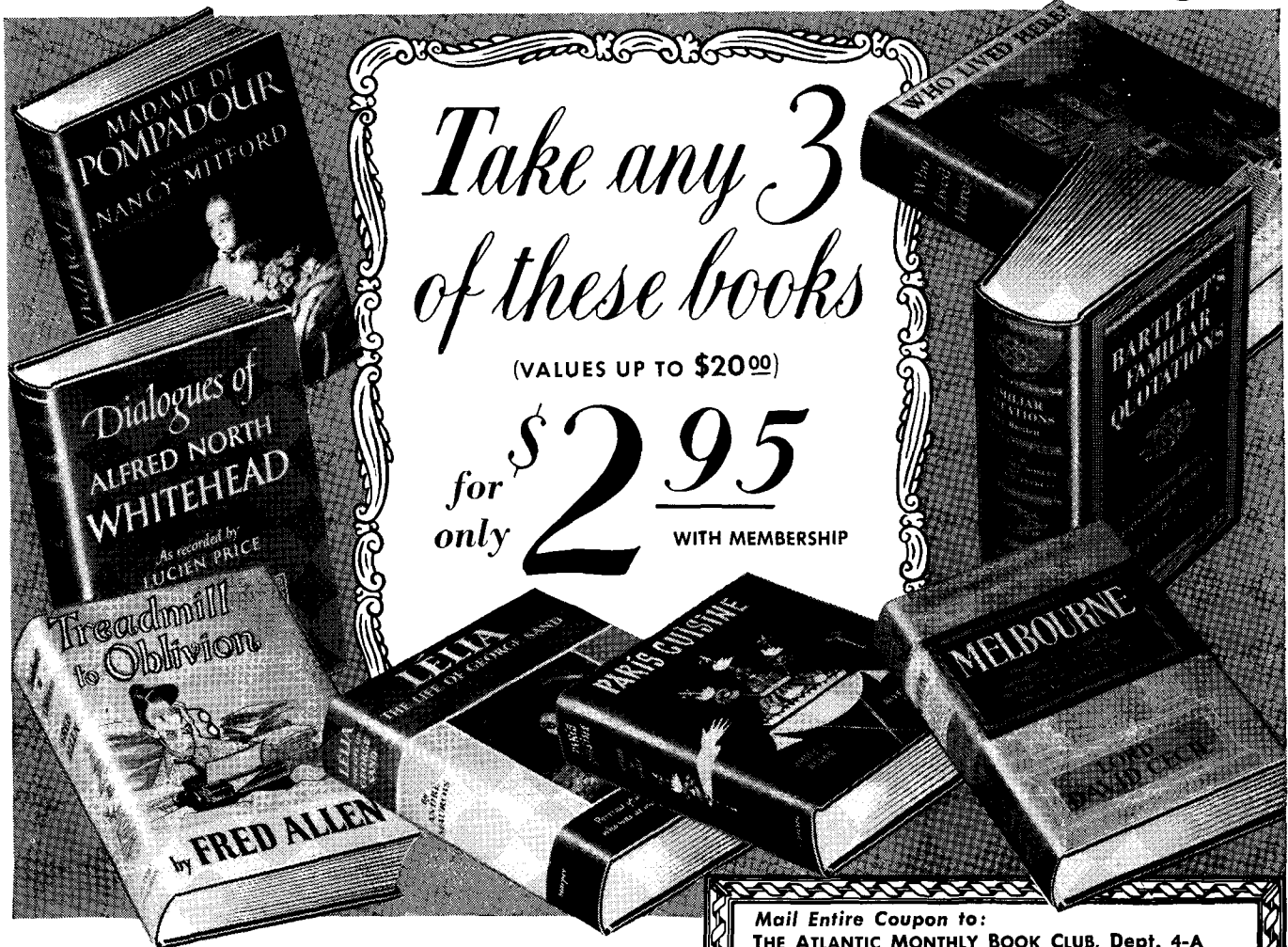
Another of the glories of Vicenza is the Villa Rotonda, which lies outside the town and is reached on foot in about twenty minutes. This country house is a landmark in the history of taste and is considered the most perfect domestic building of its kind. Its fame grew so great in the following centuries that it was copied innumerable times all over Europe. The best-known copies are the one in Chiswick built by Lord Burlington, the one in Marly near Paris, and the one in Pavlovsk in Russia built by one of the Czars.

In the main street of the town and in the cathedral close, there are several palaces designed by Palladio showing the entirely new manner in which this master builder handled the arrangement of columns and balustrades and statues. Palladio was a native of Vicenza, and one must be forever grateful that the saying, that no one ever is a prophet in his own country, proved to be untrue in his case. Palladio has made Vicenza into that pearl of beauty which throughout the ages has drawn travelers from all parts of the world, and I think that one must leave the last word to the greatest of all travelers through Italy — to Goethe: "The greatest difficulty with which Palladio, like



all modern architects, has to contend is the problem of adapting columns to secular buildings: there is always a contradiction in the combination of columns and walls. But see how he has contrived the relationship, how he has imposed it through his art, and how he makes us forget that he is merely persuading us."

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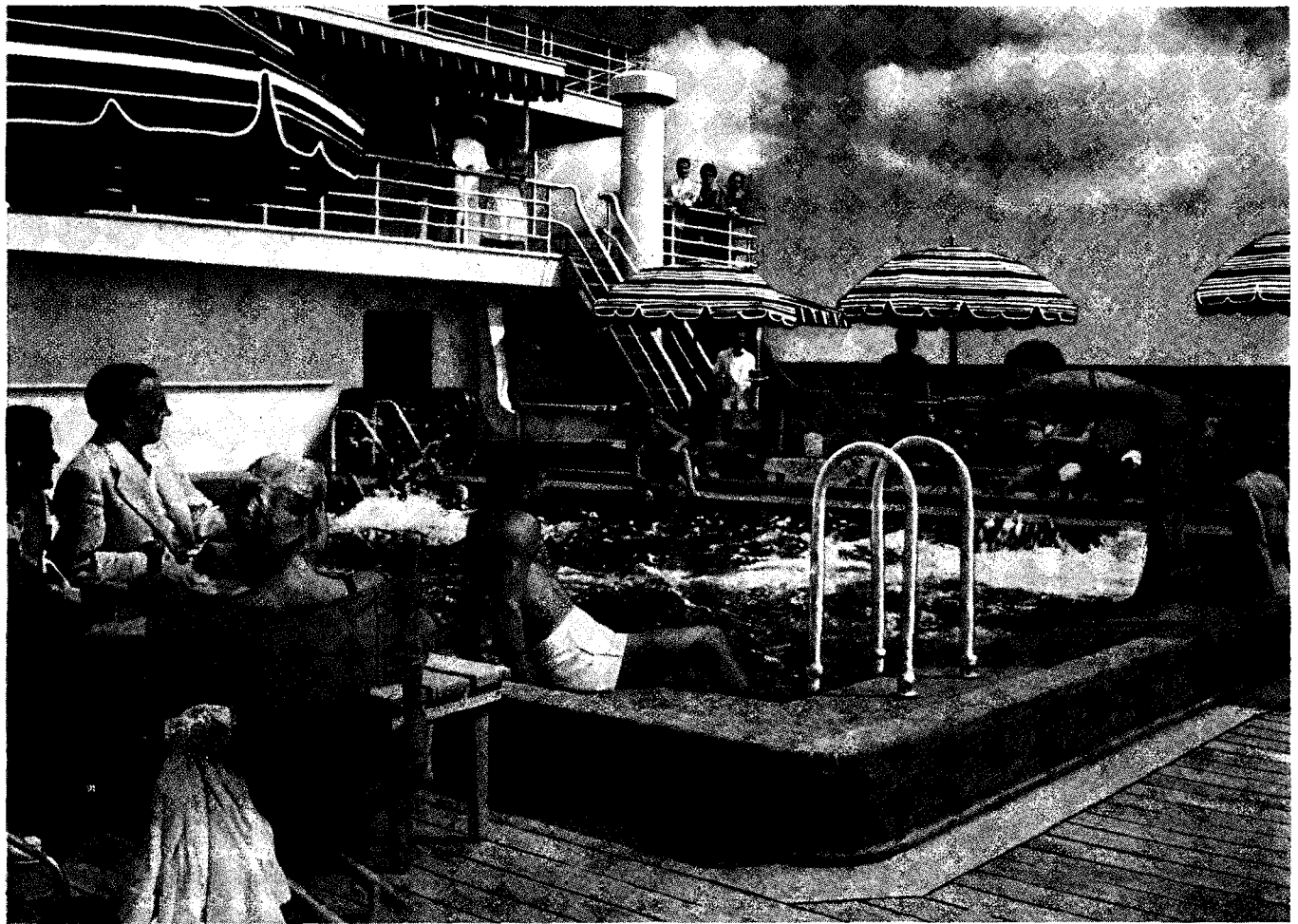
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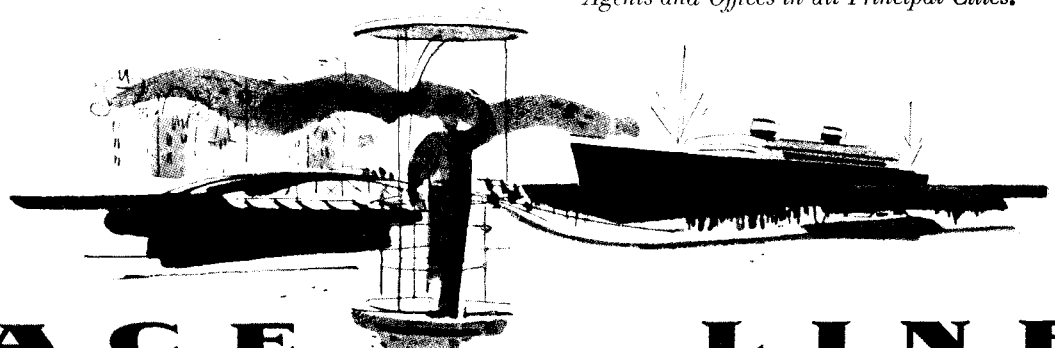
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